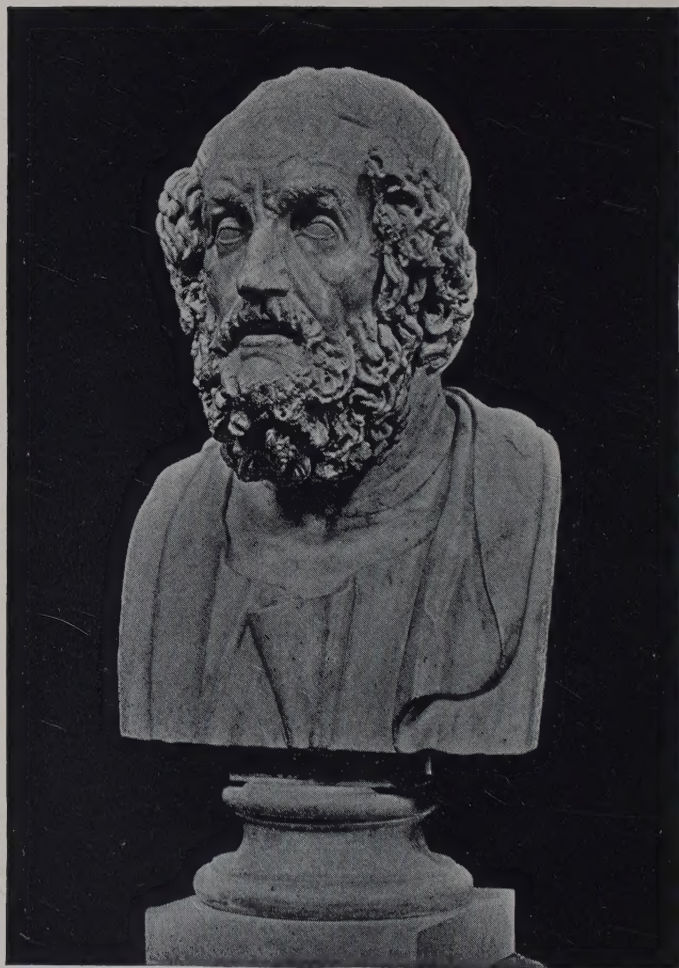




HOMER

(From the bust in the National Museum at Naples).

THE GREEK POETS
EDITED BY NATHAN
HASKELL DOLE . . .



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL
AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE GREEK POETS

AN ANTHOLOGY

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀοιδοί
τιμῆς ἔμμεροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὐνεκ' ἄρα σφέας
οἴμας Μοῦσ' ἐδίδαξε· φίλησε δὲ φύλον ἀοιδῶν.

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PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE day has forever passed when any person can boast of taking all knowledge to be his province. Already, for the majority of the sons and daughters of men, an acquaintance with classic authors in the original is a hopeless impossibility; even the daily output of modern literature requires careful sifting, and it may be laid down as an axiom, that he reads most wisely who knows how to skip most judiciously. The book of extracts, though frequently scouted by the conservative, is for many an indispensable aid.

As regards classical literature, the winnowing fan of Time has in a large measure performed this task. When it is remembered that out of all the vast mass of prose and verse that was produced during the palmy days of Hellenic civilization, scarcely more than six thousand lines remain as the product of a century and a half of the intensest productivity, that a multitude of those who were highly regarded in their own time, are now nothing more than a name, the extent of the loss may be easily appreciated.

There would seem, then, to need no apology for a new compilation of extracts from the classical poets. Each one that is made takes a different view-point, represents a fresh example of individual taste. In some cases the totality of an ancient poet's legacy may be represented, and in them the difference will be found in the translation.

There are several aspects of this question of translation. The poet must necessarily translate as a poet; the scholar, however admirable be his scholarship, unless he have the peculiar gift of the Muses, will fail to transcribe anything more than a mere literal reproduction of the words and the sense; that which gave the peculiar charm — the beauty of form — will have entirely disappeared. The prose versions of the foreign masterpieces will, of course, convey the thought and the story, and as

far as that goes, it is well, it has its value. But the ideal translation must convey a corresponding charm of form.

As English poetry depends entirely on stress, on the natural accentuation of frame syllables, whereas the classical languages, as far as we can judge, had formulated an elaborate system of scansion, depending on syllables of varying length, it is evident that any attempt to reproduce the Greek and Latin measures must prove unsatisfactory. Properly manipulated, the ancient dactylic hexameter may be extremely successful and very beautiful in English; nevertheless, it must be a *tour de force*, because the trochee and the dactyl are not so natural to our language as are the iambic and the anapest. And in a long poem, like the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," the strain of keeping up such an artificial metre must be far beyond the powers of the modern translator. Horace declares that the good Homer occasionally nods; much more must this be the case with the ambitious versifier who would reproduce the form and the spirit of a poet so alien to our time.

Each generation has its preferences as regards poetical form, and Pope's clean-cut, epigrammatic couplets satisfied the readers of his day; Milton made blank verse a more popular medium for classical translation, and it will be found that the majority of the versions of Homer and Vergil are cast in that metre. But Milton apparently, intentionally scattered rimes throughout the "Paradise Lost," and they add richness to his fabric, though it is doubtful if any critic ever publicly called attention to this curious fact before.

Rime is such a potent factor in the pleasure of reading poetry that it seems evident that the ideal translation will take this into consideration. Baron Bowen combined a free English hexameter with a masculine rime in his delightful translation of Vergil, and there is no reason why this should not be attempted successfully with Homer.

But a general rule may be laid down that the ideal translation of any poem will present that poem in the metre which the original poet would have chosen had he been writing in the language into which it is to be transferred. This, of course, gives great license to the translator, for no two persons will approach a foreign

masterpiece with the same understanding. This is particularly true of the lyrical gems of any literature. It is instructive to compare various versions of Sappho or Horace; the choruses in the Greek dramas and the like. Take, for instance, that superb lyric in "Oidipous at Colonos," so superbly set to music by Mendelssohn:

"Thou comest here to the land, O friend,
Famed for swift-footed steeds and blooming meadows."

A recent version, which evidently attempts to render it into something of the form of the original, renders it thus:—

"Rest here, friend: for the Land of Horses
Knows no better abode in all the region,
The white mound o' Colonos, where
Nightingales of a choice repair,
With sweet melody murmured soft in
Fresh green copses abounding;
The flusht ivy she keeps aloft in
Thick-set bosky surrounding
Haunts o' the God where the berries are legion.
Never a wintry wind dishevels
Bacchos' close, never hot sun forces
These shy swards where he loves to lead the revels,
Nymphs to nurse and to teach his courses."

Any one can see that the delicate charm has entirely evaporated. A certain skill in putting words together will never be a satisfactory substitute for the poetic gift.

But in spite of all the fault that one may easily find with the ever appearing versions of the classic poets, there is a wonderful amount of beautiful poetry at hand to choose from, and almost any collection will repay study and furnish never cloying pleasure. It is with this consolation that the present Anthology has been offered to the public. In the first place it is fuller than any other known to its compiler; in the second place it has had a wider range to draw from, and thirdly, each author represented has an unusually generous representation of characteristic and beautiful verse.

II.

Greek poetry falls almost naturally into four general divisions which correspond with considerable accuracy to successive chronological periods. The first is the Epic,

to which belong the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and, without much violence to accuracy, the poems ascribed to Hesiod and the so-called Homeric Hymns. Since the works of Homer are so entirely lacking in anything that sheds light on the personal history of its author, the question of its authorship is of comparatively little interest to the reader. No one can ever decide whether the two great Epics are the work of one original genius or whether they are composed of scattered fragments put together under the direction of Solon or Peisistratos. The episodes contained in these poems are sufficiently adaptable for segregation. Dr. Maginn thought that he had discovered in the "Iliad" a number of disconnected ballads, and under this impression tried, with a certain measure of success, though at cost of some ridicule from the purists, to render them in imitation of English ballads.

The late Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, translated the whole of the "Iliad" and half of the "Odyssey" into the smooth and graceful stanzas of the "Faërie Queen." Worsley and Conington were not the pioneers in attempting this difficult feat of translation: Dr. Maginn had as early as 1820 taken an episode from the Fourteenth Book of the "Iliad" and shown in twenty-five stanzas that it had its strong advantages, though in some respects not comporting with what Matthew Arnold calls "the rapidity" of Homer. Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose version of the Greek Anthology seems to have reached perfection within the limits of prose, has translated the first twelve books of the "Odyssey" into quatrains with the three rimes consecrated by Edward Fitzgerald to that form of verse. The marvellous adventures of Odysseus, after he leaves the Island of Calypso, and while hospitably entertained by the Phaiakians, can hardly have a finer transcription in English than in this graceful and elegant translation.

Chapman, Pope, Mrs. Browning, Gladstone, and Tennyson are among the great names represented in other examples taken from the immortal poems. As Alpheus says in a poem preserved in "The Greek Anthology": "Still we hear the wail of Andromache, still we see all Troy toppling from her foundations, and the battling Ajax and Hector, bound to the horses, dragged under the city's crown of towers—through the Muse of Maionides,

the poet with whom no one country adorns herself as her own, but the zones of both worlds."

Hesiod, whose Muse was a far more rustic goddess than Homer's, would, from subject and treatment, seem to precede the date of Homer, but internal evidence has convinced modern scholars that he was later and that the Homeric hymns were still farther removed from the primitive days when the Homeric bards first sang the epic conquest of Ilion and the wanderings of the wily Odysseus. It seems wonderful that these poems, which must for many generations have been transmitted orally, should have at last been transcribed and so given as a priceless heritage to posterity. It is generally supposed that they were sung with the accompaniment of some stringed instrument, but it may well be doubted if any such performance was known after the poems were collected. Their length and the monotony entailed by singing them would have forbidden it; they were more likely recited, but possibly with musical preludes marking the different books.

The lyrical epoch beginning with Tyrtaios or perhaps with other poets now unknown or gone into legend under such names as Orpheus or Arion, connects the epic with the dramatic. The Greeks were a very musical people, and they had songs for every occasion, for all the public and private happenings of their lives. Many of these assumed conventional forms, and it has been estimated that not less than fifty varieties of song have entirely perished; not one example of them is known to literature. There were songs for funerals and weddings, for sacrifices to the gods, for celebrations of victories, for maidens to sing together, for dancing and for dirges. Some of these poems remain only as citations in the speeches of the orators or to illustrate some grammatical or rhetorical point in the writings of the philosophers. Some exist as fragments in the various anthologies collected in the days of decaying Greek civilization. Considering the reputation of Sappho and Anacreon, it is strange that so little has come to us from all the volumes which they created. Occasionally the sands of Egypt give up a precious papyrus, whereon are transcribed a few fragrant lines. Thus in 1899 several complete poems of Bacchylides were recovered; they will be found in the present collection, for the first time thus presented in

their proper place. It is not unreasonable to hope that other relics of ancient poetry will be recovered as exploration continues its generous work.

What the music of the Greeks was and what distinction it added to the lyric creations of their poets will never be known. The jewels exist more or less frayed by time; the settings have all perished. Dorian and Ionian measures, the cadences of the Phrygian modes, may only be surmised by the reputed effect which these kinds of music had on Grecian susceptibilities. Music even now often lifts and dignifies very commonplace words; what may its effect not have been when coupled with the inspired utterances of an Archilochos or a Pindar?

The Grecian drama, as it presents itself to us, covers only two generations; it begins with Aischylos, who made the innovation of introducing a second actor to carry on a dialogue with the protagonist. The primitive play consisted of a narrator seconded by a chorus. Out of the hundreds of playwrights who exhibited in the great theatrical competitions between the middle of the sixth century and the death of Aristophanes, only four are represented with complete dramas, and fewer than fifty plays remain, and some of those only in fragments. There is enough extant, however, to illustrate the change that was taking place in the taste of the Athenians, a change illustrated by comparing the archaic Athena Polias with a Tanagra figurine. It is instructive to discover by reading "The Frogs" of Aristophanes that the greatest of the comedy-writers preferred the heroic style of Aischylos, archaic and stilted though it was, to the commonplace, everyday dialogue of Euripides. Aristophanes did not hesitate to turn the gods into ridicule; he could hardly have objected to Euripides' scepticism. It must have been the dramatist's derogation from the dignity of high tragedy that caused him to give the palm to the older dramatist in the great contest which Dionysos is called upon to decide during his visit to Hades. Euripides is seen at his best in the masterly translation of Gilbert Murray, LL.D., of Glasgow University; and the illuminating comedy of Aristophanes is appended in a translation which brings out all its humour. Enough has been taken from the three plays contained in Dr. Murray's volume to send the reader to the book it-

self. The four dramatists are generously represented by copious extracts from more than a dozen different translators. A notion of what the later Greek drama was may be obtained from Lucian and from the Latin comedies of Terence and Plautus.

The fourth period of Greek poetry finds it an exile from Hellas. In Sicily or in Egypt the Muses had taken up their habitation, but there is no loss of charm. Indeed the idylls of Theocritos and their feeble echoes in Bion and Moschos have had a more powerful influence on modern poetry than any others of the works of the Greek poets; it is particularly noticeable in Tennyson and in the artistic lines of most of the Victorian singers. The Hellenic spirit began to bloom in Keats, and now few of the younger poets of England or America can refrain from making admiring mention "of the great God Pan."

No one can read this body of Hellenic poetry without being filled with admiration for the splendour of thought and the serene and undying beauty which are the common heritage of the world. Even in the destructive alembic of the translator this beauty remains still glorious. The wonderful delicacy of the Greek vocables, the fascinating marriage of Greek words into compounds which quadruple the beauty of each constituent, the weaving together of the fabric of the musical sentences with due balance of vowel and consonant, with "alliteration's artful aid," the unexpected examples of rime, the marvellous varieties of feet dancing in slow or rapid *tempo*, the balance of strophe and antistrophe, may indeed disappear in the translation; but there will be left something to atone for the loss. It is a splendid message for the children of men.

III.

In taking translations by different authors published at different times, one is confronted with the problem as to the Greek proper names. For some inexplicable reason the names of the gods and heroes of Hellas have had to appear in modern times under Latin aliases. Undoubtedly from the standpoint of a rimer Jove may sometimes be preferable to Zeus and Mars to Ares, though neither of them has many perfect rimes to atone for the

indignity. But in most cases the Latin form of the Greek words is decidedly weaker, and it has been a growing custom among recent writers to use the proper Hellenic forms. Browning did so almost excessively in his transcriptions from Euripides and Aristophanes. An attempt has been here made to maintain a certain measure of consistency where it does not directly interfere with the author's art. The Greek names have been used in most cases. Absolute consistency is neither possible nor desirable, in dealing with works where the old-fashioned method prevailed; but it is certainly right that the sonorous and often mellifluous Greek appellatives should replace the interpolers. Why should plagiaristic imitators impose the names of their provincial gods on the divinities of Greece? Since it was done, however, and the Roman appellations are in many cases more familiar than the others, a table of the comparative names is here appended.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

TABLE.

NOTE.—In names not here entered the Greek *ai* and *os* correspond respectively to *ae* and *us*; *e* is changed to *k* before soft vowels.

Aischylos	= Aeschylus.
Alkaios	= Alcaeus.
Alkestis	= Alcestis.
Athene	= Minerva.
Artemis	= Diana.
Dionysos	= Dionysus, Bacchus.
Hephaistos	= Hephaestus, Vulcan.
Hera	= Juno.
Hermes	= Mercury.
Iason	= Jason.
Kirke	= Circe.
Oidipous	= Oedipus.
Odysseus	= Ulysses.
Phaiakia	= Phaeacia.
Phaidra	= Phaedra.
Phoibos	= Phoebus, Apollo.
Poseidon	= Neptune.
Tyrtaios	= Tyrtaeus.
Zeus	= Jupiter, Jove.

THE GREEK POETS.



HOMER.

SMYRNA, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens, in rivalry boasted of being the birthplace of Homer:—

“Seven cities warred for Homer being dead :
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.”

As absolutely nothing is known about his birth or his birthplace, or the time when he lived or whether he lived at all, the presence in the world of the poems attributed to him form a natural basis for a multitude of legends, and imaginative writers have composed biographies of considerable length. Modern research has established the former existence of large and cultivated cities on the sites of Ilion and of Mykenai. The ten years' war around the walls of windy Troy may not have been fabulous. The exploits of the heroes may have been sung by rhapsodists of many generations. Then may have arisen a poet who had the unifying faculty. His pupils or even his descendants, known as the Homerids, may have transmitted the lays by oral recitation. Pisistratus, who became tyrant of Athens 560 B.C., put into effect the demand of Solon that the Homeric poems should be collected. To him was due the first written text, the foundations of all subsequent recensions. Although the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” differ materially in style, there is no essential reason for doubting that the same transcendent genius that created the one created the other. The so-called Homeric hymns and other poems ascribed to the Mæonian bard are undoubtedly of later origin.

According to Matthew Arnold, the characteristics of Homer's poetry are rapidity of movement, plainness in

word and style, simplicity in ideas, and nobility of manner. Most translators have failed in catching one or another of these essential qualities. A translation of Homer in English hexameters, however flowing, would have seemed barbaric to Chapman or Pope. Worsley's mellifluous version in the rhythm of "*The Faerie Queene*" has remarkable beauty, but suggests a softness quite alien to the virile painter of battles. Dr. McGinn's lively and often amusing ballads, though they have aroused the animadversions of critics, are by no means lacking in the first three of Arnold's requisites. The truth of the matter is that no translation, not even Arnold's own, can possibly render the "*Iliad*" and the "*Odyssey*" to satisfy the classical scholar; but a very correct notion of the great work, the Bible of the Greeks, can be obtained from comparisons of various versions. A number of Homeric episodes are here given in representative translations.

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFTAINS.

ILIAD I.

ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that
 imposed
 Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls
 loosed
 From breasts heroic; sent them far to that invisible cave
 That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vul-
 tures gave:
 To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom first
 strife begun
 Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' god-like son
 What god gave Eris their command, and oped that
 fighting vein?
 Jove's and Latona's son: who fired against the king of
 men,
 For contumely shown his priest, infectious sickness sent
 To plague the army, and to death by troops the soldiers
 went.
 Occasioned thus: Chryses, the priest, came to the fleet
 to buy,
 For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty;

The golden sceptre and the crown of Phœbus in his hands
 Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the com-
 mands
 Of both the Atrides, who most ruled. "Great Atreus'
 sons," said he,
 "And all ye well-greaved Greeks, the gods, whose habita-
 tions be
 In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's
 razéd town,
 And grant ye happy conduct home! To win which
 wisht renown
 Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting Phœbus,
 deign
 For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chain
 Of my loved daughter's servitude." The Greeks entirely
 gave
 Glad acclamations, for sign that their desires would have
 The grave priest revered, and his gifts of so much
 price embraced.
 The General yet bore no such mind, but viciously dis-
 graced
 With violent terms the priest, and said:—"Dotard!
 avoid our fleet,
 Where lingering be not found by me; nor thy returning
 feet
 Let ever visit us again; lest nor thy godhead's crown,
 Nor sceptre, save thee! Her thou seek'st I still will
 hold mine own,
 Till age deflower her. In our court at Argos, far trans-
 ferred
 From her loved country, she shall ply her web, and see
 prepared
 With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then no
 more,
 But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone." This said, the sea-
 beat shore,
 Obeying his high will, the priest trod off with haste and
 fear;
 And, walking silent, till he left far off his enemies' ear,
 Phœbus, fair-haired Latona's son, he stirred up with a
 vow,
 To this stern purpose: "Hear, thou God that bear'st the
 silver bow,

That Chrysa guard'st, rul'st Tenedos with strong hand,
and the round
Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Sminthëus! if crowned
With thankful offerings thy rich fane I ever saw, or
fired
Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee, this grace
desired
Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears let these rude
Greeks repay,
Forced with thy arrows." Thus he prayed, and Phœbus
heard him pray,
And, vexed at heart, down from the tops of steep heaven
stooped; his bow,
And quiver covered round, his hands did on his shoulders
throw;
And of the angry Deity the arrows as he moved
Rattled about him. Like the night he ranged the host,
and roved
(Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-loosing hand
His silver bow twanged; and his shafts did first the
mules command,
And swift hounds; then the Greeks themselves his
deadly arrows shot.
The fires of death went never out; nine days his shafts
flew hot
About the army; and the tenth, Achilles called a court
Of all the Greeks; heaven's white-armed Queen (who,
everywhere cut short,
Beholding her loved Greeks, by death) suggested it;
and he
(All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides, now I see
We must be wandering again, flight must be still our
stay,
If flight can save us now, at once sickness and battle lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some prophet, priest,
or prove
Some dream-interpreter (for dreams are often sent from
Jove)
Why Phœbus is so much incensed; if unperforméd vows
He blames in us, or hecatombs; and if these knees he
bows
To death may yield his graves no more, but offering all
supply

Of savours burnt from lambs and goats, avert his fervent
eye,
And turn his temperate." Thus, he sat; and then stood
up to them

Calchas, surnamed Thestorides, of augurs the supreme;
He knew things present, past, to come, and ruled the
equipage

Of the Argive fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic rage
Given by Apollo; who, well-seen in the ill thy felt,
proposed

This to Achilles: "Jove's beloved, would thy charge
see disclosed

The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant and take
oath

To my discovery, that, with words and powerful actions
both,

Thy strength will guard the truth in me; because I well
conceive

That he whose empire governs all, whom all the Grecians
give

Confirmed obedience, will be moved; and then you know
the state

Of him that moves him. When a king hath once markt
for his hate

A man inferior, tho that day his wrath seems to
digest

The offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes up in his
breast

Brands of quick anger, till revenge hath quencht to his
desire

The fire reservéd. Tell me, then, if, whatsoever ire
Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour will prevent?"

Achilles answered: "All thou know'st speak, and be
confident;

For by Apollo, Jove's beloved, (to whom performing vows,
O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy spirit prophetic
shows

Skills that direct us) not a man of all these Grecians
here,

I living, and enjoy'ng the light shot thro this flowery
sphere,

Shall touch thee with offensive hands; tho Agamem-
non be

The man in question, that doth boast the mightiest
empery
Of all our army." Then took heart the prophet unre-
proved,
And said : " They are not unpaid vows, nor hecatombs,
that moved
The God against us ; his offence is for his priest impaired
By Agamemnon, that refused the present he preferred,
And kept his daughter. This is cause why heaven's
Fardarter darts
These plagues amongst us ; and this still will empty in
our hearts
His deathful quiver, uncontained till to her lovéd sire
The black-eyed damsel be resigned ; no rédemptory hire
Took for her freedom, — not a gift, but all the ransom
quit,
And she conveyed, with sacrifice, till her enfranchised
feet
Tread Chrysa under ; then the God, so pleased, perhaps
we may
Move to remission." Thus, he sate ; and up, the great in
sway,
Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing all ;
His mind's seat overcast with fumes ; an anger general
Filled all his faculties ; his eyes sparkled like kindling
fire,
Which sternly cast upon the priest, thus vented he his
ire :
" Prophet of ill ! for never good came from thee towards
me
Not to a word's worth ; evermore thou took'st delight to
be
Offensive in thy auguries, which thou continu'st still,
Now casting thy prophetic gall, and vouching all our ill,
Shot from Apollo, is imposed since I refused the price
Of fair Chryseis' liberty ; which would in no worth rise
To my rate of herself, which moves my vows to have
her home,
Past Clytemnestra loving her, that graced my nuptial
room
With her virginity and flower. Nor ask her merits less
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more conducive

That course be than her holding here. I rather wish the
weal

Of my loved army than the death. Provide yet instantly
Supply for her, that I alone of all our royalty

Lose not my winnings. 'T is not fit. Ye see all I lose
mine

Forced by another, see as well some other may resign
His prise to me." To this replied the swift-foot, god-
like, son

Of Thetis, thus: "King of us all, in all ambition
Most covetous of all that breathe, why should the great-
souled Greeks

Supply thy lost prise out of theirs? Nor what thy
avarice seeks

Our common treasury can find; so little it doth guard
Of what our rased towns yielded us; of all which most
is shared,

And given our soldiers; which again to take into our
hands

Were ignominious and base. Now then, since God com-
mands,

Part with thy most-loved prise to him; not any one of
us

Exacts it of thee, yet we all, all loss thou suffer'st thus,
Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter bestows
The sack of well-walled Troy on us; which by his word
he owes."

"Do not deceive yourself with wit," he answered,
"god-like man,

Tho your good name may colour it; 't is not your swift
foot can

Outrun me here; nor shall the gloss, set on it with the
God,

Persuade me to my wrong. Would'st thou maintain in
sure abode

Thine own prise, and slight me of mine? Resolve this:
if our friends,

As fits in equity my worth, will right me with amends,
So rest it; otherwise, myself will enter personally

On thy prise, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for supply;

Let him on whom I enter rage. But come, we'll order
these

Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas

Our black sail; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;
And to these I will make ascend my so much envied
 prise,
Bright-cheek't Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we
 must choose
A chief out of our counsellors. Thy service we must
 use,
Idomenëus; Ajax, thine; or thine, wise Ithacus;
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son of Peleüs,
Which fittest were, that thou might'st see these holy
 acts performed
For which thy cunning zeal so pleads; and he, whose
 bow thus stormed
For our offences, may be calmed." Achilles, with a
 frown,
Thus answered: "O thou impudent! of no good but
 thine own
Ever respectful, but of that with all craft covetous,
With what heart can a man attempt a service dangerous,
Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I was not in-
 jured so
By any Trojan, that my powers should bid them any
 blows;
In nothing bear they blame of me; Phthia, whose bosom
 flows
With corn and people, never felt impair of her increase
By their invasion; hills enow, and far-resounding seas,
Pour out their shades and deeps between; but thee, thou
 frontless man,
We follow, and thy triumphs make with bonfires of our
 bane;
Thine, and thy brother's, vengeance sought, thou dog's
 eyes, of this Troy
By our exposed lives; whose deserts thou neither dost
 employ
With honour nor with care. And now, thou threat'st to
 force from me
The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks gave all; and
 tho it be,
Compared with thy part, then snatcht up, nothing; nor
 ever is
At any sackt town; but of fight, the fetcher in of this,

My hands have most share; in whose toils when I have
 emptied me
 Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,
 Tho it be little, I accept, and turn pleased to my tent;
 And yet that little thou esteem'st too great a continent
 In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia therefore now
 My course is; since 't is better far, than here to endure
 that thou
 Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw my whole
 treasure dry,
 And add dishonour." He replied: "If thy heart serve
 thee, fly;
 Stay not for my cause; others here will aid and honour me;
 If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that counsellor is he
 That I depend on. As for thee, of all our Jove-kept
 kings
 Thou still art most my enemy; strifes, battles, bloody
 things,
 Make thy blood-feasts still. But if strength, that these
 moods build upon,
 Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and so 't is not
 thine own,
 But in his hands still. What then lifts thy pride in this
 so high?
 Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons; use there their
 empery;
 Command not here. I weigh thee not, nor mean to
 magnify
 Thy rough-hewn rages, but, instead, I thus far threaten
 thee:
 Since Phœbus needs will force from me Chryseis, she
 shall go;
 My ships and friends shall waft her home; but I will
 imitate so
 His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in person, from
 thy tent
 Bright-cheekt Briseis; and so tell thy strength how
 eminent
 My power is, being compared with thine; all other mak-
 ing fear
 To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind bear
 Their beards against me." Thetis' son at this stood
 vext, his heart

Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his discursive
part;
If, from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should
make room about
Atrides' person, slaughtering him, or sit his anger out,
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts strived in his
blood and mind,
And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia
stooped and shined
About his temples, being sent by the ivory-wristed
Queen,
Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving been,
And careful for the good of both. She stood behind,
and took
Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave her look
To him appearance; not a man of all the rest could see.
He turning back his eye, amaze strook every faculty;
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they
were,
Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake: "Thou seed of
Jupiter,
Why com'st thou? To behold his pride, that boasts our
empire?
Then witness with it my revenge, and see that insolence
die
That lives to wrong me." She replied: "I come from
heaven to see
Thy anger settled, if thy soul will use her sovereignty
In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects
Stand heartily inclined to both. Come, give us both
respects,
And cease contention; draw no sword; use words, and
such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just; for, trust in what I
say,
A time shall come, when, thrice the worth of that he
forceth now,
He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs; there-
fore throw
Reins on thy passions, and serve us." He answered:
"Tho my heart
Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer the angry
part,

And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part
 for heaven,
 Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish." This said, her
 charge was given
 Fit honour; in his silver hilt he held his able hand,
 And forced his broad sword up; and up to heaven did
 reascend
 Minerva, who in Jove's high roof that bears the rough
 shield, took
 Her place with other deities. She gone, again forsook
 Patience his passion, and no more his silence could con-
 fine
 His wrath, that this broad language gave: "Thou ever
 steeped in wine,
 Dog's face, with heart but of a hart, that nor in the open
 eye
 Of fight dar'st thrust into a prease, nor with our noblest
 lie
 In secret ambush! These works seem too full of death
 for thee;
 'T is safer far in the open host to dare an injury
 To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king!
 Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the
 last foul thing
 Thou ever author'dst; yet I vow, and by a great oath
 swear,
 Even by this sceptre, that, as this never again shall bear
 Green leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth
 his size,
 Nor did since first it left the hills, and had his faculties
 And ornaments bereft with iron; which now to other
 end
 Judges of Greece bear, and their laws, received from Jove,
 defend;
 (For which my oath to thee is great); so, whensoever
 need
 Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no prayers shall
 ever breed
 Affection in me to their aid, tho well-deserv'd woes
 Afflict thee for them, when to death man-slaughtering
 Hector throws
 Whole troops of them, and thou torment'st thy vext
 mind with conceit

Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserved
the right

Of all thy army." Thus, he threw his sceptre 'gainst the
ground,

With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides' breast
was drowned

In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator, whose tongue poured forth a
flood

Of more-than-honey-sweet discourse; two ages were
increast

Of divers-languaged men, all born in his time and
deceast,

In sacred Pylos, where he reigned amongst the third-aged
men.

He, well-seen in the world, advised, and thus exprest it
then:

"O Gods! Our Greek earth will be drowned in just
tears; rapeful Troy,

Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and
joy,

Of these disjunctions; if of you, that all our host excel
In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear this. Come,
repel

These young men's passions. Y' are not both, put both
your years in one,

So old as I. I lived long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear
My counsels with respect. My eyes yet never witness
were,

Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them;

Pirithous, Exadius, and god-like Polypheme,

Cæneus, and Dryas prince of men, Ægean Theseüs,

A man like heaven's immortals formed; all, all most
vigorous,

Of all men that even those days bred; most vigorous men,
and fought

With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts, (for men in
strength were nought

Matcht with their forces) fought with them, and bravely
fought them down.

Yet even with these men I converst, being called to the
renown

Of their societies, by their suits, from Pylos far, to fight
In the Apian kingdom; and I fought, to a degree of
might

That helpt ev'n their mights, against such as no man
now would dare

To meet in conflict; yet even these my counsels still
would hear,

And with obedience crown my words. Give you such
palm to them;

'T is better than to wreath your wraths. Atrides, give
not stream

To all thy power, nor force his prise, but yield her still
his own,

As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with thy
crown,

Great son of Peleus, since no king that ever Jove
allowed

Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose thy nerves
endowed

With strength superior, and thy birth a very goddess
gave,

Yet he of force is mightier, since what his own nerves
have

Is amplified with just command of many other. King of
men,

Command thou then thyself; and I with my prayers will
obtain

Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury; whose parts are
Worth our intreaty, being chief check to all our ill in
war."

"All this, good father," said the king, "is comely and
good right;

But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects, past all
men, height;

All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give
to all

His hot will for their temperate law; all which he never
shall

Persuade at my hands. If the gods have given him the
great style

Of ablest soldier, made they that his licence to revile
Men with vile language?" Thetis' son prevented him,
and said:

“ Fearful and vile I might be thought, if the exactions
laid
By all means on me I should bear. Others command to
this,
Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far my free spirit is
From serving thy command. Beside, this I affirm (afford
Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use my sword
On thee or any for a wench, unjustly tho thou tak’st
The thing thou gav’st; but all things else, that in my
ship thou mak’st
Greedy survey of, do not touch without my leave; or
do, —
Add that act’s wrong to this, that these may see that
outrage too, —
And then comes my part; then be sure, thy blood upon
my lance
Shall flow in vengeance.” These high terms these two
at variance
Used to each other; left their seats; and after them
arose
The whole court. To his tents and ships, with friends
and soldiers, goes
Angry Achilles. Atreus’ son the swift ship launcht and
put
Within it twenty chosen rowers, within it likewise shut
The hecatomb to appease the God; then caused to come
aboard
Fair-cheekt Chryseis; for the chief, he in whom Pallas
poured
Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went last; and
then
The moist ways of the sea they sailed. And now the
king of men
Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrificed, and cast
The offal of all to the deeps; the angry God they graced
With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, some goats, along
the shore
Of the unfruitful sea, inflamed. To heaven the thick
fumes bore
Enwrappéd savours. Thus, tho all the politic king
made shew
Respects to heaven, yet he himself all that time did
pursue

His own affections; the late jar, in which he thundered threats

Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affections' heats
Thus vented to Talthybius, and grave Eurybates,
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.

"Haste to Achilles' tent; where takes Briseis' hand,
and bring

Her beauties to us. If he fail to yield her, say your king

Will come himself, with multitudes that shall the hor-
ribler

Make both his presence, and your charge, that so he dares
defer."

This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.
They went unwillingly, and trod the fruitless sea's shore;
soon

They reacht the navy and the tents, in which the quarter
lay

Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chief Chief in their
sway

Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was Achilles glad
To see their presence; nor themselves in any glory had
Their message, but with reverence stood, and feared the
offended king,

Askt not the dame, nor spake a word. He yet, well know-
ing the thing

That caused their coming, graced them thus: "Heralds,
ye men that bear

The messages of men and gods, ye are welcome, come ye
near.

I nothing blame you, but your king; 't is he I know doth
send

You for Briseis; she is his. Patroclus, honoured friend,
Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to
their lord.

But, heralds, be you witnesses, before the most adored,
Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king,
Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter bring

My aid in question, to avert any severest bane

It brings on others, I am 'scused to keep mine aid in
wane,

Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting
mischief, raves,

Nor sees at once by present things the future; how like
waves
Ills follow ill; injustices being never so secure
In present times, but after-plagues even then are seen as
sure;
Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his present lust,
which, checkt,
Would check plagues future; and he might, in succouring
right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleet. They still in safety
fight,
That fight still justly." This speech used, Patroclus did
the rite
His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis from
her tent,
Gave her the heralds, and away to the Achive ships they
went.
She sad, and scarce for grief could go. Her love all
friends forsook,
And wept for anger. To the shore of the old sea he be-
took
Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea
His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven advancing, this
sad plea
Made to his mother; "Mother! Since you brought me
forth to breathe
So short a life, Olympius had good right to bequeath
My short life honour; yet that right he doth in no de-
gree,
But lets Atrides do me shame, and force that prise from
me
That all the Greeks gave." This with tears he uttered,
and she heard,
Set with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appeared
Up from the grey sea like a cloud, sate by his side, and
said:
"Why weeps my son? What grieves thee? Speak,
conceal not what hath laid
Such hard hand on thee, let both know." He, sighing
like a storm,
Replied: "Thou dost know. Why should I things
known again inform?
We marcht to Thebes, the sacred town of king Eëtion,

Sackt it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which every valiant
son

Of Greece indifferently shared. Atrides had for share
Fair cheekd Chryseis. After which, his priest that shoots
so far,

Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arrived at the Achive
fleet,

With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprisoned feet
Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held Apollo's
crown,

And golden sceptre; making suit to every Grecian son,
But most the sons of Atreüs, the others' orderers,
Yet they least heard him; all the rest received with
reverend ears.

The motion, both the priest and gifts gracing, and hold-
ing worth

His wisht acceptance. Atreüs' son yet (vext) com-
manded forth

With rude terms Phœbus' reverend priest; who, angry,
made retreat,

And prayed to Phœbus, in whose grace he standing pass-
ing great

Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad
That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The host had
no abode

That was not visited. We askt a prophet that well knew
The cause of all; and from his lips Apollo's prophecies
flew,

Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to appease
The angered God; which Atreüs' son did at the heart
displease,

And up he stood, used threats, performed. The black-
eyed Greeks sent home

Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a hecatomb.

Then, for Briseis, to my tent Atrides' heralds came,
And took her that the Greeks gave all. If then thy
powers can frame

Wreak for thy son, afford it. Scale Olympus, and im-
plore

Jove (if by either word, or fact, thou ever didst restore
Joy to his grieved heart) now to help. I oft have heard
thee vaunt,

In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was conversant.

In rescue from a cruel spoil the black-cloud-gathering
Jove,
Whom other Godheads would have bound (the Power
whose pace doth move
The round earth, heaven's great Queen, and Pallas); to
whose bands
Thou cam'st with rescue, bringing up him with the hundred hands
To great Olympus, whom the gods call Briarëus, men
Ægæon, who his sire surpast, and was as strong again,
And in that grace sat glad by Jove. The immortals stood
dismayed
At his ascension, and gave free passage to his aid.
Of all this tell Jove; kneel to him, embrace his knee,
and pray,
If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now their forces may
Beat home the Greeks to fleet and sea; embruing their
retreat
In slaughter; their pains pay'ng the wreak of their
proud sovereign's heat;
And that far-ruling king may know, from his poor soldier's harms
His own harm falls; his own and all in mine, his best
in arms."
Her answer she poured out in tears: "O me, my son,"
said she,
"Why brought I up thy being at all, that brought thee
forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to heaven, that
since
Thy fate is little, and not long, thou might'st without
offence
And tears perform it! But to live thrall to so stern a fate
As grants thee least life, and that least so most unfortunate,
Grieves me to have given thee any life. But what thou
wishest now,
If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask; Olympus crowned
with snow
I'll climb; but sit thou fast at fleet, renounce all war,
and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreak; till which
come, thou shalt need
A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday to feast

Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in the ocean's deepened
breast,

All Gods attending him; the twelfth, high heaven again
he sees,

And then his brass-paved court I'll scale, cling to his
powerful knees,

And doubt not but to win thy wish." Thus, made she
her remove,

And left wrath tying on her son, for his enforced love.

Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arrived at Chrysa's shore;
And when amidst the haven's deep mouth, they came to
use the oar,

They straight strook sail, then rolled them up, and on
the hatches threw;

The top-mast to the kelsine then, with halyards down
they drew;

Then brought the ship to port with oars; then forkéd
anchor cast;

And, 'gainst the violence of storm, for drifting made her
fast.

All came ashore, they all exposed the holy hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and, with it, Chryseis welcomed home;
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at the altar stand,
For honour led, and, spoken thus, resigned her to his hand:
"Chryses, the mighty king of men, great Agamemnon,
sends

Thy loved seed by my hands to thine; and to thy God
commends

A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice, and seek
Our much-sigh-mixt woe his recure, invoked by every
Greek."

Thus he resigned her, and her sire received her highly
joyed.

About the well-built altar, then, they orderly employed
The sacred offering, wash't their hands, took salt cakes;
and the priest,

With hands held up to heaven, thus prayed: "O thou that
all things seest,

Fautour of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully
dispose

Celestial Cilla, governing in all power Tenedos,

O hear thy priest, and as thy hand, in free grace to my
prayers,

Shot fervent plague-shafts thro the Greeks, now hearten
their affairs

With health renewed, and quite remove the infection
from their blood."

He prayed ; and to his prayers again the God propitious
stood.

All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew back, killed,
flayed the beeves,

Cut out and dubbed with fat their thighs, fair drest with
doubled leaves,

And on them all the sweetbreads prickt. The priest,
with small sere wood,

Did sacrifice, poured on red wine ; by whom the young
men stood,

And turned, in five ranks, spits ; on which (the legs
enough) they eat

The inwards ; then in gignots cut the other fit for meat,

And put to fire ; which roasted well they drew. The
labour done,

They served the feast in, that fed all to satisfaction.

Desire of meat and wine thus quencht, the youths
crowned cups of wine

Drunk off, and filled again to all. That day was held
divine,

And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard with pleaséd ear ;

When whose bright chariot stoopt to sea, and twilight hid
the mere,

All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was
worn.

And when the lady of the light, the rosy-fingered Morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp
retired.

Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast
they put,

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did
cut

So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did roar ;
Which, coming to the camp, they drew aloft the sandy
shore,

Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as
before.

— *From the translation of* GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

ILIAD III.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
 Eager of fight, and only wait command ;
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came :
 In form a god ! the panther's speckled hide
 Flowed o'er his armour with an easy pride :
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
 His sword beside him negligently hung ;
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
 He boldly stalkt, the foremost on the plain,
 Him Menelaus, loved of Mars, espies,
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes :
 So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
 Or mountain goat, his bulky prise, appear ;
 In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
 The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
 From his high chariot : him, approaching near,
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
 And shuns the fate he well deserved to find.
 As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright
 And all confused precipitates his flight :
 So from the king the shining warrior flies,
 And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
 He thus upbraids him with a generous heat :
 " Unhappy Paris ! but to women brave !
 So fairly formed, and only to deceive !
 Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
 Or died at least before thy nuptial rite !
 A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
 And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.
 Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see

Their fears of danger undeceived in thee!
Thy figure promised with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ships triumphant stemmed the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show,
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met the approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm conveyed the beauteous prise,
And both her warlike lords outshined in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffered fight;
Or hast thou injured whom thou dar'st not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:
"T is just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force, like steel, a tempered hardness shows,
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows,
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffered combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a midway space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried.
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more."

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrained the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanced with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch, great Atrides, cried:
"Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears."
Awed by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:
"Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills that Helen and the ravisht spoil,
That caused the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And different nations part in leagues of peace."

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief replied:

"Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injured; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To earth a sable, to the sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, the inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of considerate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,

And youth itself an empty wavering state;
Cool age advances, venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all."

The nations hear with rising hopes possess,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground:
Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen
With lances fixt, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, despatcht to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite.

Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king.
Meantime to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various goddess of the rainbow flies:
(Like fair Laodice in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race:)
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crowned,
The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the prise)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the goddess of the painted bow:
"Approach, and view the wondrous scene below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prise."

This said, the many-coloured maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear,
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids, Clymenè and Æthra, wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race :
 (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)
 The king the first ; Thymœtes at his side ;
 Lampus and Clytius long in council tried ;
 Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong ;
 And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
 Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
 Leaned on the walls and baskt before the sun :
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise thro time, and narrative with age,
 In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
 A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
 These, when the Spartan queen approacht the tower,
 In secret owned resistless beauty's power :
 They cried, " No wonder such celestial charms
 For nine long years have set the world in arms ;
 What winning graces ! what majestic mien !
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen !
 Yet hence, O heaven, convey that fatal face,
 And from destruction save the Trojan race."

The good old Priam welcomed her, and cried,
 " Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
 See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
 The friends and kindred of thy former years.
 No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
 Not thou, but heaven's disposing will, the cause
 The gods these armies and this force employ,
 The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
 But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
 Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
 So tall, so awful, and almost divine !
 Tho some of larger stature tread the green,
 None match his grandeur and exalted mien ;
 He seems a monarch, and his country's pride."
 Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied :
 " Before thy presence, father, I appear,
 With conscious shame and reverential fear.
 Ah ! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
 False to my country, and my nuptial bed ;
 My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
 False to them all, to Paris only kind !
 For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease

Shall waste the form whose fault it was to please !
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway :
My brother once, before my days of shame !
And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name ! ”

With wonder Priam viewed the godlike man,
Extolled the happy prince, and thus began :
“ O blest Atrides ! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state !
How vast thy empire ! Of your matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain !
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus filled the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force :
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior those, in martial grace,
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.”

This said, once more he viewed the warrior train ;
“ What 's he, whose arms lie scattered on the plain ?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small ;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round.”

Then Helen thus : “ Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise ;
A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.”

Antenor took the word, and thus began :
“ Myself, O king ! have seen that wondrous man
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause ;
(Great Menelaus urged the same request ;)
My house was honoured with each royal guest :
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view ;
Ulysses seated, greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault:
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
 But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
 His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground;
 As one unskilled or dumb, he seemed to stand,
 Nor raised his head, nor stretcht his sceptred hand;
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
 The copious accents fall, with easy art;
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
 Wondering we hear, and fixt in deep surprise,
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."

The king then askt (as yet the camp he viewed)
 "What chief is that, with giant strength endued,
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
 And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?"
 "Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied),
 Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
 See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
 Amid yon circle of his Cretan powers,
 Great as a god! I saw him once before,
 With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.
 The rest I know, and could in order name;
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
 Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain:
 Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
 One bold on foot, and one renowned for horse.
 My brothers these; the same our native shore,
 One house contained us, as one mother bore.
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
 For distant Troy refused to sail the seas;
 Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
 Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause."

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom;
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
 Adorned with honours in their native shore,
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more. . . .
 Both armies sat the combat to survey.
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
 And round the lists the generous coursers neigh.
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
 In gilded arms magnificently bright:

The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorned, with silver buckles bound :
Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest,
Braced in and fitted to his softer breast ;
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustained the sword that glittered at his side :
His youthful face a polished helm o'erspread ;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;
His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.
With equal speed and fired by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheathes his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,
With javelins fixt, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw ;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,
Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leapt from the buckler, blunted, on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers.

"Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust :
Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws !
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name."
He said, and poised in air the javelin sent,
Thro Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe :
But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and strook
Full on his casque : the crested helmet shook ;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short : the fragments glittered on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Raised his upbraiding voice and angry eyes :
"Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust ?
And is it thus the gods assist the just ?
When crimes provoke us, heaven success denies ;

The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies."
 Furious he said, and towards the Grecian crew
 (Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior drew;
 Struggling he followed, while the embroidered thong
 That tied his helmet, dragged the chief along.
 Then had his ruin crowned Atrides' joy,
 But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
 And left an empty helmet in his hand.
 The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw;
 The Greeks with smiles the polisht trophy view.
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
 In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart;
 The queen of love her favoured champion shrouds
 (For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.

— *From the translation of ALEXANDER POPE.*

THE GENEALOGY OF GLAUCUS.

ILIAD VI.

Glaucus and Diomed meet in a pause during the battle. Diomed asks his opponent if he is of earth or heaven; for, says he, having had sad experience, "I will not fight with the blissful gods; but if you are of the mortals who eat of the fruit of the earth, approach that you may the sooner arrive at the borders of death," and the gallant son of Hippolochus thus replies:—

WHY do you ask, bold Tydeus' son,
 Why do you ask what race am I?
 As forest leaves have come and gone,
 So does the race of mankind hie:
 The wind outblows and straightway strows
 The scattered leaves upon the ground;
 But soon the wood blooms green in bud
 When again the spring-tide hours come round.

Such and no more the race of man;
 One flowers and another fades apace.
 But if you truly wish to scan
 How runs the lineage of our race,
 What many know I straight will show:
 Within a nook of Argos land,

The land which breeds such gallant steeds
Doth Ephyra's ancient city stand.

And there dwelt Sisypheus, the son
Of Æolus, the tempest lord
And thro all the earth a wilier one
Could not the sons of men afford.
To Glaucus his heir, did his lady bear
The gallant youth Bellerophon,
To whom high heaven had fine form given
And strength in kindly valour shown.

But Prætus, in his evil soul,
Felt tow'rd him foul and felon thought
(And under King Prætus' stern control
Had Jove the men of Argos brought),
His queenly dame of lofty name
Had felt sharp passion's fiercest sting,
And to his breast, with love unblest,
Desired in stolen joy to cling.

But wise and all averse to wrong,
He would not with her wish comply.
Then spoke she with a traitorous tongue
Her husband in a ready lie :
" Do slaughter on Bellerophon,
Or let thyself, O Prætus! die,
Because he strove with shameless love
Within my arms by force to lie."

She spoke : and when the king had heard,
All thro his soul fierce anger flew ;
To slay his youthful guest he feared,
Much scrupling such a deed to do.
By his command to Lycian land
The unsuspecting youth was sent
But many a mark of import dark
He bore off with him as he went.

In tablets of the closest fold
Prætus' life-killing mandates lay —
There was his lady's father told
Bellerophon at once to slay.

But heavenly led to Lycia sped
My favoured grandsire on his way ;
And when he came to Xanthus' stream,
Much honour did its monarch pay.

Nine days they held the constant feast,
Nine oxen for the board they slew ;
When on the tenth day in the East,
Blusht forth the dawn of rosy hue,
The king addrest his honoured guest,
And spoke his wish that should be shown
With what intent there had been sent
To Lycian land Bellerophon.

Now when the message met his eye —
And Prætus' fell intent he knew —
He sent him and one doomed to die,
The dire Chimæra to subdue.
From heavenly seed, not human breed,
That yet unconquered monster came.
Dreadful I ween, her throat was seen
Fierce breathing forth the fiery flame.

In head a lion, in the tail
A dragon, and a goat in line ;
Yet did his valour there prevail,
Upheld by portents all divine.
And next his glaive the Solymi brave
Did with their blood in battle wet :
Oft did he say such desperate fray
As theirs in fight he never met.

Thirdly, he smote with mortal scar
The Amazons who warred on man ;
And back returning from that war
Against him a plot the Lycians plan.
Thro Lycia wide, the flower and pride
Of all her warriors have they ta'en,
And with them laid an ambuscade ;
But not a man returned again.

They perisht by his hand subdued ;
And then, as Lycia's king knew well

That he was born of godlike blood,
He kept him in the land to dwell.
His daughter as bride he gave, and, beside,
Shared with him half his reign;
And of land which is there most rich and rare
Was chosen as his domain.

Fit land the clustering vine to raise,
Fit land to ply the spade;
But even on him in latter days
The wrath of heaven was laid.
And all alone he wandered on
The Aleian plain apart;
From human path, in woe or wrath,
Devouring his own heart.

Two sons, one daughter, to his love
Were by his lady given;
Laodamia, lofty Jove,
Whose guidance rules o'er heaven,
Claspt in his arms, and of her charms
Is brave Sarpedon sprung;
But Artemis' bow soon laid her low,
By fiery anger stung.

Isander against the Solymi
In glorious battle stood;
And Ares doomed him there to die,
The sateless god of blood.
The second son as sire I own,
Hippolochus he hight;
And from Lycia far, to the field of war,
Hath he sent me here to fight.

And much was the counsel my father gave
At Troy to bear me well:
Ever to show myself bold and brave
And all others to excel;
And not to disgrace the ancient race,
Which still mid the best did shine
Or in Lycia wide, or by Ephra-side.
Such, Diomed, is my line.

—*Translation by* WILLIAM MAGINN.

BATTLES BETWEEN GREEKS AND TROJANS.

ILIAD IV, XI.

As when the billow gathers fast
 With slow and sullen roar
 Beneath the keen northwestern blast
 Against the sounding shore:
 First far at sea it rears its crest,
 Then bursts upon the beach,
 Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
 Where headlands outward reach,
 It smites their strength and bellowing flings
 Its silver foam afar;
 So, stern and thick the Danaan kings
 And soldiers marcht to war.
 Each leader gave his men the word,
 Each warrior deep in silence heard;
 So mute they marcht, thou could'st not ken
 They were a mass of speaking men;
 And as they strode in martial might,
 Their flickering arms shot back the light.
 But, as at even the folded sheep
 Of some rich master stand,
 Ten thousand thick their place they keep,
 And bide the milkman's hand,
 And more and more they bleat, the more
 They hear their lamblings cry;
 So, from the Trojan host, uproar
 And din rose loud and high.
 They were a many-voiced throng;
 Discordant accents there,
 That sound from many a differing tongue,
 Their differing race declare.
 These, Ares kindled for the fight;
 Those, starry-eyed Athene's might,
 And savage Terror and Affright
 And Strife, of wars insatiate,
 Sister of Ares and his mate;
 Strife, that, a pygmy at her birth,
 By gathering rumour fed,
 Soon plants her feet upon the earth
 And in the heaven her head.

As in some rich man's domain
 The reapers drawn in rows,
 Right down the furrows shear the grain,
 And still their labour grows,
 And thick the armfuls fall as rain;
 So Trojan and Achaian might
 Each on the other leapt;
 None turned from fight to cursed flight,
 But even battle kept.
 They raged like wolves. With deadly smile
 Fell Strife sate lowering by the while,
 She singly of the gods was there,
 The rest abode in upper air;
 Deep-valed Olympos all enshrouds
 Each in his beauteous palace calm,
 Each blaming Zeus, the king of clouds,
 Who willed to Troy the victor's palm.
 The Sire he held their murmurs light,
 And drawing far away,
 He sate, exulting in his might,
 And overlookt the bay,
 The ships of the Achaians,
 The city on the plain,
 The flashing of the brazen arms,
 The slayers and the slain.

—*Translation of* WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

NESTOR'S FIRST ESSAY IN ARMS.

ILIAD XI.

OH! was I as erst in my youthful day,
 In vigour and strength the same,
 When we and the Eleans about a prey
 Of cattle to combat came;
 When by my hand Itymones fell
 To the rescue rushing on;
 (Of Hypirochos who was wont to dwell
 In Elis, gallant son.)

In the foremost line as he guarded his kine,
I stretch him amid the dead ;
While with fear and amaze did the wild troops gaze
Whom he from his farm-lands led
Fifty flocks of goats, as many sheep,
And fifty drove of swine ;
Fifty lowing herds at one night's sweep
I drove from the plain as mine.

And thrice fifty mares of yellow mane
And with them many a foal,
And we drove them to Neleus who held his reign
In those olden times o'er the Pylian plain ;
And rejoiced was he in his soul
That to me so young in first essay
Should so rich a booty fall ;
And by heralds at dawn of the breaking day,
It was proclaimed to all.

To whom debt was due all Elis thro
Should meet in the spoils to share ;
And together the Pylian chieftains drew
And made a division fair ;
For many a score of ancient date
Was to poor Pylos owed
For we were reduced to low estate
By the strength of a demigod.

For Heracles came in years gone by
And by him were our best men slain ;
Twelve gallant sons had Neleus, and I
Did then the last remain ;
The Epeians, therefore, thought they might dare
In their haughty meanness strong ;
To a people so weak they refused to spare
Insults of deed or tongue.

A lowing herd and a fleecy flock,
In number of hundreds three,
As his share with the shepherds old Neleus took,
For the heaviest claim had he.
For horses famed for glories won
When contending for the prize,

As for a tripod they went to run,
Were seized in a shameful wise.

King Augias stopt them travelling on,
And back the driver came,
His race not run, his coursers gone,
With anger filled and shame.
Large, therefore, the share might my father choose;
To the people he gave the rest,
That none might his fairness in doling accuse
To divide as it pleased him best.

And now our various labours done,
Due sacrificial cheer
We offered the gods outside the town,
Free from the pressing fear;
But on the third morn, of foot and horse
A mighty gathering came;
The Molians armed them with the force,
Tho but boys unknown to fame.

A distant town Thryoessa stands
Where Alpheus' waters sweep
At the edge remote of Pylos' sands,
Percht on the rocky steep.
This far-off town they sought to gain,
And to use it at their need;
But when they had traversed all the plain
Athene came with speed.

By night, and the Pyliaus to arms she bid,
And they answered with delight;
But my steeds of war old Neleus hid
To keep me from the fight.
He said I knew not the works of war,
And yet to the field I sped,
Where I fought, tho on foot, the horsemen near,
By Athene's orders led.

Close by Arene the Minyas flows
And falls into the sea,
Where the Pyliau horsemen, till morning rose,
Awaited our infantry.

Then full of force our armour shine,
 By Alpheus' banks we stood,
 And we sacrificed there to the powers divine,
 And first to the Olympian God.

To Alpheus a steer — to Poseidon a steer,
 And a heifer all unbroke
 To Pallas — and then our festal cheer
 Throughout the ranks we took
 And the livelong night in our arms we lay,
 Close by the rushing tide,
 While to Pylos the Epeians made their way,
 Camping its walls beside.

And soon as morning's dawn was seen,
 Scattering its light around,
 Praying to Zeus and Wisdom's Queen,
 We for the fight were bound;
 When we fairly joined us in the fray,
 By me was the first man slain;
 No horses longer I needed that day,
 And my father's scheme was vain.

Brave Moleus whom I made to bleed
 Had chosen as a bride
 King Augias' daughter, fair Agamede,
 By whom the virtues of plant and weed,
 Wherever grown, were tried.
 And I slew him there with my brazen spear,
 And as in the dust he rolled,
 In his chariot I drove in hot career
 To the foremost warriors bold.

And hither and thither the Epeians fled,
 When they saw that warrior fall,
 Their horse to the fight who had always led,
 And was foremost in valour's call.
 But on I rusht, like a darksome blast,
 And from fifty chariots soon,
 To bite the dust two riders were cast,
 By my right arm alone.

And the Molian twins I there had slain
 But for the pitchy cloud
 In which their father who rules the main
 Did them from danger shroud.
 Then Zeus assisting across the field,
 We made the Epeians fly;
 The men we slay, and their corse yield
 Of armour a rich supply.

Till we came to Buprasion rich in wheat,
 Our horse conquering still,
 Under Olenia's rocky retreat
 And Alikion's distant hill.
 And there their last man low I laid;
 And much honour we lavisht free
 First 'mong the gods to Zeus they paid,
 'Mong mankind first to me.

— *Translation of WILLIAM MAGINN.*

THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND PATROCLOS.

ILIAD XVI.

THE sharp stone struck on the temples
 Hector's charioteer: he was bastard offspring of Priam,
 Son of the famous king. For, while he was holding the
 bright reins,
 Full on the top of his face came the huge stone, smashing
 the eyebrows
 Crushing the solid skull; and the eyeballs, forced from
 the sockets,
 Fell in the dust at his feet; while himself, as plunges a
 diver,
 Plunged to the earth from the car, and the fierce soul fled
 from the carcass.
 Loud, as he markt the act, thus scoffingly shouted Patroclus:—

“Gods! what a nimble man! How easy that shoot from
 the chariot!
 Did he but happen to live by the ocean, where fish are
 abounding,

Many a mouth, thro him, might be satisfied, diving for
oysters;
Even in times of storm, from his boat-side taking his
headers:
Easy enough for one who on land dives thus from his war-
steeds.
Who would have thought such tumblers had even been
found mid the Trojans."

Thus did Patroclos speak — then rusht on the corpse to
despoil it,
Like the tremendous rush of a lion first clearing the fold-
yards;
Then, with a wound on his breast, by his courage brought
to destruction:
Thus on Kebriones dead did Patroclos rush to despoil him,
While on the opposite side leapt Hector to earth from his
war-steeds.

As on a mountain peak two lions roaring defiance
Over a slaughtered stag, all raving and savage with hunger,
Wage unrelenting war for the coveted prize of the carcass,
So with Kebriones slain did these two lords of the battle,
Hector, mighty in war and Patroclos, son of Menoitios,
Aim at each other's breasts with the points of the murder-
ous weapons.

Hector held by the head to his brother's corpse and re-
tained it;
While on the dead man's foot did Patroclos seize; and
around them
Deepened the roar of fight of the Trojan troops and the
Argives.

As with opposing blasts, when the fury of Euros and Notos
Falls upon some dense wood, in a glen deep down on a
hill-side,
Beech or tough-grained ash or the long-leaved boughs of
the cornel,
And as the blast drives over, the tall trees mingle their
branches,
Rasping and grating together, or breaking, perchance, with
a great crash
So, and with equal din, did the armies of Troy and Achaia
Seek each other's breasts, and fear was forgotten among
them.

Over Kebriones' corpse was the clash and the crashing of
lances,
Whizzing of arrow-shafts, that bounded in wrath from the
bow-strings,
Clanging of ponderous stones that bruised and battered the
bucklers
Of those fighting around him. He mighty and mightily
stretcht out,
Heedless of reins and steeds, slept sound mid the storm
of the battle.

All such time as the sun stands high on his path mid the
Heavens
Falls on each army the storm of the darts and slain are
the people.
But when the sun stands low and releases the labouring
oxen,
Then, despite of fate, has Achaia the best in the struggle.
Dragging Kebriones off from the spears, in the face of the
uproar
Made by Troy's foiled host, they strip from his shoulders
the armour.
Then on his foes once more, in his wild wrath, hurtles
Patroclus:
Three times, dreadful as Ares, with terrible shouts, he
assails them,
Charging them home. Three times, nine warriors perish
before him;
But when, great as a god, he a fourth time charges the
phalanx.
This, of thy narrow life, is the finishing effort, Patroclus!
For, thro the midst of the fray, to assail thee, Phoibos
Apollo
Moves — an unequal opponent. Patroclus never discerns
him,
Since in a pile of cloud is the deity veiled and en-
shrouded.
Standing in rear of the chief, on his back, mid his shoul-
ders, the great god
Strikes with ponderous hand. Swim dizzy the eyes of the
hero,
Flies from his temples the helm, at the buffet of Phoibos
Apollo;

Far, with a clash, to the earth, far away, mid the hoofs
of the war-steeds
Rolls that crested helm; those bright plumes waving
above it
Draggle in blood and dust. They have never been wont
to be soiled so,
Never before have dust and that proud helm been ac-
quainted,
Used, as it is, to protect in the fight the high face of a
hero,
Even Achilles' self. Now Zeus upon Hector bestows it,
Gives it to him for a while, as he stands on the brink of
destruction:
All in Patroclus' hand does the huge spear shiver to
splinters,
Stalwart, brass-headed beam that it is; and far from his
shoulders,
Shield of ample orb to the earth comes down with the
shield-belt;
And from his gallant breast is the corselet loosed by
Apollo.
Mind and senses bewildered, his limbs unnerved by the
buffet,
Stupid aghast he remained. As he stood he was struck by
a Dardan
Right mid his shoulder-blades, with a spear from behind
by Euphorbos,
Panthoos' gallant son, who headed the youths of his own
age,
Both in the use of the spear and in driving of steeds and
the foot-race;
Twenty the chiefs at least had he tumbled to earth from
their war-steeds,
When with his car and horses he first took lessons in
battle.
This man thus with his spear first wounded the back of
Patroclus—
Nor with a fatal wound; and at once from the flesh of the
hero
Tearing the spear, he retreated again to his friends, nor
adventured
There to abide such a foe, the unarmed, in the perilous
death-gripe,

He, by the blow of the god and the spear-stroke stunned
and enfeebled,
Shunned approaching fate and retreated again to his
comrades.
Hector remarkt from afar how Patroclus, sorely disabled,
Wounded by hostile steel, and his great soul cowed, was
retreating
Back to the Argive host; so, cleaving the ranks, overtook
him,
Plunging the levelled spear thro his groin, right out on the
far side.
Thundering he fell to the earth. Loud, deep, was the
wail of Achaia.
Just as a stubborn boar is o'ermastered in fight by a
lion,
When on a mountain-peak they have wrangled in terrible
combat
Round some half-dried spring, which both have been
eager to drink of,
Until the lion's might has mastered his snorting opponent:
Thus, having overthrown many foes, the brave son of
Menoitios
Yielded at length his own strong soul to the weapon of
Hector,
Who to his fallen foe thus vauntingly spake and addrest
him:—

“Where is the boastful hope thou 'st ventured to utter,
Patroclus,
Speaking of Troy's wall stormed and her proud dames
carried as captives
Off in Achaia's barks, far away to the land of the
fathers?
Fool! those dames and that wall had protectors ready to
guard them;
Hector and his swift steeds — steeds eager for war — and
their master,
First among Troy's fierce sons in the use of the spear; a
defender
Fitter to ward off fate. But thou shalt be prey to the
vultures.
Wretch! all brave as he is, not a jot has availed thee
Achilleus,

He but urged thee to death, for he charged thee, methinks,
when departing,
Thus: 'To the hollow ships do not come again, knightly
Patroclus!
Seek not again this face ere thou tear from the bosom of
Hector
Corselet and blood-stained vest and bear them as trophies
before thee.'
Such were, perchance, his words; and thou, poor fool!
wert the victim."

Then with his failing breath, thus answered knightly
Patroclus:—
"It is thy season to boast, and thou boastest enough. But
thy conquest
Comes from Zeus himself and from Phoibos — they have
subdued me
Easily as gods could; themselves disarming my shoulders.
If twice ten such as thou had encountered me fairly in
battle,
All had sunk in the fight and had bowed to the brunt of
my lance-point.
Fate overthrew me the first: it is Leto's son who has
slain me;
Then came of men Euphorbos and thou standest third
in the death work.
But, take heed to my words and ponder them well as I
speak them:
Know that thyself, proud man, art doomed not long to
survive me.
Death and relentless fate are standing already beside thee,
Doomed, ere long, to be slain by the hands of the noble
Achilleus!"

Thus as he spake, came death with its dark shade gloomily
o'er him,
Flitted the naked soul from the beautiful body to Hades,
Wailing its fate and the vigour and youth it abandoned.

— DART'S version.

THE CAMP FIRES.

ILIAD VIII.

So Hector spake; the Trojans roared applause;
Then loost their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own;
And oxen from the city and goodly sheep
In haste they drove and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought and heapt
Their fire-wood, and the wind from off the plain
Rolled the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

— *Translated by* LORD TENNYSON.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD XVIII.

So saying, light-foot Iris past away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringed ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreathed a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,

All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, but with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbours round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendour went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor joined
The Achaians — honouring his wise mother's word —
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away
Called; and a boundless panic shook the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a town;
So rang the clear voice of Aiakides;
And when the brazen cry of Aiakides
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
Were troubled and the full-maned horses whirled
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire,
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burned, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reeled the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.

— *Translated by* LORD TENNYSON.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

ILIAD VI.

So from the house went Hector back with speed,
Thro the wide city to the Western gates,
Meaning that way to pass forth to the field.
There running, when he came, behold his wife,
Andromache, the brave Eetion's child,
Cilician ruler, who in Thebé dwelt,
Under the woods of Placos. With her came
A maiden, bearing on her breast the child,
Tender of soul, as yet a child in arms,
Hector's one darling, like a lovely star.

He then beholding smiled upon his babe
In silence; but his wife stood weeping by,
And claspt him by the hand and spake and said: —
“ Dear one, thine own brave soul shall be thy fate.
Thou hast no pity for thy child or me,
Ere long thy widow, when the Achaian men
Close round thee like a flood and lay thee low —
And thou lost, I were better in my grave!
No comfort then — but sorrow. I have now
No father and no mother; for divine
Achilleus slew my father, when he sackt
High-gated Thebé, fair Cilician town.
Eetion he slew there, but stript him not;
Awe was upon him; with his gilded arms
He burned him, piling o’er his bones a mound;
And elms were planted by the Oread nymphs,
Children of Zeus. And brethren I had seven,
All in one day went down into the earth;
Swift-foot Achilleus slew them all,
Mid their slow kine and sheep of silver fleece.
And for the queen my mother, with the spoil
Brought hither, whom for ransom he let go,
Her the divine maid-archer Artemis
Pierced with an arrow in her father’s halls.
O Hector, thou to me art mother dear,
And father, brother, husband, all in one!
Have pity, pass not from the walls, I pray,
Nor leave thy child an orphan and thy wife
A widow. Range beside the fig-tree hill
Thy bands, where most the city is scalable,
And on the wall the footing easiest proved.
For by that way their bravest made assault
Thrice, with the two Aiantes, the renowned
Idomeneus, the Atridai and the son
Of Tydeus, whether by a seer advised,
Or by their own heart evermore led on.

And the large white-plumed Hector answering spake:
“ All this I know, dear wife, and feel it all.
Yet am I filled with overpowering shame
Of long-robed Trojan women and Trojan men,
If like a dastard from the field I slink.
No, for my soul I cannot. I have learned

Still to go forth amid the first in fight,
Building my father's glory and my own :
Albeit I know well, both in mind and heart,
That the day comes when sacred Troy shall fall,
And Priam and his people and his power.
Yet not the Trojan sorrow of that time,
Nor Hecuba's own sorrow, nor my sire's,
Nor of my brothers, who so many and so brave,
Trodden by the feet of foemen, in the dust
Shall then lie mute, can touch my heart so near
As thine, when some one of the Achaian men
Leads thee bereft of freedom, in thy tears,
To Argos ; there it may be, at a loom
Not thine to work, or from Messeis' well,
Or Hypereia, to bear pails in grief,
Reluctant much, yet conquered by strong fate.
Then some one may behold thy tears and say : —
'See now, the wife of Hector, first in arms,
Troy's great horse-captain in the Ilian siege.'
So will he speak, and thou shalt wail anew
For anguish and sore need of one like me
To ward the yoke of thralldom from thy neck.
But let me lie dead in the moulded earth
Ere of thy capture and sad cries I hear !”

He spake, and to the babe reached forth his arms,
Who to the bosom of his fair-zoned nurse
Clung with a cry, scared at his father's look,
And by the brass helm, and the horse-hair plume
Waving aloft so grimly. And they laught,
Father and mother ; and the nodding helm
He in a moment from his head removed
And laid it shining on the earth, then kist
Fondly and dandled in his arms the child,
And called on Zeus and all the gods in prayer : —

“Zeus, and all gods, let this my child become
Famed in the hosts of Troia, even as I,
In strength so good and full of power to reign ;
And when he cometh from the fight let me
Say : ‘A far better than his sire is here !’
And thus with gory spoils let him return
From the slain foe and cheer his mother's heart !”

He spake and in the arms of his dear wife
 Laid the fair babe, and to her fragrant breast
 She claspt him, smiling thro a mist of tears.
 And Hector saw and felt and pitied her,
 And with his hand carest her and thus said : —

“ Dearest, afflict not overmuch thine heart.
 No man at all can send me against fate
 To Hades, and his hour can no man fly,
 None, good or bad, that ever yet was born.
 Go home, and look to thine own business there,
 The distaff and the loom, and bid thy maids
 Work — of the war shall men take thought, all men
 Native in Troy, and I myself the most.”

Thus spake brave Hector, and the crested helm
 Took from the ground, and his dear wife past home,
 Raining sad tears, and turning oft to look.
 Soon to the house she came, and found therein
 Her maidens, and stirred sorrow in them all.
 So Hector, yet alive, in his own house
 They wailed, since no more could they hope in heart
 Returning to behold him from the war.

— *Translation of PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.*

ACHILLEUS IN ARMOUR.

ILIAD XIX.

His teeth he gnasht, and his eye-balls flasht
 Like the flame of a burning brand :
 His soul with grief and rage was fraught ;
 And wrapping his heart in vengeful thought,
 He harnessd himself in the armour wrought
 And given by Hephaistos' hand.

First, with the grasp of silver clasp,
 His greaves did he buckle on ;
 Then he armed his breast with a bright cuirass,
 Flung round his shoulders his sword of brass,
 Uplifted his shield, a ponderous mass,
 Like the moon from afar it shone.

As when sailors, who keep on the storm-vest deep
Their way with unwilling oar,
The blaze of a distant fire espy
From some lonely fold in the mountains high,
When forced by the blast their course they ply,
Driven away from their native shore;

So from heaven shot the light from the buckler bright
That guarded Achilles' breast.
Next lifted up to sheath his head
His helmet of strength fit for combat dread,
Around like a star was its lustre shed
Beneath the horse-hair crest.

And the golden thread so thickly spread
By Hephaistos the cone around,
Waved in the air, as the chief essayed
If close to his shape were the armour laid,
If his shapely limbs in free motion played,
With its harness bound.

With the lightsome spring of a bird's fleet wing
Buoyant they bore him on;
And next from the spear-case he went to take
His father's spear, huge, massy, of make
Which no other hand in the host could shake
Save his good right hand alone.

An ash-tree spear for his father dear
Hewed down by Cheiron's stroke
From Pelion's summits where waves the wood,
He sent it to drip in warriors' blood.
Meanwhile the squires by the horses stood
As they set them beneath the yoke.

They fasten the trace and they firmly place
In the bending jaws the bit;
Back to the car the reins are thrown,
And seizing the whip to his hand well known,
Sprung to his seat Automedon,
Where long he had loved to sit.

And behind that seat in arms complete,
 Stood Achilleus girt for war;
He glowed like the sun in his noon-day gyre,
And his chiding voice sounded fierce and dire,
As thus to the chargers of his sire
 He shouted from the car.

“My bright bay horse — my fleet of course,
 Podargé's far-famed brood, —
Yours be it your master back to bear
From the battle-field now with surer care,
Leave me not as you left Patroclus there,
 All weltering in his blood.”

Then out upslope from beneath the yoke
 His dapple-foot steed of bay,
Low stoopt his head, and the yoke around
His mane encircling swept over the ground,
For Heré had given him vocal sound
 Achilleus' fate to say.

“Once yet again from the battle-plain,
 Safe back we bear thee home.
But thy hour of death is hastening nigh,
All blameless are we, yet thou must die,
Slain by the hand of a godhead high;
 Such is Fate's relentless doom.

By no lack of speed, no sloth of steed,
 Patroclus' arms were lost;
It was he, most glorious god of light,
The son of fair Leto, of tresses bright,
Who slew him amid the foremost fight,
 And gave Hector the fame to boast.

“By our flight as fast as Zephyros' blast
 Was thy chariot whirled along,
Yet here it is fated thy bones be laid,
By a god's strong power and a mortal's blade!”
Mute was the horse when these words were said,
 For the Furies chained his tongue.

Then with angry word the swift-foot lord,
 Thus spoke his prophetic horse:—
 “Why, Xanthos thus in boding tone
 Hast thou my coming death foreshown?
 Needless to tell what so well is known,
 That here I lay my corse.

“It is fixt by Fate that I end my date
 From my father’s land afar:
 But still, ere my day of life runs out,
 No war shall the Trojans lack or rout.”
 So said he; and with a thundering shout
 Drove his steeds to the thickest war.

— *Translation of WILLIAM MAGINN.*

HECTOR PURSUED BY ACHILLEUS.

ILIAD XXII.

HECTOR beheld and trembled: naught he dared
 To wait, but left the gates and shuddering flew.
 Achilles with swift feet behind him fared.
 As mountain hawk, most fleet of feathered crew,
 A trembling dove doth eagerly pursue;
 Swerving she flutters; he, intent to seize,
 With savage scream close hounds her thro the blue;—
 So keenly he swept onward; Hector flees
 Beneath his own Troy wall and plies his limber knees.

All past the watch-tower and the fig-tree tall
 Along the chariot road at speed they fare,
 Still swerving outward from the city’s wall;
 Then reach the two fair-flowing streamlets, where
 Scamander’s twofold source breaks forth to air.
 One flows in a warm tide and steam doth go
 Up from it, as a blazing fire were there;
 But the other runs in summer’s midmost glow
 Cold as the frozen hail, or ice or chilly snow.

Thereby great troughs and meet for washing stand,
 Beautiful, stony, where their robes of pride

Troy's wives and daughters washt ere to the land
The foemen came, in happy peaceful tide.
Flying and following, these they ran beside,
He good that flies, he better that pursues;
For no fat victim 't was, nor bullock's hide,
Such meed as men for conquering runners choose,
But Hector's life the prize they ran to win or lose.

Look how prize-bearing horses, hard of hoof,
Circle about the goal with eager bound,
And a great guerdon stands, not far aloof,
Tripod or woman, at the funeral mound
Of some dead chief; so thrice they circled round
King Priam's town, their swift feet winged for flight:
While all the gods Olympos' summit crowned,
Looking from high to see the wondrous sight.

— *Translation by JOHN CONINGTON.*

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

ILIAD XXII.

As thro the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breathed beagle drives the flying fawn,
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheeled,
There swift Achilles compast round the field,
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake;
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain:
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What God, O Muse, assisted Hector's force
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power ;
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Signed to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untoucht the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below :
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate ;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the
weight. . . .

Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke :
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke ;

"Enough, O son of Peleus ! Troy has viewed
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate : I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day ;
Let Heaven's high powers be called to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow) !
To them I swear ; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue ;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjured I 'll restore :
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."

"Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flasht from his disdainful eyes),
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee :
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods ! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate :
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife
Till death extinguish rage and thought and life.

Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launcht his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunned the meditated blow:
He stoopt, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watcht it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand
Unseen of Hector, who elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy:

"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have missed. My fate depends on Heaven
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repelled
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear —
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh:
" 'T is so — Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deemed Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceived me; Pallas, 't was thy deed,
Death and black fate approach! 't is I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!

'T is true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it and admire!"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!):
And as he moved, his figure seemed on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well directed dart:
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:

"At last is Hector stretcht upon the plain,
Who feared no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have feared what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorned,
Forever honoured, and forever mourned:
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

"No, wretch accurst!" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes);
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steeled,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate."

He ceased. The Fates suppress his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffened at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he rolled his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies,
"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee."—He said, and stript the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size;
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.

"How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scattered fate!"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,

Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
“Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmanned; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath sealed his eyes;
Unwept, unhonoured, uninterred he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecayed,
Burn on thro death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring,
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
“Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.”

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro the double wound;
These fixt up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground and streak the sable sand;
Deformed, dishonoured, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragged along!

—POPE'S *Translation*.

PRIAM AND ACHILLES.

ILIAD XXIV.

THE king, confirmed from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car,
With solemn pace thro various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero: Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These served his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made:
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses prest, embrued
Even with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed,
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed:
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seemed to question with their eyes:
Each lookt on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

“Ah think, thou favoured of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
Is all my equal, but in misery!

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,

The pledge of many a loved and loving dame :
Nineteen one mother bore — Dead, all are dead !
How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !
Still one was left their loss to recompense ;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause, he fell !
For him thro hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
Large gifts proportioned to thy wrath I bear ;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere !
Think of thy father, and this face behold !
See him in me, as helpless and as old !
Tho not so wretched : there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery !
Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !”

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Tought with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turned away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe ;
And now the mingled tides together flow :
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er ;
A father one, and one a son deplore :
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
The infectious softness thro the heroes ran
One universal solemn shower began ;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;
The reverend monarch by the hand he raised ;
On his white beard and form majestic gazed,
Not unrelenting ; then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man :

“ Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known.
Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroyed thy race !
Heaven sure has armed thee with a heart of steel,

A strength proportioned to the woes you feel.
Rise, then: let reason mitigate your care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree:
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ill;
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmixt, is curst indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dashed with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power
What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given;
Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven.
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he, alas! ordained
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excelled;
Extended Phrygia owned thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.
But since the god his hand has pleased to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"

To whom the king: "O favoured of the skies
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach deprived of obsequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.

Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy:
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!"

"Move me no more" (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),
"Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend:
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame),
Nor comest thou but by heaven; nor comest alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarred,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

The sire obeyed him, trembling and o'erawed.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad:
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom most he honoured, since he lost his friend),
These to yoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next, heapt on high, the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom), from the polisht car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover and enwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam: lest the unhappy sire,
Provoked to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage. . . .
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence thro the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprang thro the gates of light, and gave the day:

Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go
 The sage and king, majestically slow.
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
 The sad procession of her hoary sire;
 Then as the pensive pomp advanced more near
 (Her breathless brother stretcht upon the bier),
 A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
 If e'er ye rusht in crowds, with vast delight,
 To hail your hero, glorious from the fight,
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow;
 Your common triumph, and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
 Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;
 In every face the self-same grief is shown;
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair.
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scattered hair:
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
 And there had sighed and sorrowed out the day;
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
 "Forbear" (he cried) "this violence of woes;
 First to the palace let the car proceed,
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."

The waves of people at his word divide,
 Slow rolls the chariot thro the following tide;
 Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 A melancholy choir attend around,
 With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And nature speaks at every pause of art.

—POPE'S *Translation*.

ODYSSEUS AMONG THE PHAIAKIANS.

FROM THE ODYSSEY V, VI, VII.

Odysseus, having been detained by the amorous Calypso on her sea-girt paradise, Zeus sends Hermes to effect his release.

HE spake : nor did the fleet-foot Shining One
Fail of obedience, but at once laced on
Beneath his feet the imperishable fair
Sandals of gold that when he would be gone
Over the wet sea or the boundless land
Bore him like blowing wind, and took in hand
The rod wherewith he charms men's eyes to sleep
Or makes the sleeper to awake and stand ;
Holding it now, the Shining One with might
Took wing, and mounting the Pierian height,
Out of the sky on ocean darted down,
And swift across the billows urged his flight.
As a sea-eagle that his finny prey
Chases, his thickset plumage wet with spray,
Thro the gulfs of sea unharvested,
Over the thronging waves he sped his way.

And now that island far amid the foam
Reaching, from out the violet sea he clomb
Over the mainland, to the cavern great
Wherein the fair-trest nymph had made her home.
Within he found her in the cavern-cell ;
Where from a brazier by her, burning well,
A fire of cloven cedar-wood and pine
Far thro the island sent a goodly smell.
And in it she with voice melodious sang,
While thro the warp her golden shuttle rang
As to and fro before the loom she went.
But round the cave a verdurous forest sprang
Of poplars and sweet-scented cypresses,
And alders ; and long-pinioned birds in these
Nested — owls, falcons, chattering cormorants,
And all that ply their business in the seas.
But round the hollow cavern trailing went
A garden-vine with heavy clusters bent ;
And rising all a-row, four springs abroad
This way and that their shining waters sent.

And on both sides fair flowering meads were set,
Soft-clad with parsley and with violet.
Even an immortal, if he came, that sight
Marvelling might view and joy thereof might get.

There stood the fleet foot Shining One, that sight
Marvelling to view; and when to his delight
All he had viewed, into the cavern wide
He entered; but Calypso, Goddess bright
Failed not to know him, seeing him face to face;
For never do the Gods' immortal race
Fail one to know another when they meet
How far soe'er apart their dwelling-place.
But therewithin Odysseus high of heart
He found not then: who — sitting far apart
On the sea-beach, as oftentimes before,
Fretted with tears and sighs and bitter smart,
Out seaward to the barren ocean-rim
Kept gazing, and his eyes with tears were dim.

Hermes gives the Thunderer's command and Calypso obeys.
She finds Odysseus seated alone by the shore of the much-roaring
sea and comforts him with a promise to let him depart, and swears
a great oath that she will not in any way hinder him in his journey.

But when rose-fingered Dawn of Morning shone,
Odysseus in his shirt and cloak anon
Arrayed him and the nymph withal her great
White mantle, thin and beautiful, put on;
And round her loins a golden girdle fair
She bound, and cast a kerchief on her hair;
And straightway for Odysseus great of heart
She set herself the sending to prepare.
She gave him a bronze axe with double blade,
Heavy, keen-edged, for handling deftly made,
Wedge'd in a goodly shaft of olive-wood,
And in his hand a smoothing adze she laid.
Then leading him to the island's utmost rim
She showed the tallest fallen trees to him,
Alder and poplar and sky-soaring pine:
Long dry, well-seasoned, light of draught to swim.
And having shown him where the tallest lay,
Calypso the bright Goddess went her way.

Then forthwith he began to hew him logs,
 And in that labour lightly sped the day.
 A score of logs he cut and hewed them square
 With the brouze axe, and trimmed them all with care
 By line and level and then drilled them through
 With augers, that Calypso, Goddess fair
 Next brought to help him; and these fitting in,
 Bolted them tight with dowel and with pin;
 And as the bottom of a merchant ship
 To lay a skilful shipwright would begin,
 So wide abeam his raft Odysseus made:
 And upon upright spars close-set he laid
 A spar-deck finisht with long gunwale-strips,
 And to the raft a mast and yard he stayed:
 And made and fixt an oar to steer aright;
 And then with osier hurdles woven tight
 Fenced the raft round, and laid much wood on it,
 To break the waves: and next the Goddess bright,
 Calypso, brought him cloth for sails to be.
 Those in like manner deftly fashioned he,
 With brace and sheet and halyard; and drew down
 The raft on rollers to the shining sea.

Now was the fourth day, and he finisht thus
 His toil: and on the fifth the glorious
 Goddess Calypso sent him from the isle,
 Bathed and arrayed in garments odorous.
 And skins she gave him, one of wine dark-red
 And one of water, and a bag of bread,
 With many meats to be his sustenance;
 And a soft breeze and warm sent out ahead.
 Then joyful to the breeze Odysseus bright
 Shook out his sail, and steered his course aright,
 Sitting with hand on rudder: nor did sleep
 Fall on his eyelids as he watcht all night
 The Pleiads and Arcturus' lingering fall
 And the She-Bear, the which men likewise call
 The Wain, that circling ever in her place
 Watches Orion, and alone of all
 The whirling constellations does not know
 The baths of Ocean; for at parting so
 Glorious Calypso bade him, keeping it
 On his left hand across the flood to go.

Thus for seventeen days he went ; and then Poseidon, returning from the swart-faced blameless Ethiopians and spying his enemy escaping, sent a terrible storm which wrecks his raft and keeps him for days and nights drifting in the brine, but at last he makes his way into the shelter of a river and there found shelter.

And in a clearing near the waterside
He found two bushes that he crept below,
Where in the selfsame plot of ground were met
An olive and an oleaster set
One by the other ; thro whose boughs the strength
Of the winds pierced not, blowing wild and wet,
Nor ever did the sun with burning ray
Smite in that covert, or the rain a way
Drive thro the leafy roof ; so thick the boughs
One with another intertwining lay.
Under their shelter then Odysseus crept,
And with his hands a broad-heapt bed upswept ;
For there a carpet thick of fallen leaves
Lay, such as warm in winter time had kept
Two men or three, tho bitter were the cold.
These toil-worn bright Odysseus to behold
Rejoicing, all amidst them laid him down,
And over him a heap of leaves he rolled.
And as at some lone steading far inland
In the thick ashes a man hides a brand,
Who has no neighbour to fetch kindling from
And needs must keep a seed of fire at hand :
Even so Odysseus in the leaves lay hid.

So slept he there, with toil and slumber spent,
Weary Odysseus. But Athena went
To the Phaiakian people's land and town,
Who dwelt of old beside the turbulent
Kyclopes, where the upland lawns lie spread
In Hypereia, and were hard bestead
Before their overmastering might ; till thence
Divine Nausithoos drew them forth and led.
And set in Scheria, far off the rout
Of merchant-venturers, and walled about
A town, and built houses and temples there,
And ploughlands to the people parcelled out.
But he to the Dark Realm, laid low by doom,
Was gone, and wise Alkinoos in his room

Reigned by the grace of God: and counselling
 That brave Odysseus might find convoy home,
 Gray-eyed Athena sought his house that day,
 And to the carven chamber took her way,
 Wherein a maiden fair as Goddesses,
 Nausicaa, daughter of Alkinoos, lay.
 Two comely maids lay by her on the floor
 Across the doorway; and the glittering door
 Was shut; but thro it, like a puff of wind,
 She past and to the bed right on she bore;
 And standing at her head, the guise put on
 Of the girl's best-loved girl-companion,
 Daughter of Dymas, the famed sea-captain:
 Even in her likeness spoke the Gray-eyed One:

"Nausicaa, you idle child! here lie
 Your bright clothes, all unheeded: yet is nigh
 Your wedding-day, when fair attire you need
 Both for yourself and those who lead you by.
 For thence comes praise of men to be your meed,
 And makes my lord and lady glad indeed.
 Let us go washing with the peep of dawn;
 And I will be your workmate for good speed.
 Not long shall you be maiden. Even to-day
 The princeliest in your own Phaiakia
 From all the land come wooing you. Arise!
 Speak to your father, while the dawn is gray,
 "To yoke a mule-cart that may carry down
 Bright-coloured coverlet and sash and gown.
 Nay, even yourself could scarce go well afoot;
 So far the washing-pools are off the town."

So saying, gray-eyed Athena went her way
 Up to Olympos; where the Gods, they say,
 Dwell in an ageless seat inviolable,
 That no wind shakes and no rain wets for aye,
 Nor snowflake touches it: but very bright
 It stretches, all unclouded, and a white
 Splendour swims over it; and all their days
 The blessed Gods therein take their delight.
 Thither, her word said to the girl, was gone
 The Gray-eyed One: and on her shining throne
 Dawn clomb, and woke fair-gowned Nausicaa;

And at her dream she mused awhile alone.
Then hastily she sought the palace round,
To tell her parents. Both within she found.
By the hall-hearth among her handmaidens
Her mother sat, and off her spindle wound
The twisted threads, dim-coloured like the sea.
But him she met as to the council he
Past forth, whereto his lords were calling him;
And, standing close, she spoke thus lovingly :

“Papa dear, would you let me have the high
Wheeled cart, to take my dainty clothes, that lie
Soiled in the house, down to the watermead,
And wash them where the running stream goes by ?
And even for you yourself it is most fit
That when the councillors in council sit,
Among the princes with clean raiment on
You go. And in the palace, born in it,
Five sons are yours: two wedded now, but three
Are lusty bachelors, who endlessly
Want clothes fresh from the wash that they may go
To dances: all this charge is laid on me.”

So spoke she; for the word of marriage wrought
So strangely in her, she could not speak her thought
To her own father. But he understood,
And answered, “Go, my child; I grudge you nought,
Mules or what else you need your will to do.
The thralls shall yoke the high-wheeled cart for you,
And fix the tilt on it.” He spoke, and called
The thralls, and bade them. Forthwithout they drew
The easy-running mule-cart as he bade,
And yoked the mules thereunder: then the maid
Forth of the inner room the shining clothes
Carried, and in the smooth-planed wagon laid.
And in the box good food and dainties fine
Her mother laid, and filled a skin with wine,
And gave her a gold flask of liquid oil
For bathing when her maids and she would dine.
Then the girl, climbing to the wagon-seat,
Took whip and reins in hand. With clattering feet
The mules went as she lasht them to a run;
And clothes and girl went swinging up the street,

Her handmaidens behind her following fast;
 Till to the lovely riverside at last
 They came, where all the year abundantly
 Bright water bubbled in and fleeted past
 From pool to pool, all soil to wash away.
 Then they unyoked, and turned the mules to stray
 Loose by the eddying river, there at will
 To graze the couchgrass honey-sweet: but they
 Carried the clothes by armfuls where the unlit
 Water lay dark, and trod them down in it,
 Along the conduits, in contending haste,
 Till of their soilure was not left a whit;
 And on the seashore spread them each by each,
 Where the waves cleanest washed the pebble-beach.
 Then bathing and anointing them with oil,
 In the strong sun they left the clothes to bleach,
 And took their dinner by the riverside.
 But when the girls with food were satisfied,
 Their kerchiefs they undid and cast away,
 To play at ball; and in the song they plied
 White-armed Nausicaa led them: even so
 Artemis the Archer down the steep might go
 Of Erymanthos, or Taygetos'
 Long ridge, rejoicing, while before her bow
 While boars and fleet-foot deer flee fast away,
 And round her path the nymphs of the wildwood-play,
 Daughters of Zeus, the Lord of thunderclouds,
 And Leto joys at heart: for fair are they,
 Yet fairest her own child where all are fair;
 And over all her brows and crown of hair
 Rise, easily known among them: so among
 Her maidens shone the mateless maiden there.

But when the time drew nigh that she was fain
 To fold the fair clothes up, and yoke the wain,
 And turn her homeward, then the Gray-eyed One,
 Divine Athena, counselled yet again
 To wake Odysseus, so that he might see
 The lovely maiden who his guide should be
 To the Phaiakian city. Thereupon
 The princess at a maid flung suddenly
 The ball, but missed her. In the pool hard by
 It fell; and all cried out; and at the cry

He woke, and sat up, thinking inwardly,
"O me! whose land is this, and where am I?
Are these fierce lawless men of savage blood,
Or hospitable and of godly mood?
And the shrill voices as of womenkind
That echo round me now, are these the brood
Of the nymph-maidens who by river-well
And mountain peak and grassy meadow dwell?
Or am I among folk of human speech?
Well, I must take the risk, that I may tell."

So saying, Lord Odysseus from his lair
In the bushes crept, and from the forest fair
A leafy bough to hide his nakedness
Broke off, and like a mountain-lion there
Strode forth, that thro the raining blowing night,
Fearless in strength, with eyeballs fiery-bright,
Goes after the wild woodland deer, or sheep,
Or oxen, hunting; for his hunger's might
Even the barred homestead where the flocks are pent
Bids him adventure: so Odysseus went
Among the fair-tressed girls to cast himself,
Tho naked; for his need was imminent.
Dreadful to them the sea-stained form drew nigh;
And up and down they ran dispersedly
Along the sandspits terror-struck: alone
The daughter of Alkinoos did not fly;
Such courage put Athena in her mood;
But with unfaltering limbs straight up she stood.
Whereat Odysseus hung in doubt awhile
Whether to clasp her knees in prayer were good,
Or from afar with supplicating speech
Even where he stood her mercy to beseech.
Yet to his thinking with soft words it seemed
Best from afar the lovely maid to reach;
Lest, if he touched her knees, she wrathfully
Might turn away: then subtle and soft spoke he:
"I kneel to you, Protectress! God are you
Or mortal? if a God indeed you be,
Such as wide heaven inhabit, then I wis
He who should deem you very Artemis,
The daughter of high Zeus, so fair you are
And tall and beautiful, were last amiss.

But if a mortal, such as dwell on earth,
 Thrice fortunate are they who gave you birth,
 Father and mother, and thrice-fortunate
 Your brothers: surely evermore great mirth
 They all make over you, with hearts elate
 To see a thing so lovely-delicate
 Treading a measure in the dance. But yet
 Far and away is he most fortunate
 Beyond the rest, who one day, wooing well,
 Laden with gifts shall take you home to dwell:
 For never mortal man nor woman yet
 My eyes have looked on so adorable.
 In Delos thus indeed a young palm-tree
 Once it befell me growing up to see
 Beside Apollo's altar — for there too
 I voyaged, and much people followed me,
 When upon that ill-omened road I went,
 That brought me woe — and in astonishment
 I gazed upon it long; for from no tree
 A shaft so stately up from earth is sent.
 So wondering, so admiring now once more
 I stand, afraid to clasp your knees, tho sore
 My grief is, lady; for but yesternight
 Out of the purple deep I reached the shore,
 The twentieth day: so long across the sea
 From the Far Isle the sharp squalls hurried me
 Incessant; and now heaven has flung me here,
 Doubtless for more misfortunes yet to be:
 For not yet can I deem my labour done,
 Till the Gods perfect what they have begun.
 Pity me then, Protectress! for to you
 Out of woes manifold I first have won;
 And beside you nought else I understand
 Nor know what folk possess this city and land.
 Then guide me to the town, and give to me,
 From such clothes-wrappings as you have at hand,
 A rag for covering: so what you require
 May the Gods grant you to your heart's desire;
 Husband and house, and in your household ways
 Fair concord: since no height of bliss is higher
 Than when in concord man and wife repose,
 Holding the house between them: to their foes
 Great grief it gives, and to their well-wishers
 Joy: but their own heart best its happiness knows."

Thereat white-armed Nausicaa, in his face
Looking, made answer, "Stranger, nowise base
Nor witless seem you : but Olympian Zeus
Himself allots weal to the human race,
After his pleasure, be they good or ill.
This lot is yours, and you must bear it still.
Yet now, since to our city and land you come,
You shall not lack for clothes or what you will,
Such as a suppliant in his need might claim
From far-off people to whose hands he came.
And I myself will guide you to the town,
And tell you what the people have for name.
Phaiakians are the dwellers in this land
And city; and I, who here before you stand,
Am daughter of Alkinoos, who holds
Phaiakia's might and force within his hand."
She spoke, and to her fair-tressed maidens thus
Cried out, "Stand still, girls! why so timorous
At sight of a strange face? you do not think
This man is here with ill intent to us?
That living mortal is not, nor shall be,
Who to Phaiakia bearing enmity
May come: for very dear to heaven we are,
And dwell apart amid the surging sea,
At the world's end, where never foot draws near
Of other mortals. But this wanderer here
We must treat kindly in his misery.
Strangers and beggars all to God are dear.
How small soe'er, the grace to these we show
Is precious. With this stranger be it so.
Give him to eat and drink, and make him bathe
Down in the sheltered stream, where no winds blow."

So spoke Nausicaa; and from hand to hand
Her women passed along the sign to stand,
And set Odysseus in a sheltered place,
As great Alkinoos' daughter gave command.
And there beside the running river they
Laid down a shirt and cloak for his array,
And gave him a gold flask of liquid oil,
And bade him wash the soil of the sea away.
Then to the girls Odysseus made reply,
"Stand apart yonder, women, until I

Wash the brine off my shoulders, and rub oil
All over me: the day is long gone by
Since last oil of anointing touched my skin.
But in your presence I will not begin
To bathe; for shame it were in any place
To strip, if fair-tressed maids I found therein."

But they drew backward as Odysseus said,
And told the girl: then in the river-bed
He wiped away the brine that caked his back
And shoulders broad, and rubbed from out his head
The barren salt-sea scurf, and every limb
Washed clean, and with the oil-flask made him trim.
And when thereafter he did on the clothes
The mateless maiden had bestowed on him,
The child of Zeus, Athena, in their sight
Gave to his form an ampler breadth and height,
And made the long hair cluster on his head
Tight-curling, as a hyacinth-flower curls tight.
Even as a cunning craftsman, in his trade
By Pallas or Hephaistos perfect made,
With manifold device of workmanship,
Lays gold-leaf upon silver: so she laid
Grace on his head and shoulders. On the beach,
Shining in splendour, just within their reach
He sat; and gazing upon him, the girl
Thus to her fair-tressed maidens uttered speech:

"Listen, O white-armed girls, to what I say.
Not surely against the will of them whose sway
Is over wide Olympus, does this man
Reach the divine Phaiakian land to-day.
Uncomely at first he seemed: but now I see
The heavenly gods are not more fair than he.
Would that even such an one were called my lord,
Mine, and it pleased him alway thus to be,
Abiding with us here — ah women! yet
Give him such meat and drink as strangers get."
So spoke she; and they heard her and obeyed,
And by Odysseus meat and drink they set.
Then ravenously he ate of what they brought
And drank; for long his fast had been, since aught
Weary Odysseus' lips had past. But now

White-armed Nausicaa yet again took thought.
Folding the clothes, she laid them on the wain,
And harnest up the strong-hoofed mules again;
Then climbing to her seat, she turned to him
With counselling words, and spoke out straight and plain:

“ Rise now, O guest, and hasten to the town,
That I may be your guide, and speed you down
To my sage father’s house, where you shall see,
I promise, all Phaiakia’s flower and crown.
Then — for I think you wise — do even so;
While by the fields and works of men we go,
Follow apace behind the mules and cart,
Beside the maids; and I the way will show.
But when we reach the city, round it stand
High battlements, and upon either hand
Lies a fair haven, and between the two
You enter by a narrow spit of land.
Along the road the curving galleys fair,
Each in a separate yard, lie beached; and there,
On both sides of the beautifully built
Shrine of Poseidon, is the market-square;
With massy and deep-sunken stones fenced in
All round; and busily the folk therein
Work at the rigging of their black-hulled ships,
Cables and cordage, and cut oarblades thin.
Since not with bow nor quiver here do we
Deem in Phaiakia our concern to be;
But masts and oars, and balanced ships, wherein
Rejoicingly we cross the foam-flecked sea.
And bitter speech from them I fain would shun,
Hereafter flung in scorn at this I have done.
Proud are the common folk: and meeting us
Together, thus might say some baser one:
*And who is this, the stranger tall and gay
That our Nausicaa brings behind her, pray?
And where may she have found him? Ay, no doubt
She leads a husband back with her to-day!
Is he some wanderer from across the foam —
Since no men near our island have their home —
Lured hither from his ship? or has some God,
Long prayed for, heard her prayer at last and come,
Out of the skies descending amorous,*

*To have her all her life-days ? Better thus :
 Tho she must go herself to fetch him in,
 This outland lord ! for she despises us,
 The people of her own Phaiakian name,
 Where many men and good to woo her came.*
 So will they say ; and this will bring on me
 Shame, even as I myself would think it shame
 If any other girl in suchlike way,
 With parents of her own alive, should stray,
 Heedless of them, in company with men,
 Nor wait for marriage in the face of day.
 Now, guest, mark well my words ; and they are these :
 So at my father's hands you may with ease
 Find convoy and home-coming. You will note
 Athena's goodly grove of poplar-trees,
 By the roadside : therein a spring wells out ;
 And the king's close and croft lie round about,
 In the rich meadow, as far off the town
 As a man's voice will carry if he shout.
 There, while the rest pass on, sit down and wait
 Some while, till we have reached the palace gate.
 But when you reckon we are there, go on
 Into the town, and ask where holds his state
 My father, great Alkinoos : and this
 Is known most easily ; even a child I wis
 Might be your guide ; for no Phaiakian house
 Is built as prince Alkinoos' palace is.
 But when you cross the forecourt, and the tall
 House covers you, pass swiftly up the hall,
 Straight to my mother. In the firelight she
 Sits by the hearth, and off her spindle fall
 The twisted threads, dim-coloured like the sea,
 Marvellous : leaning on the hall-pillar she
 Sits there, her slaves behind her ; and by hers
 My father's seat is set, where drinking he
 Sits like a deathless god. Yet do not stay
 By him, but clasp our mother's knees, and pray :
 So shall the day of glad return for you
 Dawn swiftly, tho your home be far away."

Even on the word her shining whip she plied ;
 And the mules quickly left the riverside,
 And trotted well, and well swung out and in

Their feet, while wisely she, their pace to guide,
Laid on the lash, so that but little space
Behind, Odysseus and the maids kept pace.
And the sun sank as to the stately grove
They drew anigh, Athena's holy place.
There lord Odysseus stayed, and turned to bow
To great Zeus' daughter, praying, "Hearken thou!
Daughter of Zeus, the Lord of thunderclouds,
Maiden Unweariable, hear me now;
Tho once before thou heardest me not, when he,
The mighty Shaker of Earth, was breaking me,
And I was broken: grant me here to find
Friendship and pity!" So he prayed; and she
Heard, but as yet apparent vision none
Vouchsafed him: for she feared her father's son;
And he against divine Odysseus raged
In furious wise, ere yet his land he won.

So there while toilworn bright Odysseus prayed,
Her strong mules to the city bore the maid:
Till to her father's house magnificent
She came and by the palace gateway stayed.
Then came her brethren, fair as Gods to see,
On either side, and from the swingle-tree
The mules unloosing, bore the raiment in;
And to her inner chamber glided she.

In the meantime, Athena pours a veil of vapour thin around
Odysseus, so that no proud Phaiakian might meet him and say
bitter words, and in the likeness of a maiden still unwed bearing
a pitcher, she leads him through the town, where he wonders at the
harbours and the galleys swinging free at the lordly market places,
and the long, high, palisaded walls, and then she leaves him.

Thereat Alkinoos' lordly house to win
Odysseus turned; but paused in deep amaze
Ere he the brazen threshold past within.
For like a sun or moon one splendour blent
Filled all that high-rooft house magnificent
Where great Alkinoos dwelt: the brazen walls
Athwart and endlong from the threshold went
Even to the inmost chamber up the hall;
And a great frieze of blue ran round the wall;
And golden doors the stately house within

Shut off, and silver doorway-pillars tall
 Out of the brazen threshold sprang to hold
 The silver lintel ; and the latch was gold ;
 And gold and silver hounds on either hand
 Stood, that Hephaistos' cunning art of old
 Had wrought to guard Alkinoos' house from ill,
 Immortal, ageless, indestructible.
 And on both sides chairs round the walls were set
 To the inner chamber from the doorway sill ;
 Whereon were cloths laid, thin and woven fair,
 The work of women ; and on every chair
 Lords of Phaiakia seated, ate and drank
 At will ; for plenty was perpetual there
 And on well-built pedestals were bright
 Gold images, that in their hands upright
 Held blazing cressets all along the hall,
 To light the banqueters throughout the night.
 Withindoors fifty serving-women sit :
 Some turn the mill and grind bright corn in it ;
 And others weave at looms or twist the yarn,
 While, like the leaves of a tall poplar, flit
 The glancing shuttles thro their finger-tips,
 As from the warp-threads down the thin oil drips
 For far as the Phaiakians pass all men
 In skill to sweep the sea in racing ships,
 So far their women in the weaver's art
 Excel all others, since to them apart
 Athena skill in lovely workmanship
 Has granted and an understanding heart.

Without the courtyard of the house of state
 An orchard of four acres nigh the gate
 Is planted, with a fence all round it drawn ;
 And there grow fruit-trees flourishing and great :
 Pear-trees and pomegranates and apple-trees
 Laden with shining apples, and by these,
 Sweet-juiced figs and olives burgeoning,
 Whose fruiting ceases not nor perishes
 Winter or summer, all the year ; for there
 The western breezes ever soft and fair
 Ripen one crop and bring another on.
 Apple on apple growing, fig on fig they lie
 Mellowing to age : and trenched deep thereby

The many-fruited vineyard of the king
Is set: one side of it lies warm and dry,
Where raisins in the heat of the sun are spread,
And on one side they gather grapes, and tread
The vintage in the winepress; while in front
The clusters newly set their blossom shed
And midway some the first faint colour show:
There likewise, by the vineyard's utmost row,
Are set trim garden beds of every sort,
Full-flowering while the seasons come and go
And there two springs gush forth, and of the two
One is divided all the garden through
And one beneath the courtyard gateway runs
Toward the high house: from it the townfolk drew.

Into this palace Odysseus penetrates unseen, and then clasping Queen Arete's knees is first made manifest, and by favour of the gods is made welcome. He tells his story, and although the king assures him that he would gladly keep him there as his son-in-law, he willingly puts him on board the swift Phaiakian ship which in a day is able, without wind or oars, to cross the unbridled sea. After games and festivities, Odysseus takes his departure laden with gifts, and this is his last glimpse of the beautiful princess Nausicaa.

Thus from the bath he went in clean array,
And took amid the banqueters his way.
But by the doorway of the stately hall
In godlike beauty stood Nausicaa;
And eyed him marvelling, and bespake him so:
"Farewell, O guest, that when you homeward go,
Me too you may remember, and that first
To me the ransom of your life you owe."
And subtle-souled Odysseus answered thus:
"Nausicaa, daughter of Alkinoos
The mighty-hearted, so for me may Zeus
Ordain, Queen Hera's husband thunderous,
To see the light of my returning day
And reach my home: for then would I alway
To you, O maid who rendered me my life,
As to a god, in that far country pray."

— Translation of J. W. MacKAIL.

THE DAUGHTERS OF PANDAROS.

ODYSSEY XX.

So the storms bore the daughters of Pandaros out into
 thrall —
 The gods slew their parents; the orphans were left in the
 hall.
 And there came, to feed their young lives, Aphrodité
 divine,
 With the incense, the sweet-tasting honey, the sweet-
 smelling wine;
 Hera brought them her wit above woman's, and beauty of
 face;
 And pure Artemis gave them her stature, that form might
 have grace;
 And Athené instructed their hands in her works of renown;
 Then, afar to Olympos, divine Aphrodité moved on:
 To complete other gifts, by uniting each girl to a mate,
 She sought Zeus, who has joy in the thunder and know-
 ledge of fate,
 Whether mortals have good chance or ill. But the Har-
 pies alate
 In the storm came, and swept off the maidens, and gave
 them to wait,
 With that love in their eyes, on the Furies who constantly
 hate.

— *Translation of* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HESIOD.

LITTLE is known of the personality or the life of Hesiod. From the bareness and simplicity of his style, it has been popularly supposed that he lived before Homer, but of late years the consensus of opinion has agreed that he may have lived about a hundred years later than the mythical author of the "Iliad." What little is known about him is gathered from the poems attributed to him. Thus in a passage, unfortunately extremely dubious, he says:—

" I will the ways make known of the waters loudly resounding,
Tho I am nowise a master of navigation and vessels,
Since I never have traversed the wide-wayed sea upon ship-board,
Save to Eubœa across from Aulis, where the Achæians
Waited of old for winter to pass and gathered their forces,
Sailing from sacred Hellas to Troy with its beautiful women.
There, to the funeral games of the wise Amphidamas faring
Over to Chalkis I passed. The abundant prizes they promised
Were by his valorous sons bestowed. As a victor in music
I bore off, I declare, a tripod fitted with handles.
This to the Muses of Helicon there in gratitude offered
Where they first had made me a master of clear-voiced singing,
So much alone is the knowledge I have of the well-clamped
vessels:—
Yet will I utter the thought of Zeus, who is lord of the ægis,
Since the mysterious gift of song I received from the Muses."¹

As the voyage to Eubœa is only a few rods, it has been suggested that his confession of ignorance of navigation is well proven. He is supposed to have been born about 875 B.C. in

" Askra, in Winter vile, most villanous
In Summer, and at no time glorious,"

a village near Mount Helicon in Bœotia. The Bœotians were notorious for their dulness—

" Hinds of the field and mockeries of men,
living still for the belly."

¹ "Works and Days," lines 648-662, translated by William Cranston Lawton.

After the death of his father, who had apparently lived for a time at Kyme in northwestern Asia Minor, he became involved in a dispute with his brother Perses about his small patrimony. He lost his case and emigrated to Orchomenos where he lived the rest of his life. If the Askraians neglected their poet while he was alive, they afterwards became proud of him and erected a statue of him at Thespiæ and another on top of Helicon. The poems attributed to him are the "Works and Days," written in a dry and homely style and containing ethical, political, and economical precepts — rules about choosing a wife, the education of children, the methods of agriculture, commerce, and navigation and similar homely topics; the "Theogony," which contains a fund of information regarding the ancient notion of the gods and the origin of the world and the actions of the primitive heroes; the "Catalog of Women," which is lost, but is known to have contained the stories of the women that had been beloved by the gods and had become the mothers of the heroes; and lastly, "The Shield of Herakles," which may have been a part of the "Catalog," though its authenticity is somewhat dubious. Hesiod is more interesting as a chronicler of life in a humble Bœotian village and of the early Grecian myths than as a poet. He is hardly the Burns of his own land. He has been well compared to Dr. Darwin in his rugged simplicity and innocent vanity. He believed that the Muses that dwelt on Helicon gave him a branch of laurel to be his sceptre, and breathed a divine song upon him that he might celebrate the past and the future and the race of the happy Immortals and the Muses themselves.

"They to Hesiod erst

Have taught their stately songs, the whilst his flocks
He fed beneath all sacred Helicon."

Occasionally there is a touch of harsh and sardonic humour, of biting irony, and even satire. The episodes which he occasionally inserted in his poems are somewhat like oriental apologues and lend themselves excellently to citation.

ON HESIOD.

Asclepiades of Samos, the friend and preceptor of Theocritus, wrote the following verses on him:—

"Sweet bard of Askra ! On thy youthful head
 The Muses erst their laurel-branches spread,
 When on the rugged summits of the rocks
 They saw thee laid amidst thy sultry flocks.
 E'en then to thee, o'er fair Castalia's wave
 Their sacred powers unbounded empire gave.
 By this inspired, thy genius soared on high
 And ranged the vaulted azure of the sky ;
 With joy transported, viewed the blest abodes
 And sang the ecstatic raptures of the Gods."

— *Translation of HAYGARTH.*

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden Race of many languag'd men
 The Gods first made, who heaven inhabit, when
 The Sceptre Saturne swaid : like Gods they liu'd,
 Secure in minde ; nor sweat with toile, nor griev'd.
 Age was no cumber ; armes like vigour keepe,
 Feet equall speed : Death was as soft as sleepe.

— *Translation of GEORGE SANDYS (1631).*

THE STORY OF PANDORA.

"WORKS AND DAYS."

ZEUS, in the wrath of his heart, hath hidden the means
 of subsistence, —
 Wrathful because he once was deceived by the wily
 Prometheus.
 Therefore it was he devised most grievous troubles for
 mortals.
 Fire he hid : yet that, for men, did the gallant Prome-
 theus
 Steal in a hollow reed, from the dwelling of Zeus the
 Adviser,
 Nor was he seen by the ruler of gods, who delights in the
 thunder.
 Then, in his rage at the deed, cloud-gathering Zeus did
 address him :
 Iapetionides, in cunning greater than any,

"Thou in the theft of fire and deceit of me art exulting,
Source of regret for thyself and for men who shall be
hereafter.

I, in the place of fire, will give them a bane, so that all men
May in spirit exult and find in their misery comfort!"

Speaking thus, loud laughed he, the father of gods and
of mortals.

Then he commanded Hephaistos, the cunning artificer,
straightway

Mixing water and earth, with speech and force to endow it,
Making it like in face to the gods whose life is eternal.

Virginal, winning and fair was the shape: and he ordered
Athene

Skilful devices to teach her, the beautiful works of the
weaver.

Then did he bid Aphrodité the golden endow her with
beauty,

Eager desire and passion that wasteth the bodies of
mortals.

Hermes, guider of men, the destroyer of Argus, he
ordered,

Lastly, a shameless mind to bestow and a treacherous
nature.

So did he speak. They obeyed Lord Zeus, who is off-
spring of Kronos.

Straightway, out of the earth, the renowned artificer
fashioned

One like a shame-faced maid, at the will of the ruler of
Heaven.

Girdle and ornaments added the bright-eyed goddess
Athene.

Over her body the Graces divine and noble Persuasion
Hung their golden chains; and the Hours with beautiful
tresses

Wove her garlands of flowers that bloom in the season
of Springtime.

All her adornments Pallas Athene fitted upon her.

Into her bosom, Hermes the guide, the destroyer of
Argus,

Falsehood, treacherous thoughts and a thievish nature
imparted:

Such was the bidding of Zeus who heavily thunders; and
lastly,

Hermes, herald of gods, endowed her with speech, and
the woman
Named Pandora, because all the gods who dwell in
Olympos
Gave her presents, to make her a fatal bane unto mortals.
When now Zeus had finished this snare so deadly and
certain,
Famous Argus slayer, the herald of gods, he commanded,
Leading her thence, as a gift to bestow her upon Epime-
theus.
He, then, failed to remember Prometheus had bidden
him never
Gifts to accept from Olympian Zeus, but still to return
them
Straightway, lest some evil befall thereby unto mortals.
So he received her, — and then, when the evil befell, he
remembered.
Till that time, upon earth were dwelling the races of
mortals,
Free and secure from trouble and free from wearisome
labour;
Safe from painful diseases that bring mankind to destruc-
tion
Since full swiftly in misery age unto mortals approacheth.
Now with her hands, Pandora the great lid raised from
the vessel,
Letting them loose: and grievous the evil for men she
provided.
Hope yet lingered, alone, in the dwelling securely im-
prisoned,
Since she under the edge of the lid had tarried and flew not
Forth: too soon Pandora had fastened the lid of the
vessel.
Such was the will of Zeus, cloud-gatherer, lord of the ægis.
Numberless evils beside to the haunts of men had de-
parted,
Full is the earth of ills, and full no less are the waters.
Freely diseases among mankind, by day and in darkness
Hither and thither may pass and bring much woe upon
mortals:
Voiceless, since of speech high-counselling Zeus has bereft
them.

— *Translated by* WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON. (By permission.)

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSES.

"THEOGONY."

COME, from the Muses let the song proceed,
Who the great spirit of their father Zeus
Delight in heaven ; and with symphonious voice
Of soft agreement, in their hymns proclaim
The present and the future and the past.
Flows inexhaustible from every tongue
That sweetest voice : the thunderer's palaces
Laugh in their melody, while from the lips
Of those fair goddesses the honeyed sounds
Are scattered far and wide. Olympus rings
From every snow-topt summit and resound
The mansions of celestials. They a voice
Immortal uttering, first in song proclaim
The race of venerable gods who rose
From the beginning, whom the spacious Heaven
And Earth produced ; and all the deities
From them successive sprung, dispensing good.
Next also Zeus, the sire of gods and men,
They praise ; or when they lift the solemn song,
Or when surcease : how excellent he is
Above all gods, and in his might supreme.
Now to the race of Men and hardy brood
Of Giants, flows the strain ; and thus in Heaven
The Olympian Muses charm the mind of Zeus.

Them erst Mnemosyne, whose empire sways
Eleuther's fertile toil, conceived in shades
Pierian, with their sire Saturnios there
Blending embrace of love : they to all ills
Oblivion yield, to every troubled thought
Rest : thrice three nights did all-consulting Zeus
Melt in her arms, apart from eyes profane
Of all immortals, to the sacred couch
Ascending : but when now rolled round the year
And moons had waned and seasons due revolved
And days were numbered, she the virgins nine
Gave at a birth ; in unison of soul
Attempered soft, whose care is only song ;
In whose free bosom dwells the unsorrowing mind ;
They saw the light of Heaven no distant space
From where Olympus his extremest top

Rears in eternal snow. There on the mount
 They dwell in mansions beautified and shine
 In the smooth pomp of dance: and them beside
 The sister Graces hold abode; and Love
 Himself is nigh, participant in feast.

So thro their parted lips a lovely voice
 The Muses breathe; they sing the laws that bind
 The universal Heaven; the manners pure
 Of deathless gods, and lovely is their voice.
 Anon they toward the Olympian summits bend
 Their steps, exulting in the charm of voice
 And songs of immortality: remote
 The dusky earth remurmurs musical
 The echo of their hymnings; and beneath
 Their many-rustling feet a pleasant sound
 Ariseth, as tumultuous pass they on
 To greet their awful sire.

He reigns in Heaven,
 The glowing bolt and lightning in his grasp,
 Since by ascendant strength cast down from high
 Saturn his father fell: hence Zeus to all
 Disposes all things, to the eternal gods
 Ordering their honours.

Thus the Olympian maids
 Are wont to sing, the daughters nine of Zeus:
 Clio, Thalia and Melpomene,
 Urania, Erato, Terpsichore,
 Polymnia and Euterpe, and the last
 Calliope: — she proudly eminent
 O'er every Muse, with kings majestic
 Associate walks. Whom of the monarch race,
 The foster sons of Zeus, the Muses will
 To honour; on whose infant head, when first
 Ushered to light, they placid look from high
 With smiling aspect; on his tongue they shed
 A gentle dew and words as honey sweet
 Drop from his lips. On him the people's eyes
 Wait awful, who in righteousness discerns
 The ways of judgment; who in wisdom speaks
 Infallible, and straight the contest calms
 When mightiest. Lo! in this are monarchs wise;
 That from the seat of justice to the wronged
 They turn the tide of things, retrieving ills

With mild accost of soothing eloquence.
 Him when he walks the city-ways all hail
 With gentlest awe, and as it were a god
 Propitiate: him the assembled council view
 Conspicuous in the midst. Lo! such to man
 The Muses' gift all sacred. From the Muse
 And Phoibos, archer-god, arise on earth
 Minstrels and men of song; but kings arise
 From Zeus himself. Unutterably blest
 He whom the Muses love. A melting voice
 Flows ever from his lip: and is there one
 Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings?
 But lo! the bard, the Muses' minister,
 Awakes the strain: he sings the mighty deeds
 Of men of yore: the praise of blessed gods
 In Heaven: and straight, tho stricken to the soul,
 He shall forget, nor aught of all his griefs
 Remember: so the blessing of the Muse
 Hath instantaneous turned his woes away.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THE GODDESS HECATE.

"THEOGONY."

Now Phoibe sought the love-delighting couch
 Of Kaios and embracing with a god
 Conceived the goddess and to her is born
 Latona, robed with azure, ever mild,
 To mortals placid and immortal gods;
 Mild from her birth and gladsome o'er the rest
 In Heaven.

Anon she famed Asteria bore
 Whom Perses, to his ample palace erst
 Leading, proclaimed his bride. She fruitful teemed
 With Hecate, whom the Saturnian king
 O'er all hath honoured and with glorious gifts
 Endowed: allotting her divided sway
 O'er earth and o'er the main untillable.
 Nor less her honour in the starry skies
 Chief revered by immortals and who'er

Of earth-born men with custom'd sacrifice
Propitiates Heaven, he then the name invokes
Of Hecate; abundant honour straight
Shall follow on his path, if to that prayer
Gracious the goddess leans and opulence
Attends his footsteps; for the power is hers.
O'er all the gods who born from earth and heaven
Received their share of glory, she supreme
Allotted empire holds: nor aught from her
Of all those honours midst the elder gods
Titanic held, hath Zeus in violence
Revoked or snatcht away; but as it stood:
In the beginning, so her portion'd power
Endures. She sole-begotten, higher meed
Of glory hath obtained, far ampler sway
O'er Heaven and earth and main: for her doth Zeus
Delight to honour.

Lo! to whom she wills
Her presence is vouchsafed and instant aid
Magnific; whom she views with gracious eyes
He mid the forum o'er the people shines
Conspicuous. When the mailed men arise
To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt
To whom she wills; bids rapid victory
Await them and extends the wreath of fame.
She sits upon the sacred judgment seat
Of venerable monarchs. She is found
Propitious, when in solemn games the youth
Contending strive; there is the goddess nigh
With succour; he whose hardiment and strength
Victorious prove with ease the graceful palm
Achieving, joyous o'er his parents' age
Sheds a bright gleam of glory. She is known
To them propitious, who the fiery steed
Rein in the course; and them who labouring cleave
Thro the blue watery vast the untractable way.
They call upon the name of Hecate
With vows; and his, loud-sounding god of waves,
Earth-shaking Poseidon; easily at will
The glorious goddess yields the woodland prey
Abundant; easily, while scarce they start
On the mockt vision, snatches them in flight.
She too with Hermes is propitious found

To herd and fold and bids increase the droves
 Innumerable of goats and fleecy flocks,
 And swells their numbers or their numbers thins.
 The sole-begotten of her mother's love
 She thus is honoured with all goodly gifts
 Among immortals. Her did Zeus appoint
 The nursing mother bland of infant youth;
 Of all who thenceforth to the morn's broad light
 Should raise the tender lid — this from the first
 Her soothing office and her honours these.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

WINTER.

“WORKS AND DAYS.”

BEWARE the January month; beware
 Those hurtful days, that keenly-piercing air
 Which flays the steers, while frosts their horrors cast,
 Congeal the ground and sharpen every blast.
 From Thracia's courser-teaming region sweeps
 The Northern wind and breathing on the deeps
 Heaves wide the troubled surge; earth echoing roars
 From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.
 He from the mountain-top with shattering stroke
 Bends the broad pine and many a branching oak
 Hurls thwart the glen: while sudden from on high,
 With headlong fury rushing down the sky,
 The whirlwind stoops to earth, then deepening round
 Swells the loud storm and all the boundless woods resound.
 The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
 And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
 Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
 But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
 Not his rough hide can then the ox avail,
 The long-haired goat defenceless feels the gale;
 Yet vain the North-wind's rushing strength to wound
 The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
 The aged man inclines his bow'd form,
 But safe the tender virgin from the storm.
 She strange to lovely Venus' mystic joys
 Beneath her mother's roof her hours employs.

Around her nightly flows the tepid wave,
 And shining oils in liquid fragrance lave
 Her yielding limbs; thus pillowed to repose
 In her soft chamber, while the tempest blows.
 Now gnaws the boneless polypus his feet,
 Starved midst bleak rocks, his desolate retreat:
 For now no more the sun's reflected ray
 Thro waves transparent guides him to his prey.
 Over tawny Afric rolls his bright career
 And slowly gilds the Grecian hemisphere.
 And now the horned and unhorned kind,
 Whose lair is in the wood, sore-famisht grind
 Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly
 Where oaks the mountain dells imbranch on high;
 They seek to couch in thickets of the glen,
 Or lurk deep-sheltered in the rocky den.
 Like aged men who propt on crutches tread
 Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head,
 So move the beasts of earth; and creeping low
 Shun the white flakes and dread the drifting snow!

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

"THEOGONY."

RESENTMENT stung the Thunderer's inmost soul
 And his heart chafed in anger, when he saw
 The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men.
 Straight for the flame bestowed devised he ill
 To man. And now the crippled artist-god
 Illustrious moulded from the yielding clay
 A bashful virgin's image, as advised
 Saturnian Zeus. Then Pallas azure-eyed
 Bound with the zone her bosom and with rope
 Of silvery whiteness deckt her folded limbs;
 With her own hands a variegated veil
 Placed on her head, all-marvellous to sight;
 Twined with her tresses a delicious wreath
 Of mingled verdure and fresh-blooming flowers;
 And claspt her brows with diadem of gold:
 Hephaistos with his glorious hands had framed it,

Elaborate, pleasing to the sire of gods.
Full many works of curious craft, to sight
Wondrous, he graved thereon; full many beasts
Of earth and fishes of the rolling main;
Of these innumerable he there had wrought —
And elegance of art there shone profuse,
And admirable — e'en as tho they moved
In very life and uttered animal sounds.
But now when this fair mischief, seeming-good,
His hand had perfected, he led her forth
Exulting in her graced attire, the gift
Of Pallas, in the midst of gods and men.
On men and gods in that same moment seized
The ravishment of wonder, when they saw
The deep deceit, the inextricable snare.
For lo! from her descend the tender sex
Of Woman — a pernicious kind: on earth
They dwell, destructive to the race of men.
With Luxury they, not life-consuming Want,
Fitly consorted. And as drones within
The close-rooft hive, coöperative in works
Slothful and base, are nurtured by the bees, —
These all the day till sinks the setting sun
Haste on the wing, their murmuring labours ply
And still cement the white and waxen comb;
Those lurk within the sheltering hive close-rooft
And gather in their greedy maw the spoils
Of others' labour, — such are womankind
They whom the Thunderer sent, a bane to man,
Ill helpmates of intolerable toils.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

HOMERIC HYMNS.

DIONYSOS, OR THE PIRATES.

[Homeric Hymns is the general title of the next eight selections. The Homeric Hymns (so called) are now believed to be later than Hesiod: no one knows who wrote them.]

GLORIOUS Semelé's child I will summon to mind, Dionysos;
How he appeared on the brink of the sea forever unresting,
On a projecting crag, assuming the guise of a stripling
Blooming in youth; and in beauty his dark hair floated about him.
Purple the cloak he was wearing across his vigorous shoulders.

Presently hove in sight a band of Tyrrhenian pirates,
Borne in a well-rowed vessel along the wine-coloured waters.
Hither their evil destiny guided them. When they beheld him,
Unto each other they nodded; then forth they darted,
and straightway
Seized him and haled him aboard their vessel, exultant in spirit,
Since they thought him a child of kings, who of Zeus are supported.
Then were they eager to bind him in fetters that could not be sundered.
Yet was he held not with bonds, for off and afar did the osiers
Fall from his hands and feet, and left him sitting and smiling
Out of his dusky eyes! But when their pilot beheld it,
Straightway uplifting his voice, he shouted aloud to his comrades:
"Madmen! Who is this god ye would seize and control with your fetters?
Mighty is he! Our well-rowed ship is unable to hold him.

Verily this is Zeus, or else it is archer Apollo,
Or, it may be, Poseidon, — for nowise perishing mortals
Does he resemble, but gods who make their home on
Olympos.

Bring him, I pray you, again to the darksome shore and
release him

Straightway. Lay not a finger upon him, lest in his anger
He may arouse the impetuous gusts and the furious storm-
wind."

Thus he spoke, but the captain, in words of anger, assailed
him: —

"Fellow, look to the wind, and draw at the sail of the
vessel,

Holding the cordage in hand: we men will care for the
captive.

He shall come, as I think, to Egypt or may be to Cyprus,
Or to the Hypoboreans, or farther, and surely shall tell us
Finally who are his friends and reveal to us all his pos-
sessions,

Name us his brethren too: for a god unto us has betrayed
him."

So had he spoken and hoisted his mast and the sail of his
vessel.

Fairly upon their sail was blowing a breeze and the cord-
age

Tightened: and presently then most wondrous chances
befell them.

First of all things, wine thro the black impetuous vessel,
Fragrant and sweet to the taste, was trickling; the odour
ambrosial

Rose in the air; and terror possess them all to behold it.
Presently near to the top of the sail a vine had extended,
Winding hither and hither, with many a cluster dependent.
Round and about their mast an ivy was duskily twining,
Rich in its blossoms and fair was the fruit that had risen
upon it.

Every rowlock a garland wore.

And when they beheld this

Instantly then to the pilot they shouted to hurry the vessel
Near to the land; but the god appeared as a lion among
them,

Terrible, high on the bow and loudly he roared; and
amidships
Made he appear to their eyes a shaggy-neckt bear as a
portent.
Eagerly rose she erect and high on the prow was the lion,
Eyeing them grimly askance. To the stern they darted
in terror.
There at the side of the pilot, the man of wiser perception,
Dazed and affrighted they stood; and suddenly leaping
upon them,
On their captain he seized. They fleeing from utter de-
struction,
Into the sacred water plunged, as they saw it, together,
Turning to dolphins. The god, for the pilot having com-
passion,
Held him back and gave him happiness, speaking as
follows:—

“Have no fear, oh innocent suppliant, dear to my spirit.
Semele’s offspring am I, Dionysos, the leader in revels,
Born of the daughter of Cadmos, to Zeus in wedlock
united.”

Greeting, oh child of the fair-faced Semele! Never the
minstrel
Who is forgetful of thee may fashion a song that is pleas-
ing.

— *Translated by WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.* (By permission.)

DEMETER IN THE GUISE OF A NURSE.

HYMN TO DEMETER.

FIRST Demeter I sing, that fair-tressed reverend goddess,
Her and her daughter the slender-ankled, whom once
Aidoneus
Stole—for wide-eyed Zeus, who is lord of the thunder,
permitted.
Quite unaware was the mother, Fruitgiver, the Bringer
of spring-time.
She, Persephone—played with Okeanos’ deep-bosomed
daughters,

Plucking the blossoms — the beauteous violets, roses, and
 crocus,
 Iris and hyacinth, too, that grew in the flowery meadow.
 Earth, by command of Zeus, and to please All-welcoming
 Pluto,
 Caused narcissus to grow, as a lure for the lily-faced
 maiden.
 Wonderful was it in beauty. Amazement on all who be-
 held it
 Fell, both mortal men and gods whose life is eternal.
 Out of a single root it had grown with clusters an hundred.
 All wide Heaven above was filled with delight at the fra-
 grance,
 Earth was laughing as well, and the briny swell of the
 waters.
 She in her wonder to pluck that beautiful plaything ex-
 tended
 Both her hands: but that moment the wide-wayed earth
 underneath her
 Yawned, in the Nysian plain; and the monarch, Receiver
 of all men,
 Many-named son of Kronos, arose, with his horses im-
 mortal, —
 — Seized her against her will and upon his chariot golden
 Bore her lamenting away; and the hills reëchoed her out-
 cry.
 Kronos' son she invoked, most mighty and noble, her
 father.
 None among mortal men, nor the gods whose life is
 eternal,
 Heard her voice — not even the fruitful nymphs of the
 marsh-land.
 Only Perses' daughter, the tender-hearted, had heard her,
 Hecate, she of the gleaming coronet, out of her cavern, —
 Heard her on Kronides calling, her father: he from im-
 mortals
 Far was sitting aloof, in a fane where many petitions
 Came to him, mingled with sacrifices abundant of mortals.

 So, at the bidding of Zeus was reluctant Persephone
 stolen,
 Forced by her father's brother, the Many-named, offspring
 of Kronos,

Lord and Receiver of all mankind — with his horses immortal.

While Persephone yet could look upon star-studded Heaven,

Gaze on the earth underneath and the swarming waters unresting,

Seeing the light, so long she had hope that her glorious mother

Yet would descry her — or some from the race of the gods ever-living.

So long Hope consoled her courageous spirit in trouble.

Loudly the crests of the mountains and depths of the waters resounded

Unto her deathless voice: — and her royal mother did hear her.

Keen was the pain at Demeter's heart and about her ambrosial

Tresses her tender hands were rending her beautiful wimple.

Dusky the garment was that she cast upon both her shoulders.

Like to a bird she darted and over the lands and the waters Sped as if frenzied: but yet there was no one willing to tell her

Truthfully, neither of gods nor of human folk who are mortal;

None of the birds would come unto her as a messenger faithful.

So throughout nine days, over earth imperial Deo, Holding in both her hands her flaming torches, was roaming.

Never ambrosia, nor ever delightful nectar she tasted; Never she bathed with water her body — so bitter her sorrow.

Yet when upon her there came for the tenth time glimmering morning

Hecate met her, a shining light in her hands and address her,

Speaking unto her thus, and bringing her news of her daughter: —

“Royal Demeter, our Bountiful Lady, the Giver of Spring-time,

Who among mortal men, or who of the gods ever-living,
Brought this grief to your heart by stealing Persephone
from you?

Truly her voice did I hear, but yet with my eyes I beheld
not

Who committed the deed. Thus all have I truthfully
told you."

So did Hecate speak, and in words replied not the other,
Fair-haired Rheia's daughter, but hastily with her she
darted

Hurrying forward, and still in her hand were the glim-
mering torches.

So they to Helios came, who is watcher of gods and of
mortals.

Standing in front of his steeds, she, divine among god-
desses, asked him:—

"Helios, you as a goddess should hold me in honour, if ever
Either by word or deed I have cheered your heart and
your spirit.

I thro boundless ether have heard the lament of a maiden,
Even of her that I bore, fair blossom, of glorious beauty:
Heard her cry of distress, tho not with my eyes I beheld
her.

Yet do you, who descry all earth and the billowy waters,
Out of the ether resplendent with keen glance watchfully
downward

Gazing, report to me truly, if perchance you behold her.
Tell me who among men or of gods whose life is unending,
Seized and away from her mother has carried the maiden
unwilling."

So did she speak; and the son of Hyperion answered her,
saying:—

"Fair-tressed Rheia's daughter, our royal lady Demeter,
You shall know: for indeed I pity and greatly revere you,
Seeing you grieved for your child, for the graceful Per-
sephone. No one

Else save cloud-wrapt Zeus is to blame among all the
immortals.

He as a blooming bride has given your daughter to Hades,
Brother to him and to you: so down to the shadowy dark-
ness

Hades, in spite of her cries, has dragged her away with
his horses.

Yet, O goddess, abate your grief: it befits you in nowise
Thus insatiate anger to cherish. Nor yet an unworthy
Husband among the immortals is Hades, monarch of all
men,

Child of the self-same father and mother with you: and
his honours

Fell to his share, when first amid three was the universe
parted.

Still amid those he reigns, whose rule unto him was
allotted."

Speaking thus he aroused his steeds: and they at his
bidding

Nimbly as long-winged birds with the rushing chariot
hastened.

Over Demeter's heart grief fiercer and keener descended.
Then in her anger at Kronos' son, who is lord of the storm-
cloud,

Leaving the gathering-place of the gods and spacious
Olympos,

Unto the cities of men and the fertile fields she departed.

Many a day was her form disguised: and of those who
beheld her,

No one, whether of men or of dames deep-girded, could
know her.

So had she fared, till she came to the prudent Keleos'
dwelling;

He was the ruler then of Eleusis abounding in incense.

Close to the road she took her seat, sore troubled in
spirit

Nigh to a sacred well, whence water was drawn by the
townsfolk.

There in the shadow she sat of an olive thicket above her,
Taking upon her the form of an aged woman, who travail
Never may know nor the gifts of garlanded Aphrodité,
Such as the ancient dames and nurses who care for the
children,

Dwelling within the resounding halls of governing mon-
archs.

There she was seen by the daughters of Keleos, lord of Eleusis.

They with their pitchers of bronze were come to the fountain for water

Easily drawn, to be fetched to the pleasant abode of their father:

Four, like goddesses, having the bloom of maidenly beauty,

Kleisidike and Kallidike and beautiful Demo,

Kallithoe, too, the youngest and last. They knew not Demeter;

—Difficult is it in truth for the gods to be known by us, mortals,—

Standing close at her side with winged words they address her:—

“Whence do you come, old dame, from the folk of a past generation?

Why, thus, apart from the town do you fare, and unto the dwellings

Come not nigh, where dames in the shadowy halls are abiding—

Some as aged as you yourself—and others are younger?

They with words, and in deed no less, would accord you a welcome.”

So did they speak, and to them the imperial goddess responded:—

“Children dear, whosoever you are among women, I greet you.

Yes, and your question I’ll answer; indeed it is only befitting,

Since you have asked me this, that I should truthfully tell you.

Deo my name is: upon me my reverend mother bestowed it.

Over the sea’s broad back from Crete I hither have wandered;

Not of my own free will, but by need and compulsion, unwilling

Hither by pirates brought: and they at Thorikos lately

Ran their vessel ashore. Then many a captive woman,

Many a pirate too, was fain to set foot on the mainland.

There by the stern of the ship their evening meal they provided.

Yet the delightful supper was nowise dear to my spirit.
Hastening forth unseen, I traversed the shadowy main-
land,
Fleeing my insolent lords, that they who never had bought
me,
Might not sell me and win for themselves my value here-
after.
So in my wanderings hither to you am I come; and I
know not
What is the land, nor who are the people within it abid-
ing.
Yet unto you may all who make their abode in Olympus
Grant you husbands, in wedlock, and make you the
mothers of children
Such as parents crave; but do you show pity upon me,
Gentle maidens, in kindness, until I may come to the
dwelling
Either of lady or lord, for whom I may eagerly labour,
Doing the tasks that fall to a woman as aged as I am.
Either a new-born child I could hold in my arms and
could nurse him
Wisely and well, or else could keep in order the household;
Yes, and the bed could I lay for the lords, in the well-
built chambers,
Inner recesses — or teach their handicraft to the women."

Thus did the goddess speak. Straight answered the
maiden unwedded,
Kallidike, who was the fairest of face among Keleos'
daughters:

"Mother, the gifts of the gods, tho bitter our sorrow, we
mortals
Must perforce endure, since they by far are more mighty.
This, however, to you will I clearly explain and will tell
you

As to the men who here have a larger measure of honour:
Chiefs of our people are they, and the towering walls of
the city

They with their counsels hold secure and righteous
decisions.

First Triptolemos wise in counsel and also Dioklos
Polyxeinos next I name and noble Eumolpos,
Dolichos too, and lastly our own illustrious father.

— All have wedded wives, who keep in order their households.

No one of all these dames — not even when first she shall see you,

Holding you in disdain would debar you out of her dwelling.

Nay, they will welcome you : — since you are verily like the immortals.

But if you will, here tarry until to the house of my father

We may come and tell deep-girt Metaneira, my mother,

All that to us has befallen. It may be then she will bid you

Into our house to come, nor seek for the dwelling of others.

There in her well-built palace a son, most dearly-belovéd, Late-born, prayed-for long, and eagerly welcome, is nourished.

If you would care for him till he comes to the threshold of manhood,

Verily every one of women who then may behold you

Not without envy may see the rewards you may win for his rearing."

Such were her words. With a nod did the goddess assent, and the maidens

Filled their shining urns with water, and bore them exultant.

Nimble they came to their father's strong-built mansion, and quickly

Told their mother of all they had seen and heard : and the mother

Straightway bade them invite her to come, at wages unbounded.

Then did the maidens — as deer, or as calves in the season of springtime

Gambol the meadows along, when delighted at heart with the pasture,

— So they darted, uplifting the folds of their beautiful garments,

Down by the hollowed way for the wagons : their tresses about them,

Like to the crocus blossom, were floating over their shoulders

There, at the side of the way, they found the illustrious goddess

Where they had left her before. Then toward the house of their father

They led onward ; and she — distressed in spirit — behind them

Followed along, with her face close veiled ; and her garments about her

Duskily fell in waves to the glistening feet of the goddess.

Soon to the palace of Zeus-supported Keleos came they. Then thro a porch they went their way, for the reverend mother

There, in the well-built hall, by a pillar was sitting, and holding

On her lap her boy, that blossom so tender. The maidens

Ran to her side : but the goddess immovable stood at the threshold.

Nigh to the lintel she towered, and with radiance filled was the portal.

Shame and awe fell, then, and terror, upon Metaneira.

Out of her chair she arose, and bade the new-comer be seated.

Yet Demeter, the Bringer of Spring, the Bestower of bounty,

Was not willing to take her place in the glittering arm-chair,

But with her beautiful eyes cast, and silent, she lingered :

Lingered at least so long, till cunning Iambé before her

Set her a firm-wrought chair — and a white fleece laid she upon it.

Then Demeter was seated and drew her veil with her fingers.

Speechless upon her chair full long she sate and in sorrow.

Greeting to no one there she accorded, by word or by gesture :

But, unsmiling, refusing to taste of food or of liquid,

Sate she, wasted away by desire of her daughter deep-girded ;

— Till at the last, with her jests full many, the cunning Iambé,

Scoffing, diverted the holy Demeter, the reverend goddess,

So that she smiled, then laughed and took on a cheerier spirit.

(She, too, often thereafter delighted her heart when in anger.)

Then Metaneira proffered her honey-sweet wine, in a goblet, Filling it: yet she her head tost back in refusal, declaring This was forbidden for her, to quaff of the wine: but she bade her

Barley and water to give her, commingled with soft penny-royal.

She made ready and offered the goddess the draught she had ordered.

—Still is the gift she accepted the portion of reverend Deo.

Straightway among them began and spoke fair-girt Metaneira:

“Welcome, oh woman! assuredly not from parents unworthy

You are sprung, but a noble race: in your eyes so clearly Grace and modesty shine, as in those of imperial princes. Still what the gods ordain, tho bitter our sorrow, we mortals

Must perforce endure: to our necks their yoke has been fitted.

Now that to us you are come, let your share be as mine is in all things.

Rear for me this boy, who, late in life and unhoped-for, Was of the gods bestowed, as an answer to many petitions. If you would care for him, till he come to the threshold of manhood,

Verily every one of women, who then may behold you, Would with envy see the rewards you may win for his rearing.”

Then unto her, in turn, fair-crowned Demeter responded:—
“Greeting to you, too, lady; the gods all blessings accord you.

Gladly will I accept your child, as you have commanded, Yes, I will rear him: nor shall he, methinks, thro his nurse’s unwisdom

Either by accident come unto harm, or by venomous poison.”

So as she spoke, in her arms immortal she took him and claspt him

Unto her fragrant bosom : the mother was gladdened in spirit.

So Demophoon, glorious son of the valorous Keleos,
Whom Metaneira had borne, by Demeter was reared in the palace.

Like to a god he throve, for he drew not milk from his mother,

Neither of bread did he eat, but with ambrosia Demeter
Ever anointed the child, like one that a god had begotten,
Breathing sweetly upon him, and holding him close to her bosom.

Every night in the fire like a brand she covered him over.
This his affectionate parents knew not : and greatly they marvelled,

Since so stately he grew, and like to the gods was his semblance.

She would have made him immortal as well and ageless forever :

But by her folly the mother, fair-robed Metaneira, prevented.

Watching by night, and peering forth from her odorous chamber.

Then upon both her thighs she smote and shrieked in her terror,

— Such was her fear for her son, — and was utterly frenzied in spirit.

Then she lamented aloud and in winged words she addrest him : —

“ Child of mine, Demophoon, surely the stranger has hid thee

Deep in the fire and bitterest trouble and grief she has caused me.”

So in her sorrow aloud she spoke, — and the goddess had heard her.

Then in her wrath at the mother, the fair-crowned goddess Demeter

Threw to the earth from her arms immortal that infant beloved ;

Plucking him forth from the fire, in spirit exceedingly wrathful.

— *Translated by* WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON. (By permission.)

FROM THE HYMN TO MERCURY.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
 The Herald-child, king of Arcadia
 And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
 Having been interwoven, modest May
 Bore Heaven's dread Supreme — an antique grove
 Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
 In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
 And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
 And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
 She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
 A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
 A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
 A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
 Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,
 And other glorious actions to achieve.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
 He began playing on the lyre at noon,
 And the same evening did he steal away
 Apollo's herds; — the fourth day of the moon
 On which him bore the venerable May,
 From her immortal limbs he leapt full soon,
 Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
 But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

Out of a lofty cavern wandering
 He found a tortoise, and cried out — "A treasure!"
 (For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)
 The beast before the portal at his leisure
 The flowery herbage was depasturing,
 Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
 Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
 Eyeing him laught, and laughing thus begun: —

"A useful god-send are you to me now,
 King of the dance, companion of the feast,
 Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
 Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast,

Got you that specked shell ? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest ;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

“Better to be at home than out of door,
So come with me, and tho it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you ’re dead.”
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast —
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts thro the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy — not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes — than Maia’s son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

And thro the tortoise’s hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixt the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretcht o’er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the cords, and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous and wild and wanton — such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday. . . .

A mighty pile of wood the God then heapt,
And having soon conceived the mystery

Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
 The bark, and rubbed them in his palms,—on high
 Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt,
 And the divine child saw delightedly —
 Mercury first found out for human weal
 Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

And fine dry logs and roots innumeros
 He gathered in a delve upon the ground —
 And kindled them — and instantaneous
 The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around:
 And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
 Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
 Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
 Close to the fire — such might was in the God.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw
 The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er
 And bored their lives out. Without more ado
 He cut up fat and flesh, and down before
 The fire, on spits of wood he placed the two,
 Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore
 Purst in the bowels; and while this was done
 He stretcht their hides over a craggy stone.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
 Cut it up after long consideration, —
 But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen
 Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
 Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when
 He had by lot assigned to each a ration
 Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
 Of all the joys which in religion are.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat
 Tempted him tho immortal. Natheless
 He checkt his haughty will and did not eat,
 Tho what it cost him words can scarce express,
 And every wish to put such morsels sweet
 Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;
 But soon within the lofty portalled stall
 He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

And every trace of the fresh butchery
 And cooking, the God soon made disappear,
 As if it all had vanisht thro the sky ;
 He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,
 The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily ; —
 And when he saw that everything was clear,
 He quencht the coals, and trampled the black dust,
 And in the stream his bloody sandals tost.

All night he workt in the serene moonshine —
 But when the light of day was spread abroad
 He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.
 On his long wandering, neither man nor god
 Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
 Nor house-dog had barkt at him on his road ;
 Now he obliquely thro the keyhole past,
 Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

Right thro the temple of the spacious cave
 He went with soft light feet — as if his tread
 Fell not on earth ; no sound their falling gave ;
 Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
 The swaddling-clothes about him ; and the knave
 Lay playing with the covering of the bed
 With his left hand about his knees — the right
 Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill
 Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
 Of winning music, to his mightier will ;
 His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
 The plectrum struck the chords — unconquerable
 Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
 The gathering music rose — and sweet as Love
 The penetrating notes did live and move

Within the heart of great Apollo. — He
 Listened with all his soul, and laught for pleasure.
 Close to his side stood harping fearlessly
 The unabashed boy ; and to the measure

Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free
His joyous voice; for he unlockt the treasure
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods, and the dark desert Earth:

And how to the Immortals every one
A portion was assigned of all that is;
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
Clothe in the light of his loud melodies;—
And as each God was born or had begun
He in their order due and fit degrees
Sung of his birth and being—and did move
Apollo to unutterable love.

These words were wingéd with his swift delight:

“You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
One of your secrets I would gladly know,
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

“Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
The power of unpremeditated song?
Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

“What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given
Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may choose
From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,
Delight and love and sleep,—sweet sleep, whose dews
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even:—
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

“And their delight is dance and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy;

And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
 Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly;
 But never did my inmost soul rejoice
 In this dear work of youthful revelry
 As now. I wonder at thee, son of Jove;
 Thy harpings and thy song as soft as love.

“Now since thou hast, altho so very small,
 Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,
 And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
 Witness between us what I promise here, —
 That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
 Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,
 And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
 And even at the end will ne’er deceive thee.”

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech: —
 “Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill:
 I envy thee no thing I know to teach
 Even this day: for both in word and will
 I would be gentle with thee; thou canst reach
 All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
 Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,
 Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

“The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
 Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
 Of his profuse exhaustless treasury;
 By thee, ’t is said, the depths are understood
 Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
 Of all oracular fates, — and the dread mood
 Of the diviner is breathed up, even I —
 A child — perceive thy might and majesty —

“Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
 Can find or teach; — yet since thou wilt, come take
 The lyre — be mine the glory giving it —
 Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
 Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
 Of tranced sound — and with fleet fingers make
 Thy liquid-voiced comrade talk with thee, —
 It can talk measured music eloquently.

"Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
 Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
 A joy by night or day — for those endowed
 With art and wisdom who interrogate
 It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
 All things which make the spirit most elate,
 Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
 Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

"To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
 Tho they should question most impetuously
 Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong —
 Some senseless and impertinent reply.
 But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
 Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
 Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
 Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

"And let us two henceforth together feed
 On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain,
 The herds in litigation — they will breed
 Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
 If to the bulls and cows we take good heed;
 And thou, tho somewhat over fond of gain,
 Grudge me not half the profit." — Having spoke,
 The shell he proffered, and Apollo took.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
 Installing him as herdsman; — from the look
 Of Mercury then laught a joyous flash.
 And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
 The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
 Of mighty sounds rusht up, whose music shook
 The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
 His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
 Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
 Won their swift way up to the snowy head
 Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
 Soothing their journey; and their father dread
 Gathered them both into familiar
 Affection sweet, — and then, and now, and ever,
 Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
Which skilfully he held and played thereon.
He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
The echo of his pipings; every one
Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded.

While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks — which the God of Day
Perceiving, said : — “ I fear thee, Son of May ; —

“ I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
Lest thou should steal my lyre and crooked bow ;
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
To teach all craft upon the earth below ;
Thieves love and worship thee — it is thy merit
To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery : — now, Hermes, if you dare,
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear .

“ That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart.”
Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,
That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more.

“ And I will give thee as a good-will token,
The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness ;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless ;
And whatsoever by Jove’s voice is spoken
Of earthly or divine from its recess,
It, like a loving soul, to thee will speak,
And more than this, do thou forbear to seek.

“ For, dearest child, the divinations high
Which thou requirest, ’t is unlawful ever
That thou, or any other deity
Should understand — and vain were the endeavour ;
For they are hidden in Jove’s mind, and I
In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove’s inmost will
To any God — the oath was terrible.

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
 To speak the fates by Jupiter designed;
 But be it mine to tell their various lot
 To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.
 Let good to these, and ill to those be wrought
 As I dispense — but he who comes consigned
 By voice and wings of perfect augury
 To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist;
 But he who comes relying on such birds
 As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
 The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
 And deem their knowledge light, he shall have misst
 His road — whilst I among my other hoards
 His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,
 I have another wondrous thing to say.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who
 Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
 Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
 Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
 Its circling skirts — from these I have learned true
 Vaticinations of remotest things.
 My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
 Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
 With earnest willingness the truth they know;
 But if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter
 All plausible delusions; — these to you
 I give; — if you inquire, they will not stutter;
 Delight your own soul with them: — any man
 You would instruct may profit if he can.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child —
 O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
 O'er jagged-jawed lions, and the wild
 White-tusked boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
 Or cattle which the mighty Mother mild
 Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule —
 Thou dost alone the veil from death uplift —
 Thou givest not — yet this is a great gift."

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove covered their love with joy,
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray
Thro the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,
Of Jove and Maia sprung, — never by me,
Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

— *Translated by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

YE wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,
Whom the fair-ankled Leda, mixt in love
With mighty Saturn's heaven-obscuring Child,
On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,
Brought forth in joy, mild Pollux void of blame,
And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly
Call on the twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
And sacrificed with snow-white lambs, the wind
And the huge billow bursting close behind.
Even then beneath the weltering waters bear
The staggering ship — they suddenly appear,
On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,
And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,
And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,
Fair omen of the voyage; from toil and dread,
The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

— *Translated by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

HYMN TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy!
Sing the wide-wingéd Moon. Around the earth,

From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered — boundless glory springs;
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide,
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car
The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
A western Crescent, borne impetuously.
Then is made full the circle of her light,
And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright,
Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with his glorious Power
Mingled in love and sleep — to whom she bore,
Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
Fair-haired and favourable, thus with thee,
My song beginning, by its music sweet
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well
Which minstrels, servants of all the Muses, tell.

— *Translated by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more
To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour;
Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth
Euryphaessa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth;
Euryphaessa, the famed sister fair,
Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear
A race of loveliest children; the young Morn,
Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,

The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,
Who, borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run
Unconquerably, illuming the abodes
Of mortal men and the eternal gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,
Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise
And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light;
His countenance with radiant glory bright
Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,
And the light vest with which his limbs are bound
Of woof ethereal, delicately twined
Glow in the stream of the uplifting wind.
His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west;
Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,
And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he
Sends from bright heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

— *Translated by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HYMN TO THE EARTH: MOTHER OF ALL.

O UNIVERSAL mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee;
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourisht — these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish,
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;

Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting — such delights by thee,
Are given rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

— *Translated by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TYRTAIOS.

TYRTAIOS, or as he is more familiarly known in the Latin form of his name, Tyrtaeus, probably lived in the first half of the seventh century before Christ. It is pretty certain that he was alive and active between 644 and 688 B.C. His father was Archembrotos of Aphidnai in Attica, a town at that time under the dominion of Athens. Various legends or traditions cluster about his career. It was believed that the Spartans during the second Messenian War were commanded by the oracle to take a leader from among the Athenians, who, being unwilling to see their rivals extend their influence in the Peloponnesos, sent in derision a lame schoolmaster of poor family and no reputation. When Tyrtaios joined the Spartans, he found them almost overwhelmed by their enemies. Their king was ready to abandon the contest. But the genius of their new leader quickly repaired their misfortunes. He prevailed upon them to admit into the army a great number of the serfs, or helots, thus anticipating Lincoln's great *coup de guerre* in the American Civil War, and he reanimated the flagging spirits of the soldiers by composing elegies and martial songs which were sung before the battle. His poems had a wonderful effect upon the Spartans, stilling their dissensions and reviving their courage. Only a few of his verses remain. An amusing story is told of Henry James Pye, the Poet Laureate of England, who with the very best intentions translated the martial songs of Tyrtaios. They were designed, so it was said, to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and some of the reviewing generals, realizing that he held a commission in the Berkshire militia, were so greatly impressed with the weight of these productions that they determined to have them read aloud at Warley Common and Barham Downs by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp. It is said that before they were half finished

"all the front ranks and as many of the others as were within hearing, or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly and were all found fast asleep." This happened in 1796. The poetry of Tyrtaios was highly prized by the Greeks, but besides a few fragments, only four or five of the elegies remain. They have been translated by Pye, Polwhele, Campbell, and others.

I.

IN COMMENDATION OF VALOUR.

A MAN I would not name, I would not prize
 For racer's swiftness or for wrestler's force;
 Nor though he had the Cyclops' strength and size,
 Or left the Thracian north-wind in his course;

Nor though Tithonos he in form surpast;
 Midas and Cynaras in golden store;
 Pelops Tantalides in empire vast;
 Nor though Adrastus' honied tongue he bore;

Nor though the fame of all, save valour keen,
 Were his — for good he is not in the fight
 Who cannot look on slaughter's bloody scene,
 Nor feel in closing with the foe delight.

But valour is 'mongst men the chief renown,
 And most becoming for a youth to bear.
 A public good that man is to his town,
 And all his people, who will firmly dare,

Amid the foremost of the warlike band,
 With feet apart, base flight forgetting all;
 Exposing life, with constant mind to stand,
 And to his comrades courage give to fall.

Good is such man in war; he turns to flight
 The fiercest phalanx of the rushing foe,
 And by his single, unassisted might,
 The tide of battle bids no further go.

When falling in the van he life must yield,
 An honour to his sire, his town, his state —
 His breast oft mangled through his circling shield,
 And gasht in front through all his armour's plate —

Him young and old together mourn: and then
 His city swells his funeral's sad array;
 His tomb, his offspring, are renowned 'mongst men —
 His children's children, to the latest day.

His glory or his name shall never die,
 Though 'neath the ground, he deathless shall remain,
 Whom fighting steadfastly, with courage high,
 For country and for children, Mars hath slain.

But if he 'scape the fate of death's long sleep,
 And bear victorious conquest's bright renown,
 Then young and old shall him in honour keep,
 Till full of joys he to the shades sink down.

Advanced in years, he holds an honoured place
 Amongst his townsmen, who in reverence meet,
 Or justice towards him fail not; but in grace,
 Both young and old him cede the chiefest seat.

Then to such warlike worth as this to attain,
 And such a high reward of honour bright,
 Let each one strive, with eager soul, to gain,
 With dauntless valour bearing him in fight.

II.

AGAINST SLUGGISHNESS.

How long thus slothful? When will ye display
 A soul of courage, youth? Regard ye not
 Your neighbours as ye shrink? Ye seem to stay
 In peace, while through the land war rages hot.

[Let each place well his buckler mid the van],¹
 And let each hurl his dart while yielding life;
 Since 't is the truest honour to a man
 To fight for country, children, and loved wife.

¹ We adopt here the line usually supplied in room of the wanting verse.

But as the Fates shall spin, will death draw nigh.
Now let each warrior go with hasty feet,
His stout breast fencing with his shield, and high
Rearing his lance the war's first shock to meet.

For 't is decreed that never man may shun
His fated death, though of immortal race :
Oft who from fight and clash of arms hath run,
Has Fate o'ertaken in his dwelling-place.

And such a dastard forth could never call
Or the affection, or the sorrow deep,
Of his own people ; but if ill befall
The valiant man, both great and small shall weep.

For the whole people when the hero dies
Lament, who was a demi-god in life ;
To whom, as to a tower, they raised their eyes ;
Who, single, equalled numbers in the strife.

III.

TO THE TROOPS.

From never-vanquished Hercules ye boast
That ye are sprung : be bold then, for away
Jove turns not from us ; never let the host
Of foes by numbers fill you with dismay.

But each, direct against the foremost foe,
His shield extend ; prepared this hated breath
To render, and no fonder love to show
For the sun's beams than for the shades of death.

The deeds of the tear-causing Mars, how bright !
How dire the shock of battle ye have known !
And ye by turns have proved pursuit and flight,
Until, O youths ! of both too weary grown.

Of those who dare at once, with constant mind,
To charge, and, closing, 'gainst the foe make head,
Few fall, while they protect the ranks behind ;
But in the timid all their soul is dead.

What ills attend the men whose deeds are base ?
Words justly to relate one scarce can find ;
For it is ever counted a disgrace,
Him who from battle flees to wound behind.

Shameful a corse is tumbled on the sand,
Through the back wounded by a spear's point keen :
With feet apart, then, let each firmly stand,
And with lip hard comprest his teeth between ;

And let each guard, with broad protecting shield,
His thighs and legs, his shoulders and his breast ;
Let him his powerful spear with right hand wield,
And shake above his head his dreadful crest.

Let each who bears a buckler learn to fight,
Doing brave deeds, nor from the conflict go ;
But, rushing close, let him essay to smite,
Or with long lance or sword, the meeting foe :

Foot placed 'gainst foot, buckler with buckler closed,
While breast, crest, helmet, breast, crest, helmettouch ;
Let him fight well against the men opposed,
And his sword's hilt or spear-shaft try to clutch.

But yon light troops disperst along the field,
Yet near the well-armed ranks, assail the foe ;
And from behind the shelter of a shield,
Each ponderous stones or polisht javelins throw.
— Anonymous Translations in *Fraser's*, June, 1835.

IV.

DEATH FOR THE FATHERLAND.

Blest is the brave : how glorious is his prize,
When at his country's call he dares and dies !
And sad the sight when, envious of the dead,
The man without a country begs his bread.
His poor old parents feebly toil along,
And little children who have done no wrong.
Spurned by the glance he meets at every turn,
He learns how hot the beggar's brand can burn !

His name is shame : the human form divine
Shows in its fall the soul's dishonoured shrine.
Deeds in the dust of ages swiftly root,
And children's children reap the bitter fruit.
Strike for our country, comrades : on, ye brave !
Where is the man that dreads a patriot grave ?
And ye, my younger brethren, side by side,
Shoulder to shoulder, stand whate'er betide.
The surging thrill ye feel before your foe
Swept o'er your fathers' heart-strings long ago.
To those whose days are longer in the land
Lend in the pride of youth the helping hand.
For shame to see an old man fall in front
When young men leave him there to bear the brunt :
Low in the dust the hoary hair is trailed ;
At last is quencht a soul that never quailed !
Youth in its bloom should pluck the glowing bough
Whose leaves in glory wreathe a hero's brow.
Welcome to man, and fair in woman's eye
The manly form that living dares to die.
Fate hangs apoise, with gloom and triumph fraught :
Up, hearts ! and in the balance count we our lives as
naught.

— *Translation of* CHARLES WELLINGTON STONE.
(By courteous permission.)

SIMONIDES. (I)

SIMONIDES, of Minoa, was born in the island of Samos, but led a colony to the neighbouring island of Amorgos, where he founded three cities. He flourished about the middle of the seventh century before Christ, and wrote gnomic and satirical poems in iambics. Like Hesiod, he attributed many sorrows to women. The longest fragment that remains of his verse is a satire in which he derives the qualities of the "fair sex" from the various unpleasant animals from which they descended — the pig, the fox, the dog, and the like.

WOMEN.

SHE from the steed of wanton mane
Shall spurn all servile toil and pain ;
Nor shake the sieve, nor ply the mill
Nor sweep the floor, tho dusty still,
Nor near the oven take her seat,
But loathe the ashes, smoke, and heat,
And to her husband profit naught,
Unless by sheer compulsion taught.
Twice, thrice she bathes her thro the day,
Washing the slightest soil away ;
Perfumes with oils her every limb,
Her tresses combs in order trim ;
Tress upon tress, in thickening braid,
While twisted flowers her temples shade.
A goodly sight to strangers' view,
But he that owns her sore shall rue
The cost I ween, unless he be
Satrap or king and joy in luxury.

Her from an Ape the Maker sent
Man's evil mate and punishment.

Her visage foul, she walks the streets
The laughing-stock of all she meets.
Scarce her short neck can turn ; all slim
And lank and spare ; all leg and limb !
Wretched the man who in his breast
Is doomed to fold this female pest !
She, like the Ape, is versed in wiles
And tricking turns ; she never smiles,
Obliges none ; but ponders still
On mischief-plots and daily ill.

Who gains the creature from the Bee
By fortune favoured most is he :
To her alone, with pointless sting,
Would Scandal impotently cling.
With her his May of life is long ;
His days are flourishing and strong.
Beloved, her fond embrace she twines
Round him she loves : with him declines
In fading years ; her race is known
For goodly forms and fair renown.

Her decent charms her sex outshine :
Around her flits a grace divine.
She sits not pleased where women crowd,
In amorous tattle, light and loud :
With such the God mankind has blest ;
With such the wisest and the best.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

ARCHILOCHOS.

ARCHILOCHOS, who flourished somewhere between 714 and 676 B.C., was descended from a noble family that held the priesthood in the island of Paros. His mother was a slave, and it is supposed that the low estimation in which he was consequently held may have caused him to emigrate from Paros to Thasos, and to commemorate his hatred for his native island in bitter verse. He had been a suitor for the hand of Neoboule, one of the daughters of Lycambes. The father refused to sanction his marriage, Archilochos attacked the family in an iambic poem, accusing the father of perjury and the daughters of leading abandoned lives. The poem was recited at the festival of Demeter and produced such an effect that Neoboule and her sisters hanged themselves. In one of his poems Archilochos told of losing his shield in a battle with the Thracians. Finding himself no happier in Thasos than he had been before he emigrated, he returned to Paros, and in an engagement between the Parians and the people of Naxos he perished at the hand of Calondas, a Naxian. The oracle of Delphi is said to have cursed the soldier for having slain "the servant of the Muses." His genius and his savage rage were famous throughout antiquity. Ælian called him a debauched and shameless character: a coward in battle, and an impudent boaster of his cowardice. Valerius Maximus declares that "the Lacedæmonians ordered the works of Archilochos to be carried out of their city, since they regarded the matter of them indecent, and were loth that their children's minds should receive that which would injure their morals more than it improved their understanding. Therefore they banished his verses and punished one who was their greatest, or next to their greatest, poet." Archilochos is regarded as the first writer of iambic verse.

EXHORTATION TO FORTITUDE.

GROANS rise on griefs, oh Pericles! nor they
Who feed the woe, in wine or feast are gay.
The billow of the many-roaring deep
Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
Our grief-swollen hearts, now, draw their breath in pain;
Yet blessings, oh my friend! shall smile again.
The gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
A balm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
In turn the cure and suffering take their round,
And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound:
Now other breasts the shifting tortures know;
Endure, nor droop thus womanish in woe.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

NAUGHT, now, can pass belief; in Nature's ways
No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
The Olympian Father hangs a noon-day night
O'er the sun's disk and veils its glittering light.
Fear falls on man. Hence miracles, before
Incredible, are counted strange no more.
Stand not amazed if beasts exchange the wood
With dolphins and exist amid the flood;
These the firm land exchange for sounding waves,
And those find pleasure in the mountain caves.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

EQUANIMITY.

TOST on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose:
Undaunted mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
 Wins thee deserved renown;
 Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
 Would urge a base retreat:
 Rejoice in joyous things — nor overmuch
 Let grief thy bosom touch
 Midst evil, and still bear in mind
 How changeful are the ways of humankind.

— *Translation of WILLIAM HAY.*

A STRATEGOS.

I do not like a swagger captain
 Who stands with legs apart,
 Or wears his hair in flowing ringlets,
 Or shaves with careful art.
 But give me one of slender stature,
 With well-turned legs and smart,
 Who walks along unfaltering, strong,
 While courage fills his heart.

— N. H. D.

COMFORTABLE MEDIOCRITY.

THE wealth of gold-abounding Croisos
 Is no concern to me;
 Ambition offers no temptation;
 From envy I am free.
 The gods' affairs I do not question;
 No monarch would I be,
 I am content, where'er I'm sent,
 With mediocrity.

— N. H. D.

A COWARD'S DISGRACE.

THE foeman glories in my shield;
 I left it in the battle-field;
 I threw it down beside the wood,
 Unscathed by scars, unstained by blood;

And let him glory, since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE.

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
 When Mars tumultuous rages
 On wide-embattled land;
Then with falchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
 Man with man engages
 In combat hand to hand.
But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
 Marshalled hosts of spearmen leading
 To conflict, whence is no receding,
To make this — war's best art — their own.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

HALF-SEAS OVER.

COME then, my friend, and seize the flask,
 And while the deck around us rolls,
Dash we the cover from the cask
 And crown with wine our flowing bowls.
While the deep hold is tempest-tost,
 We'll strain bright nectar from the lees;
For tho our freedom here be lost
 We drink no water on the seas.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

A STORM AT SEA.

BEHOLD, my Glaucus! how the deep
 Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory steep
 The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught and lightning's glare
While Terror rules and wild Despair.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

MAN'S MIND.

THE mind of man is such as Jove
Ordains by his immortal will,
Who moulds it in his courts above,
His heavenly purpose to fulfil.

— *Translated by JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

VICISSITUDE.

LEAVE the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grovelling
In the gloomy shades below
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him thro life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread.

— *Translated by JOHN HERMANN MERIVALE.*

ALCMAN.

ALCMAN or Alkmaion, by birth a Lydian, was brought as a slave to Sparta, but his master, discovering his genius, liberated him. He lived in the second half of the seventh century B.C., and most of his poems were composed after the conclusion of the second Messenian war. There were six books of them in various metres. He was credited with being the inventor of erotic poetry. Only a few lines remain.

THE CALM OF NIGHT.

THE mountain brows, the rocks, the peaks are sleeping,
Uplands and gorges hush!
The thousand moorland things are stillness keeping;
The beasts under each bush
Crouch, and the hived bees
Rest in their honied ease;
I' the purple sea fish lie as they were dead,
And each bird folds his wing over his head.

— *Translated by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

A MÆNAD.

OFTEN, on the mountain height,
When the gay and solemn rite
Of the revels, with their myriad voices,
The immortal Gods rejoices,
Dost thou bring thy pail of gold —
Such a mighty vessel as the shepherds hold —
And with white hands dost thou press
From the full dugs of the lioness
Milk, a noble, noble cheese to make,
Round, unfailing, shining white!

— N. H. D.

ARION.

ARION, the supposed inventor of dithyrambic poetry, flourished about 625 B.C. and plied his profession as poet and player of the cithara at the court of Periander, tyrant of Corinth. One story or legend of his life is preserved: he went to Sicily to take part in a musical contest, and having won the prize, took ship for Corinth. The pirates that formed the crew plotted to murder him and seize his treasures. He pleaded with them, but in vain. Then he asked permission to play once more on his cithara. He put on his festal robes, stood on the prow of the ship, and having invoked the gods, leaped into the sea. A musical Dolphin in gratitude took him on its back and carried him to Tainaros, whence he made his way home. When the piratical sailors arrived, they reported that Arion had remained at Tarentum. But Periander produced the poet; the sailors confessed their guilt, and were punished. This episode has been perpetuated in poetry and art. After Arion died, he was placed among the constellations, though not now so recognized. Only one fragment of poetry ascribed to Arion is preserved.

IN PRAISE OF POSEIDON.

MIGHTY Master of the ocean!
Neptune of the golden trident!
Oh, Earth-shaker! Oh, Storm-maker!
Gilled things, snorting, slimy, strident,
Glide about thee in a ring,
Winnowing fins with rapid motion;
Fish with beaks and fish with backs
Bristly, and the dog-fish packs;
Silvery dolphin dear to song,
With salt-sea maids that throng.
Scale-tailed Nereids, one with other,
Whereof Amphitrite was mother.

— *Translated by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

MIMNERMOS.

MIMNERMOS was a native of Smyrna, but probably of Colophonian origin. He was a contemporary of Solon, and is supposed to have flourished between 634 and 600 B.C. He gave a new turn to elegiac poetry, which had hitherto been devoted to warlike or convivial subjects, by making it "the vehicle for plaintive, mournful, and erotic strains." He sang of love as the only consolation amid the sorrows of human life. Only a few fragments of his work, mostly from a poem addressed to a flute player named Nanno, have come down to us.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

WE, like the leaves of many-blossomed Spring,
When the sun's rays their sudden radiance fling
In growing strength, on earth, a little while,
Delighted, see youth's blooming flowerets smile.
Not with that wisdom of the Gods endued,
To judge aright of evil and of good.
Two Fates, dark-scowling, at our side attend;
Of youth, of life, each points the destined end,
Old age and death : the fruit of youth remains
Brief, as the sunshine scattered o'er the plains :
And when these fleeting hours have sped away,
To die were better than to breathe the day.
A load of grief the burdened spirit wears ;
Domestic troubles rise ; penurious cares ;
One with an earnest love of children sighs ;
The grave is opened and he childless dies :
Another drags in pain his lingering days,
While slow disease upon his vitals preys.
Nor lives there one, whom Jupiter on high
Exempts from years of mixt calamity.

— *Translated by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

OLD AGE.

WHAT is the joy of life apart from Venus the golden?

I should prefer to die when ye move me no more,
Sweet clandestine delights, and friendship and gifts slyly
proffered!

Even the flowers of youth, dear unto woman and man,
Vanish and fade so soon, for hateful old age comes upon
us,

Striking the good and the bad equally cruelly down.
Then, indeed, do worrisome cares and sorrows assail us,

Nor do we take delight seeing the bright shining sun,
But we are hateful to children, and objects of scorn unto
women!

Such is the bane of old age fastened by God upon man.

— N. H. D.

SAPPHO.

AN authentic life of Sappho it is impossible to construct. One has a choice between the legendary account of her as a dissolute woman of genius, who ended a disreputable career by flinging herself from the Leucadian cliff in disgust with life and disappointed love, and the brief and scattered hints that lead modern critics to believe that she was a staid and reputable matron who died a natural death at the end of a long and successful career. Her mother's name was Cleïs, her father's may have been Scamandronimos, though her paternity is ascribed to six or seven others. As her brother Larichos was public cup-bearer at Mitylene, it is supposed that the family belonged to the class of nobles. Another brother, Charaxos, who was engaged in carrying Lesbian wine to Naucratis in Egypt, is connected with the story of the beautiful Doricha, or Rhodopis, whom he ransomed from slavery. Sappho mentions a daughter, Cleïs or Claïs. She is supposed to have flourished at the end of the seventh century before Christ. Strabo says that she was a native of Mitylene "who was something wonderful; at no period within memory has any woman been known who in any, even in the least degree, could be compared to her for poetry." She is supposed to have been the centre of a sort of æsthetic school at Mitylene which attracted large numbers of young maidens who perfected themselves in music and literature under her guidance. The most celebrated was Erinna of Telos, who, though she died at the age of nineteen, gave promise of a never-dying fame. Many other names, but very few poems, are preserved to bear witness to her skill as a teacher and inspirer. The poet Alkaios (Alcæus), who calls her "violet-weaving, pure, soft-smiling Sappho," may possibly have been her lover. She says of herself in a fragment happily preserved:—

"I am not one of a malignant nature, but have a quiet temper."

All writers of antiquity unite in praise of her verses;

she was called the tenth Muse, Child of Aphrodite and Eros, Nursling of the Graces and Peitho, the Pride of Hellas, the companion of Apollo. Sculptors modelled her form and painters depicted her entrancing loveliness. In later times a dozen Comedies were written relating the supposed passionate history of the Lesbian poetess and crystallizing the infamous tradition.

Little is left of the considerable poetic work of Sappho. Nine books of lyric odes have mostly perished; only fragments remain of her wedding songs, her epigrams; elegies, and monodies.

TO APHRODITE.

SPLENDOUR-throned Queen! immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Jove — Enchantress! I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;

Slay me not, Goddess!

Come in thy pity — come, if I have prayed thee;
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard and left thy father's Heaven,

Left the gold houses,

Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder —
Waving their dark plumes all across the ether,

All down the azure!

Very soon they lighted. Then didst thou, Divine one,
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes immortal,
Ask me, "What ailed me — wherefore out of Heaven

Thus had I called thee?

What was it made me madden in my heart so?"
Question me, smiling, — say to me, "My Sappho,
Who is it wrongs thee? tell me who refuses

Thee, vainly sighing.

Be it who may be, he that flies shall follow;
He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly —

Ay, tho thou wouldst not."

So once again come, Mistress, and, releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now

Friend and protectress!

— *Translated by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE SIGNS OF LOVE.

PEER of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
 Silverly speaking,
Laughing love's low laughter. Oh, this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
 Straight is my voice hushed;
Yea, my tongue is broken, and thro and thro me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
 Waves in my ear sounds;
Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
 Lost in the love-trance.

— *Translated by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

THE MOON AND THE STARS.

THE stars around the lovely moon
Their radiant visage hide as soon
As she, full-orbed, appears to sight,
Flooding the earth with her silvery light.

— *Translated by CORNELIUS FELTON.*

THE GARDEN OF THE NYMPHS.

THRO orchard plots with fragrance crowned
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.

— *Translated by J. HERMANN MERIVALE.*

INVOCATION TO VENUS.

KUPRIS, hither
Come, and pour from goblets of gold the nectar
Mixt for love's and pleasure's delight with dainty
Joys of the banquet.

— *Translated by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND ALKAIOS.

Alkaios. — I FAIN would speak, I fain would tell,
But shame and fear my utterance quell.

Sappho. — If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue were labouring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

— ANON.

MIDNIGHT.

THE moon hath left the sky;
Lost is the Pleiads' light;
It is midnight,
And time slips by,
But on my couch alone I lie.

— *Translated by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

OBLIVION.

THEE too the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers whose graft outgrows
All Summer kinship of the mortal rose
And colour of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven above thine head.

— *Paraphrased by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.*

TO DIKA.

OF foliage and flowers love-laden
 Twine wreaths for thy flowing hair,
 With thine own soft fingers, maiden,
 Weave garlands of parsley fair.

For flowers are sweet, and the Graces
 On suppliants wreathed with may
 Look down from their heavenly places,
 But turn from the crownless away.

— *Translated by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

SAPPHO'S DAUGHTER.

I HAVE a child, a lovely one,
 In beauty like the golden sun,
 Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom,
 And Claïs is her name, for whom
 I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
 Would glad resign.

— *Translated by J. H. MERIVALE.*

ONE GIRL.

LIKE the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost
 bough,
 A-top on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot,
 somehow, —
 Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till
 now.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
 Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and
 wound,
 Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

— *Paraphrased by DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.*

HESPERUS THE BRINGER.

O HESPERUS, thou bringest all good things —
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child too to its mother's breast.

— *Paraphrase by LORD BYRON.*

THE IRREVOCABLE.

MAIDENHOOD, maidenhood, whither hast thou fled from
 me?

Never again will I come, never again will come to thee.

— N. H. D.

THE ROSE.

DID Jove a queen of flowers decree,
 The rose the queen of flowers should be.
 Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;
 The meadow's blush; earth's diadem.
 Glory of colours on the gaze
 Lightening in its beauty's blaze.
 It breathes of Love: it blooms the guest
 Of Venus' ever fragrant breast.
 In gaudy pomp its petals spread;
 Light foliage trembles round its head;
 With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair
 It laughs to the voluptuous air.

— *Translated by SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.*

SAPPHO'S LITANY. (Quantity.)

THRONED upon light, Thou very God, Love our Queen,
Daughter of God, mystery-worker, hear me !
Spare from all love's weariness and bitterness

My spirit, O Queen !

Come to me ! Thou didst come of old when I called,
Hearing all my crying upon the throne of
Thy Heaven ; yea, didst come in answer, and leave

God's palace of gold,

Harnessing to Thy chariot ; the love-birds,
Making haste, bore Thee to the gloom of our earth,
With the quick beat of many wings, adown mid-

Air from Heaven's height.

Swiftly they come. Then, Blessed Helper, ah ! then,
Smiling on me with very face immortal,

Thou wouldest ask : What trouble I had, and why

I summoned Thee ;

What was I most fain to have in the wildness
Of passion ? "What new love is it wouldest Thou
Draw to Thee by Thy loving influence ? Who,

Psappha, wrongeth Thee ?

Tho shunning Thee, she to-morrow shall ask Thee —

Tho refusing Thy offerings, give herself —

Tho kissing Thee not, to-morrow to Thy lips

Press kisses unsought."

Come to me now ! and deliver from all my

Hard sorrows : and of the longing within me

Fulfil all : and be ever, I beseech Thee,

My succour and shield.

— *Translated by A. E. CRAWLEY.*

ALKAIOS.

ALKAIOS (Alcæus) belonged by birth to the aristocratic party of Mytilene, and flourished in the last decade of the seventh century and the first years of the sixth century B.C. In the war between Mytilene and Athens for the possession of the Northwestern promontory of the Troad, he lost his shield, which was hung up in the Temple of Athene at Sigeum (B.C. 606). Taking an active part in the popular factions of Mytilene, he was exiled, and tried in vain to regain his country by arms. He travelled in various countries, but the year of his death is not known. Horace translated some of his poems and imitated his characteristic metre. His martial lyrics, in which he tried to animate the exiled nobles, were highly praised. Horace speaks of him as singing "the harsh evils of the sea, of flight, and of war." Only a few fragments and Horace's paraphrases remain.

TO WINTER.

THE rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven :
And on the running water-brook the cold
Lays icy hold ;
Then up ! beat down the Winter ; make the fire
Blaze higher and higher ;
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee
Abundantly ;
Then drink, with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound.
We must not yield our hearts to woe or wear
With wasting care ;
For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,
Nor nothing mend ;
But this is our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought !

— *Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE STATE.

WHAT constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Nor cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned :
No ! — Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude —
Men who their duties know,
Know too their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

— *Imitation of* SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SOLON.

SOLON, who was reckoned among the Seven Sages of antiquity, was born at Athens about 638 B.C. of a very distinguished family. His father having reduced his estate by extravagant expenditure, Solon at first took up the career of a merchant. On his return from abroad he won fame by his light and graceful poems. The Athenians having made it a penal offence to urge any renewal of the contest for the recovery of Salamis, Solon pretended to be insane, and then rushed into the agora, where he recited a poem of a hundred lines demanding the reconquest of the "lovely island." The plan succeeded: the law was rescinded, and Solon was intrusted with the command of the expedition against the Megarians who had possession of it. A long war resulted, and finally, on the authority of a line in Homer, which it was believed Solon himself had fabricated, the matter was decided by arbitration in favour of Athens. After this he attained a commanding position in the political development of Athens; he originated the Boule or council of Four Hundred, and was the author of a great variety of laws. He died at the age of eighty. His poems were highly celebrated, and had great influence. Only a few fragments remain.

THE CERTAINTY OF RETRIBUTION.

O ye splendid children of Memory and Zeus the Olympian
Pierian Muses, hear! Heed me now as I pray!
Happiness in the eyes of the Gods ever blessed, O grant
me,
And to enjoy good repute in the eyes of mankind!
Let me be sweet to my friends, to my enemies let me be
bitter;
Win from the ones respect, fill the others with fear!

Soothly I fain would have riches, but never would gain them unjustly.

All together the last Justice came on the earth.

Wealth, if the Gods confer it, remains an unbroken possession,

Standing faithfully by from foundation to roof.

But the power that men honour, born of violence, lawless,

Action unjust obeys, prisoner is by restraint.

Até, the Goddess of Mischief, quickly takes part in the matter.

Tiny it is at first — soon it spreads like a fire,

Smouldering when it begins, but finally ending in anguish.

Thus for mortal men insolent deeds cannot thrive.

Zeus as he sits on high foresees the ending of all things.

Sudden as when the wind scatters the clouds in the Spring,

Stirring the depths of the wild waste sea with its infinite billows,

Wreaking destruction fierce over the wheat-fruitful lands.

Then when it sweeps thro the skies, the lofty seats of Immortals

Clear it leaves them again, freed from the veil of the fogs.

Then the might of the sun shines down on the wide fertile regions

Beautiful, filled with the works built by the labours of man.

Such is the retribution of Zeus, that comes all-impartial,

Not like a mortal man's, quickly stirred into wrath.

Not forever will he escape and hide from the judgment

Who has a sinful heart; nay! at the last he is doomed.

One may pay it to-day and another may pay it to-morrow.

Yet if they seem to escape, if the doom of the Gods

Following, do not attain them while still in the land of the living,

Under the fatal ban, guiltless, their children are curst.

— *Translation by N. H. D.*

THEOGNIS.

THEOGNIS is known to have been alive at the beginning of the Persian wars in 490 B.C. He was born in Megara, and was at the height of his poetical activity about the middle of the sixth century B.C. He belonged to the oligarchical party, and was "stript of everything" and banished with other nobles. One time, while an exile living in Thebes, he was moved to give an exhibition of his skill in music, which was there considered derogatory to his repute as a gentleman, and a lively female slave present suggested that his mother may have been a flute-player. Theognis, taking a lyre, improvised some verses repelling the insinuation of his lowly origin: —

" From noble Æthon my descent I trace ;
Thebes grants me refuge and a resting-place ;
Forbear, then, Argyris, with empty mirth,
Yourself a slave to scandalize my birth :
Woman ! I tell thee, wandering and forlorn,
In exile and distress, much have I borne,
Sorrows and wrongs and evils manifold ;
But to be purchased as a slave and sold
Has never been my fate, and never will :
And I retain a town and country still
Along the banks of the Lethæan river,
In a fair land, where I shall live forever.
For a firm friend, a steady partisan,
A faithful and an honourable man,
Disdaining every sordid act and mean,
No slave am I, nor slavish have I been."

J. Hookham Frere, who translated all the remaining poetry of Theognis, has constructed from it a sort of spiritual life of the poet. He makes it evident that late in life he was allowed to return to Megara, where he had left his wife and only son, and that his aristocratic relatives did not relish his determination to continue his career as an artist, even though he had made money during his long absence. Many of the fragments of Theognis's verse are of a convivial cast, and in spirit are not unlike

the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam; some of them show that he was a friend of Simonides. The meditative poems, known as gnomic, attributed to him, are full of additions from Solon, Tyrtaios, and other later poets.

WEALTH AND INSOLENCE.

WEALTH nurses Insolence; and wealth we find,
When coupled with a poor and paltry mind,
Is evermore with Insolence combined.
Never in anger with the meaner sort
Be moved to a contemptuous harsh retort,
Deriding their distresses, nor despise
In hasty speech their wants and miseries.
Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense
For all mankind riches and indigence.

—*Translation of J. HOOKHAM FRERE.*

BAD MEN.

LET no persuasive art tempt you to place
Your confidence in crafty minds and base.
How can it answer? Will their help avail,
When danger presses, and your foes assail?
The blessing, which the gods in bounty send,
Will they consent to share it with a friend?
No. To bestrew the waves with scattered grain,
To cultivate the surface of the main,
Is not a task more absolutely vain,
Than cultivating such allies as these,
Fickle, and unproductive as the seas.

Such are all baser minds. Never at rest,
With new demands importunately prest,
A new pretension or a new request;
Till foiled with the refusal of the last,
They disavow their obligations past.
But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply gained,
Faithful adherents easily retained;
Men that will never disavow the debt
Of gratitude or cancel or forget.

Never engage with a poltroon or craven ;
 Avoid him, Kurnos, as a treacherous haven ;
 Those friends and hearty comrades, as you think,
 Ready to join you, when you feast and drink,
 Those easy friends from difficulty shrink.

— *Translation of J. HOOKHAM FRERE.*

SOCIAL ENJOYMENT.

MAY Peace, may Plenty bless our happy state
 And social feast ; for civic war I hate.
 Sky-dwelling Zeus ! above our city stand
 And o'er her safely spread thy guardian hand.
 Smile, every god ! and Phœbus, thou, dispense
 The mind of wit, the tongue of eloquence :
 Let harp and pipe in sacred song combine,
 And with libations of the sprinkled wine
 Appeasing heaven, let converse blithe be ours,
 And goblets, dreadless of the Median Powers.

So it is best to trifle life away,
 Our minds with care unburdened, light and gay ;
 So from dark ills of fate our thoughts defend
 From age pernicious and our mortal end.
 In youth I blithesome sport ; for soon shall fly
 My spirit ; and my body deep shall lie
 Beneath the eternal ground ; while years roll on
 Laid motionless and speechless as a stone.

— *Translated by SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.*

A CURE FOR CARE.

TAKE thy fill of joyance, dear Soul ! for others will follow,
 Other men there will be ; I shall turn to dark mould !
 Drink of the wine from the vines on the slopes of Ta-
 ygetan mountains

Planted by that old man, Theotimos, dear to the gods,
 Bringing the water ice-cold from the plane trees down in
 the valley.

Drinking driveth away cares that infest the soul.

If thou art well engirt with the harness that comes of the
winecup

Then thou surely wilt be joyous of heart to the end!

— *Translation of N. H. D.*

HOPE.

For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.
Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead;
And all the Graces too, my friends, are fled.
The scanty specimens of living worth,
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet whilst I live and view the light of heaven,
Since Hope remains and never has been driven
From the distracted world — the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
When hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
When all the deities adored in turn,
Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.
Yes, Insolence, Injustice, every crime,
Rapine and Wrong, may prosper for a time;
Yet shall they travel on to swift decay,
Who tread the crooked path and hollow way.

— *Translated by JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

SCHEMES unadvisable and out of reason
Are best adjourned. Wait for a proper season;
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall;
A fall predestined and ordained by heaven.
By a judicial blindness madly driven,
Mistaking and confounding good and evil,
Men lose their senses as they lose their level.

— *Translated by JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

QUATRAINS.

NEVER with base men be communicate —
 This learn — but cleave to them of good estate;
 Eat thou and drink with those and sit with those,
 And study those to pleasure, that are great. 31-34

No man hath been, nor will be, 'neath the sun,
 Who can please all men, ere his days be done,
 For even the Lord of angels and of men,
 Almighty God, cannot please every one. 447-450

Let the brass dome of heaven, wide and great,
 Fall on me, and man's terror consummate,
 If I be not a true friend to my friends,
 And a sore grief and pain to those I hate. 801-804

If thou wilt wash me, from my head shall flow,
 Unstained¹ the water, whiter than the snow;
 Yea, thou shalt find me still in everything
 Pure gold, that by the touchstone one may know. 861-872

Hope is the only good God left to men:
 All else have passed to heaven beyond our ken;
 Faith, that great god, is gone, and Temperance,
 And even Grace is now an alien. 1055-1058

But let us leave these questions, and to me
 Do thou make music, and of poesy
 Let us indite; for of her gracious store
 To me and thee and ours she hath given the key. 1135-1138

— *Translation of A. E. CRAWLEY.*

¹ This metaphor is probably unique in literature.

ANACREON.

ANACREON, whose name has become the very symbol of the pleasure-loving, wine-bibbing voluptuary, was born at Teos in Asia Minor. The date of his birth is not known; but he was a young man when Teos was captured by the Persians in 540 B.C., and he, with the majority of the inhabitants, emigrated to Abdera in Thrace. He did not stay there long, but became a beloved inmate of the luxurious court of Polycrates in Samos. When that tyrant was assassinated in 522, the Tyrant Hipparchos sent a galley to fetch him to Athens, where he mingled with the brilliant array of poets and singers there collected. After the successful conspiracy of Harmodios and Aristogeiton in 514, he returned to Teos, where it is fabled that he was choked to death by a grape-stone at the age of 85. Only a few of his gay and frolicsome lyrics have come down to us, and they would hardly bear out the ill reputation which have been given him by the multitudinous imitations which, under the name of Anacreontics, were composed in many cases hundreds of years after he had ceased to sing.

A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH.

I HAVE eaten the mid-day meal of honeycakes broken fine;
I have gayly drained a flask of generous roseate wine;
And now on the graceful harp I daintily thrum the
strings,
Making merry with song for thee, O dainty maiden mine!

A HARP OF TWENTY STRINGS.

O LEUKASTIS, I play
Upon a Lydian harp —
A noble harp of twenty strings —
And thou art in thy youthful prime!

THE LEUKADIAN CLIFF.

ONCE more I leap
From the Leukadian cliff,
And drunk with passion
I plunge into the surging billow!

A LESBIAN MAIDEN.

EROS of the golden hair
Flings again his rosy ball
For a challenge: "with a fair
Youthful maiden who doth wear
Broidered sandals come and sport!"
But the maiden whom report
Brings from Lesbos nobly founded
Treats my offer with despite,
For my hair is snowy white,
And she gazes love-astounded
At another whom I will not name at all!

DREAD OF DEATH.

GRAY are my temples long since and snowy my hair:
Gracious youth is departed; old are my teeth.
Brief is the space of sweet life that is left to me now.

LOVE THE MASTER.

I WILL sing of dainty Eros
Decked with many-coloured garlands:
He is master of the Immortals,
He is victor over men!

A REASONABLE REVEL.

COME, Boy, bring a generous bowl!
Let me drink a mighty rouse,
Pouring in ten parts of water,
Pouring in five parts of wine,
So that I once more may revel
In a frenzy, free from madness.

Come now, leaving din and shouting,
Cease from Scythian modes of revel.
Let us drink in decent order,
Singing lovely songs the while!

IF ONLY.

VERILY the young would love me
For what I should say;
For I sing in graceful accents,
I can sweetly talk.

A HATED RIVAL.

INDEED to fair Eurypyle
The ill-famed Artemon is dear!
Erstwhile he wore a shabby garb —
A turban tightly wound around his head
And wooden ear-rings in his ears,
And round his ribs the bald hide of an ox,
The filthy covering of a shabby shield.
This good-for-nothing Artemon,
Consorting then with cooks and prostitutes,
Picked up a fraudulent livelihood;
His neck was often fastened to the stocks
And often to the torturing wheel;
About his back the whip-lash often curled;
His beard and hair were rudely plucked,
But now he mounts his chariot,
This son of Kyke, decked with golden rings,
And like a woman bears aloft
A sunshade made of ivory!

TO ARTEMIS.

I CALL to thee, O Artemis,
 Huntress of fleeting deer,
 Mistress of savage beasts,
 Fair daughter of Zeus!
 Somewhere beside the streams
 Of eddying Lethaios now
 Thou sittest joyfully
 With eyes fixt on a town
 Of gallant-hearted men —
 For those thou shepherdest
 Are law-abiding citizens.¹

ANACREONTICS.

ON HIS OWN LOVES.

THE leaves of all the forests,
 If thou art skilled to reckon;
 If thou canst tell the billows
 Of all the seas together;
 Of the loves then of my bosom,
 I'll make thee sole accountant.
 And first of all from Athens,
 Of loves put down a twenty,
 And then add fifteen others;
 And let forsooth from Corinth,
 A swarm of loves be added;
 For, troth, does not Achaia
 Abound with beauteous women?
 Then put me down the Lesbians,
 And further the Ionians,
 And those from Rhodes and Karia,
 Of loves, in all two thousand.
 What say'st? Go on inscribing.
 Untold my Syrian passions,
 And those too of Kanobos;
 And those of Krete, possessing
 All things, within whose cities

¹ The above ten fragments are translated by N. H. D.

Doth Eros hold his orgies.
Expect not I should reckon,
Of all my loves the number,
On the other side of Gades;
The Bactrians and the Indians.

— *Translated by* T. J. ARNOLD.

THE SWALLOW.

Yes, thou, my pretty swallow,
Dost make thy journey yearly;
Thy nest in summer weaving,
Unseen again in winter,
Or at the Nile, or Memphis.
But Eros in my bosom
His nest is ever weaving.
One Love is fledged already,
And one is in the egg still,
And one is only half-hatched.
And there's a constant bustle,
With the young ones always chirping.
And the bigger Loves forever
Are nourishing the smaller.
And in their turn the nurslings,
Produce a brood of young ones.
What course then can be taken?
I have not strength sufficient
So many Loves to banish.

— *Translated by* T. J. ARNOLD.

LOVE STUNG BY A BEE.

Once Eros, mid the roses,
A sleeping bee awakened,
Which on the finger stung him.
His heart was filled with sorrow.

Half-running and half-flying,
He sought his goddess mother,
The beautiful Kythera:
"Alas, O mother," crying,

"Olola, I am dying !
 A little winged serpent,
 A bee, the shepherds name it,
 Has stung me on my finger."

His mother said : " If bee-stings
 Are found to be so painful,
 Thou seest how mortals suffer
 When wounded by thy arrows !"

— *Translated by N. H. D.*

A DREAM.

I DREAMT that I was running
 With wings upon my shoulders ;
 And that Eros, having lead-weights
 On his pretty little ankles,
 Ran after me and caught me.
 What might this dream betoken ?
 As for me, I think that having
 In many loves been tangled,
 And from all escaped in safety,
 By this new one I am fettered.

— *Translated by T. J. ARNOLD.*

CUPID CAUGHT.

As I once in wanton play,
 Binding up a chaplet lay,
 Mid the roses on the ground,
 Cupid fast asleep, I found.
 Straightway, by his wings, well-pleased,
 I the little archer seized,
 Who so oft had vext my soul,
 And within my flowing bowl
 Plunged him deep, then swallowed up,
 Him, and all that filled the cup.

— *Translated by ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

THE ROSE.

IN the garland-bearing Springtime,
Of the rose I sing the praises;
And do thou, my friend, sing with me,
Of the gods it is the incense;
The delight it is of mortals;
The adornment of the Graces
In the Loves' all-flowery season;
And the toy of Afrodita.

And the charm it is of fable,
And the favourite of the Muses.
And 'tis sweet to him who finds it,
Amid the thorny by-ways;
And 't is sweet to him who takes it
In his tender hands to cherish,
And uplifts the flower of Eros.
To the sage too it is welcome,
At all feasts and private tables,
And the festivals of Bacchos.
For without the rose what were there?
Eros is rosy-fingered;
And the nymphs are rosy-armed too;
And the bards say Afrodita
Has a skin of rosy colour.
To the rich man brings it comfort,
To the dead it gives assistance.
And to time it bids defiance;
And the pleasant age of roses
Still retains its youthful odour.
Of its origin now sing we.
What time produced by Pontos
Was the dew-besprent Kythera
From the foam of azure billows;
And the war-exciting Pallas
From his head when Zeus gave birth to,
And startled all Olympos;
With a crop of wondrous roses,
Then the earth spontaneous sprouted.
A many-tinted marvel.

And the host of blest Immortals,
To perfect the rose imbued it
With their nectar, and they bade it
On the thorn-bush grow, the honoured
And immortal plant of Bacchos.

— *Translated by T. J. ARNOLD.*

TO THE SWALLOW.

THOU indeed, little swallow,
A sweet yearly comer,
Art building a hollow
New nest every summer,
And straight dost depart
Where no gazing can follow,
Past Memphis, down Nile!
Ah! but love all the while
Builds his nest in my heart,
Through the cold winter weeks:
And as one love takes flight,
Comes another, O swallow,
In an egg warm and white,
And another is callow.
And the large gaping beaks
Chirp all day and all night:
And the loves who are older
Help the young and the poor loves,
And the young loves grown bolder
Increase by the score loves —
Why, what can be done?
If a noise comes from one
Can I bear all this rout of a hundred
and more loves?

— *Translation of MRS. BROWNING.*

THE SPRING.

SEE the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses ;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease ;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from 's winter home again ;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away ;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen :
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth ;
Now the olive blooms : the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine ;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

— *Translated by* T. STANLEY.

SIMONIDES (II) MELICERTES.

SIMONIDES, called Melicertes because of the honey-sweetness of his song, was born at Iulis in the Island of Keos (Ceos), about the middle of the sixth century B.C. He was educated to the profession of poetry and music. Hipparchos invited him to Athens and treated him with great generosity. After the expulsion of the tyrants he went to Thessaly, where he also found powerful protection. Returning to Athens, he employed his brilliant powers in celebrating the events of the wars with Persia. In 489 B.C. he won the prize for the best elegy for those that fell at Marathon, one of his rivals being Aischylos. In 479 he composed the celebrated epigrams inscribed on the tombs of the heroes of Thermopylae and the encomium on the same Spartans. In 477 he gained a victory with a dithyrambic chorus, that making his fifty-sixth prize. He then went to Syracuse, where he was munificently entertained by Hiero, and there he died in 467, at the age of ninety. The people of Syracuse erected a monument in his memory. He was the most prolific and popular of the Greek lyric poets. He is credited with being the inventor of the art of mnemonics, and he added several letters to the Greek alphabet.

DANAË'S LAMENT.

CLOSED in the fine-wrought chest,
She felt the rising wind the waters move.
Then by new fear possessèd
With action wild
And cheeks bedewèd, she stretcht her arms of love
Toward Perseus: "O my child,
What sorrow wrings my breast! While thou art sunk so
deep
In infancy's calm sleep;
Launcht in this joyless ark,
Bronze-fastened, glimmering dark,

Yet, pillowed on thy tangled hair,
 Thou slumberest, nor dost care
 For billows past thee bounding,
 Nor breezes shrilly sounding.
 Laid in thy mantle red, sweet face, how fair!
 Ah! but if fear
 Had aught of fear for thee,
 Thou even to me
 Wouldst turn thy tender ear.
 But now I bid thee rest, my babe; sleep still!
 Rest, O thou sea! Rest, rest, unbounded ill!
 Zeus, Father, some relief, some change from thee!
 Am I too bold? For his sake, pardon me!"

ON THOSE THAT DIED AT THERMOPYLÆ.

OF those who at Thermopylæ were slain
 Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot!
 Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
 To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.
 Such sepulchre nor drear decay
 Nor all-destroying time shall waste: this right have they!
 Within their grave the home-bred glory
 Of Greece was laid: this witness gives
 Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
 A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

— *Translation of JOHN STERLING.*

ANACREON'S TOMB.

I

ALL-CHEERING vine, with purple clusters crowned,
 Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound
 Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
 Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
 Still may'st thou flourish; that the bard divine,
 Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
 May view, tho sunk amongst the silent dead,

Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;
Whilst on his ashes in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectared juice distils;
Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire,
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

— *Translation of W. SHEPARD.*

DEATH DRAWETH ON APACE.

NAUGHT among mortals can endure forever;
Well spake the Chian bard that men like leaves
Perish and pass away; but few endeavour
To lay to heart the truth their ear receives:
Since each one for himself hath hope that springs
Like nature in the bosom of the strong,
And, while youth blooms with all delightful things,
Deaf hearts dream visions that must fade ere long.
For none believeth in old age or death,
Health on the sick couch turns a careless eye;
Fools, that their heart is hardened, when a breath
Blights all their bloom, and in an hour they die!
But thou remember this, and to life's goal
Draw from the good to satisfy thy soul.

— *Translation of PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.*

BACCHYLIDES.

BACCHYLIDES, nephew and townsman of Simonides, was born at Iulis, in the Island of Keos (Ceos). He was living at the court of Hiero of Syracuse between 478 and 467 B.C., sharing with Simonides and Pindar the favour of that munificent king. He wrote hymns and odes, and was by some considered superior to Pindar. Longinus called him faultless. A recent discovery of a considerable portion of an ode of Bacchylides in Egypt confirms the ancient opinion of his poetical genius.

THE INSPIRATION OF WINE.

THE goblet's sweet compulsion moves
The softened mind to melting loves.
The home of Venus warms the soul,
Mingling in Bacchus' gifted bowl;
And buoyant lifts in lightest air
The soaring thoughts of human care.
Who sips the grape, with single blow
Lays the city's rampire low;
Flusht with the vision of his mind
He acts the monarch o'er mankind.
His brightening roofs now gleam on high,
All burnisht gold and ivory:
Corn-freighted ships from Ægypt's shore
Waft to his feet the golden ore.
Thus, while the frenzying draught he sips,
His heart is bounding to his lips.

— *Translation by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

PEACE.

PEACE upon men abundant showers
Riches of Plenty; honey-breathing flowers
Of song; on sculptured altars rise
The yellow fires of sacrifice

From woolly sheep and oxen's savoury thighs.
 The youths in sports of naked strength rejoice,
 Mingle in social feast and give the flute a voice.

Round the rings of iron mail

Their webs the blackening spiders trail ;

And the red rust with eating canker wears

The two-edged swords and pointed spears.

The hollow brazen tubes no longer fill

The air with clanging echoes shrill :

Nor soul-embalming slumber flies

Despoiled from human eyes :

Slumber, that only can impart

Soft refreshing to the heart.

The streets are burdened with the pleasant noise,

The trampling feet and busy hum

Of those that to the banquet come,

And fervid hymns are sung by troops of blooming boys.

— *Translation by* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THESEUS.

THE XVII POEM.

BLUE shadows wreathed the galley's prow that bore

Twice seven Attic youth, a glorious train

For Theseus, captain of the brunt of war,

Over the Cretan main.

The north wind filled the shining sails above,

Thanks to the bucklered Goddess of the Fight ;

But Minos' heart was sore with pains of Love,

Love brow-bound with delight.

Sweet Eribœa ! he refrained no more

His hands, he touched her cheek of virgin white

" Sons of Pandion, save ! " Her cries implore

The brazen-armoured knight.

Theseus had seen ; beneath his frowning brow

Dark rolls the sudden anger of his eyes ;

Hard in his heart the stab of grief. " How now !

Son of great Zeus," he cries.

"No more thine unpermitted humour's course
Within thyself thou governest aright;
Hold, Prince, I charge thee, thy presuming force!
Not against Fate we fight:

"All that the God's appointment and decree,
All that the scales of Justice shall require,
We will fulfil whene'er the hour may be;
Stay but thy fell desire.

"What though the princess of the lovely name
Bedded to Zeus in Ida gave thee birth,
To be the first of all the world in fame?
Am I as nothing worth?

"— I whom the child of treasured Pittheus bare,
To one whose reign doth all the seas enfold?
Nymphs of the deep with violet-coloured hair
Gave her a veil of gold.

"Therefore, great Captain of the Crosian men,
Forfend the grievous quarrel! Yon dear light
Of day I would not choose to see again,
Should'st thou do rude despite

"To one of these:— Oh, better combat's chance—
A challenge!— God shall judge the issue true!"
So said the valiant master of the lance:
Fear fell on all the crew,

Fear for the overboldness of the man.
Then in his soul the son-in-law of the Sun
Was angry, and he schemed an evil plan
And prayed, "Most Mighty One,

"Hear, Father Zeus! If thou'rt my sire indeed,
Of the white-wristed Tyrian's child true sire,
Give me a visible sign! Send down with speed
The lightning's tress of fire!

"Prince, if Trœzenian Æthra mothered thee,
Got by Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth,
Cast thyself boldly down into the sea,
His home who gave thee birth!

“Fetch me this golden jewel from my hand
Out of the deep! Soon shalt thou be aware
Whether the Lord of Thunder, whose command
Rules all, will hear my prayer.”

Zeus to the high request his eye inclined,
And with peculiar praise to magnify
His son, and give a sign to all mankind,
Did lighten in the sky.

Then at the welcome sign the Warrior-King
Spreading his palms to hallowed heaven wide,
“Theseus, the grace of God is in this thing
Made manifest,” he cried.

But Theseus at the word, no whit unmanned,
Turnèd not back in spirit; on deck he stood
Poised for a leap, and passed within the bland
Sanctuary of the flood.

The son of Zeus was merry in his mind;
The tight ship to the breeze he bade them lay;
Fast flew the keel, the strong North drove behind,
But Fate ruled not that way.

All the Athenians trembled when the first
Knight of their number seaward sprang, the tear
Ran down smooth faces, waiting for the worst
In weary, hopeless fear.

But quick the dolphin-people of the deep
Down to his father’s vasty dwelling steered;
He saw the state the Gods of Ocean keep,
And at the sight he feared.

The daughters of the blessed Nereus there
Beamed from their radiant limbs a fiery blaze,
Ribbons of golden web reeled round their hair,
All dancing in a maze

Of fluent feet for pleasure; and he saw
His father’s wife the Lady Amphitrite,
Eyed like an ox, — a Goddess throned for awe
In chambers of delight.

She flung about him raiment brave,
Over his curls a perfect wreath she laid,
The wedding-gift that cozening Venus gave,
Thick roses in a braid.

The things God wills, the wise man never deems
Beyond belief. Close by the slender stern
The Prince appeared, and O the world of schemes
He slit by that return,

Miraculous from the deep! Bright maids arow
Sang for surprise and joy — upon his limbs
Shone gifts of gods! — Loud sang the Cadalso —
The sea was loud with hymns.

We came from Ceos with a song and dance:
Lord God of Delos be well pleased this day,
Send us the conduct of thy lucky chance
To help us on our way.

— *Translation of* JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE.

PINDAR.

PINDAR, the most celebrated of the Greek lyric poets, was born 522 B.C., either at Thebes or at Kynoskephalai, not far from Thebes. His family belonged to the highest nobility, and was famous for its skill in music. Pindar at an early age received instructions in flute-playing, and as he gave indications of genius in poetry, he was sent to Athens, where he became the pupil of Lasos of Hermione, the founder of Athenian dithyrambic verse. On his return to Thebes he received instruction from Myrtis and Corinna, both of whom were popular in Boeotia. In the Theban poetical contests Corinna defeated him five times in succession. Having embraced the career of a poet, he was employed to compose verses for state occasions all over Greece; he was the poet laureate of King Hiero of Syracuse, Alexander, son of King Amyntas of Macedonia, Theron, Tyrant of Agrigentum, and Arkesalaos, King of Kyrene. In 473 B.C. he went to Syracuse for four years. He was engaged often at high wages to compose triumphal odes for the conquerors in the various national games of Greece. He was everywhere regarded with the greatest veneration. The Delphic oracle commanded that a share of the first fruits should be granted to him, and a throne was placed for him in the temple of Apollo. A statue was erected to him in the circus at Thebes, and his house was spared by the Spartans when they captured the city. Alexander the Great paid it the same respect—a circumstance to which Milton refers in the lines:—

“The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.”

He died in 442 B.C., in his eightieth year. He wrote, besides the triumphal odes, hymns to the gods, pæans, dithyrambs, partheneia, or songs of maidens, dancing songs, drinking songs, dirges, and panegyrics. Of all these there exist many fragments, and four books of the

epinikia or odes on the victors in the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. In these, says Elton, he "appears as a grave, sacerdotal bard, riding indeed in a chariot drawn by four fiery coursers, but riding them abreast, with an easy mastery by a curb of iron."

Horace indeed describes

"Pindar's mighty raging flood
That from some mountain flows,
Rapid and warm and deep and loud,
Whose force no limit knows."

And Cowley pictures him thus:—

"Lo! how the obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upward bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way."

Pindar's felicity of genius is easily seen in his odes, but it is impossible to believe that they represent him at the highest summit of his achievement. His greatest works are lost.

HIERO COMPARED TO THE SUN.

FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE.

WATER the first of elements we hold;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glow with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant gold:
But if, my soul, 't is thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly wove,
The illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing Saturnian Jove.

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
 Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
 Unnumbered flocks, and for his meed
 Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues yield.
 Nor less renowned his hand essays
 To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
 Such as the social feast around
 Full oft our tuneful band inspire —
 But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
 Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
 If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
 If Pherenicus' victory
 Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of song;
 Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
 By Alpheus urged his furious speed,
 And bore the distant prize from all the panting throng.

THE FEAST OF TANTALUS.

LIFE teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's spite,
 O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
 From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
 That more than Nature's self her painted dreams delight.

For Taste, whose softening hand hath power to give
 Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
 And trifles to distinction brings,
 Makes us full oft the enchanting tale receive
 In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
 Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
 The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
 Beseems us then (for less the blame)
 Of those that heed us from the spheres
 Becoming marvels to proclaim.
 Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
 Not as the fablers I relate.
 Thee with the gods thy Sire's Siplyian guest,
 When they in turn beneath his bower
 Purest repast partook, the Power
 That wields the Trident seized, and ravished from the
 feast.

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he drove
 His trembling prize of mortal mould
 In radiant car with steeds of gold
 To the highest mansion of all-honoured Jove;
 With whom the Boy, from wondering Ide
 Rapt long before, like place supplied.
 Her Pelops lost, her banished son
 Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
 No tidings came; the search begun
 In mystery ended in despair.
 Forthwith some envious foe was found
 Whispering the unseemly slander round
 "How all into the bubbling caldron cast
 Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and shred
 In fragments on the table spread,
 While circling gods looked on and shared the abhorred
 repast."

Far be from me and mine the thought profane,
 That in foul feast celestials could delight!
 Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds it bane
 E'en in the wrong it works — if mortal wight
 Heaven e'er hath honoured, 't was this Tantalus;
 But soon from ill-digested greatness sprung
 Presumption and abuse:
 Thence from his towering fortunes flung
 (Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous rock
 High o'er his head hung threatening (angry Jove
 So judged him for his crimes above):
 Where day and night he waits, dreading the expected
 shock.

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load to bear,
 Torment unceasing! Three beside,
 Delinquents there, like pains abide.
 He from the Immortals their ambrosial fare,
 The nectarous flood that crowned their bowl,
 To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
 Food, that, by their celestial grace,
 Eternal youth to him had given.
 Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
 Can 'scape the searching glance of heaven!

THE REALM OF THE DEAD.

SECOND OLYMPIAN ODE.

BEFORE Success the Sorrows fly,
 And Wealth more bright with Virtue joined,
 Brings golden Opportunity,
 The sparkling star, the sun-beam of mankind;

Brings to the rich man's restless heart
 Ambition's splendid cares. No less he knows
 The day fast comes when all men must depart,
 And pay for present pride in future woes.
 The deeds that frantic mortals do
 In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
 All meet their meed; and there's a Judge below
 Whose hateful doom inflicts the inevitable pain.

O'er the Good soft suns the while
 Thro the mild day, the night serene,
 Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
 Tempering all the tranquil scene.
 Theirs is leisure; vex not they
 Stubborn soil or watery way,
 To wring from toil want's worthless bread:
 No ills they know, no tears they shed,
 But with the glorious gods below
 Ages of peace contented share.
 Meanwhile the Bad with bitterest woe
 Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures wear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
 Each side the grave unchanged hath stood
 Still unseduced, unstained with vice,
 They by Jove's mysterious road
 Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
 Happy isle that holds the blest;
 Where sea-born breezes gently blow
 O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
 Which Nature boon from stream or strand
 Or goodly tree profusely pours;
 Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
 And braid their locks with never fading flowers.

Such Rhadamanthus' mandate wise :

He on the judgment-bench, associate meet,
By ancient Saturn sits, prompt to advise,
The spouse of Rhea, whose high throne is set
Above all powers in Earth or Heaven.
Peleus and Cadmus there high honours crown;
The like to great Achilles largely given
With prayers from yielding Jove persuasive Thetis won.

Hector he, the pillar of Troy

By mightiest arm sunmoved, o'erthrew,
And bright Aurora's Æthiop boy :
He the godlike Cynus slew —
On my quivered arm I bear
Many an arrow swift and rare ;
Dealt to the wise delight they bring,
To vulgar ears unmeaning ring.
Genius his stores from nature draws ;
In words not wit the learned shine ;
Clamorous in vain, like croaking daws,
They rail against the bird of Jove divine.

VIRTUE'S LAMP.

FOURTH OLYMPIAN ODE.

'T is Virtue's lamp, whose living rays,
Wide as her rule, forever blaze ;
Lo where it beams in Psaumis' car
That bears the Olympian braid from far,
In haste the blooming glory now
To bind on Camarina's brow.

Heaven speed his future vows, as now my lays
With note sincere his virtues praise.
His boast to rear, to rule the panting steed :
All guests his plenteous banquets feed ;
While with pure heart he wooes the hand
Of genial Peace to bless the land.
Ne'er shall untruth these lips profane ;
Trial's the only test that proves the man.

This from the Lemnian dames' abuse
 Redeemed the son of Clymenius :
 At his gray locks their taunts they played ;
 But when in brazen arms arrayed
 The encumbered race with ease he won,
 And calmly claimed the unquestioned crown,
 To much abashed Hypsipyle, "Even me
 First of the swift, behold," said he,
 "Nor less in strength and prowess : age's snow
 On youth's fair front will sometimes grow ;
 But he, that does the deeds of manhood's prime,
 May without blame look old before his time."

PRAISE TO CORINTH.

THIRTEENTH OLYMPIAN ODE.

WHILE to the House thrice in Olympia crowned,
 The citizen's indulgent friend,
 The stranger's host, my praise I send ;
 Thee, prosperous Corinth, for thy race renowned,
 Portal of Isthmian Neptune, shall my strain
 Forget not. There the Golden Sisters reign
 From Themis sprung, Eunomia pure,
 Safe Justice and congenial Peace,
 Basis of states ; whose counsels sure
 With wealth and wisdom bless the world's increase.

And Insolence the child of bold-tongued Pride
 Far from the social haunt repel.
 Many a fair tale have I to tell,
 Which fearless Truth forbids my song to hide,
 If aught could hide what Nature's grace bestows.
 Sons of the famed Aletes, round your brows
 Oft have the blooming Hours displayed
 At sacred game in Glory's fields
 Triumphant Virtue's noblest braid ;
 Oft to your throbbing hearts by hints revealed
 Discoveries old of Wisdom's ways,
 And works still pregnant with the inventor's praise.
 Whence sprung the Dithyrambic choir ?

The bull by dancing Bacchants led ?
 Who taught to curb the courser's fire ?
 Who on the solemn Temples first outspread
 The Sovereign Eagle's sculptured wings ?
 Yours is the Muse's warbled lay.
 And Mars, to panting youth that brings
 The wreath that crowns the fatal fray.
 Thou, whose wide rule protects the Olympian land,
 Grudge not my song, Paternal Jove,
 Thy boundless favour from above !
 Still o'er this people stretch thy sheltering hand.

APOSTROPHE TO THE GRACES.

FOURTEENTH OLYMPIAN ODE.

O YE, that by Cephisis' waves profuse
 Dwell on the banks with steeds and pastures fair,
 Illustrious queens of proud Orchomenus,
 Listen, ye Graces, to my prayer —
 Ye, whose protecting eyes
 The Minyans' ancient tribes defend ;
 From you life's sweets and purest ecstasies
 On man's delighted race descend.
 Genius, and Beauty, and Immortal Fame,
 Are yours: without the soft majestic Graces
 Not e'en the gods in their celestial places
 Or feast or dance proclaim.
 Raised are their thrones on high
 Beside the Pythian lord of day,
 That bends the golden bow; where they
 All pastimes and solemnities above
 Blissful dispense, and sanctify
 The eternal honours of Olympian Jove.

August Aglaia, blithe Euphrosyne,
 Daughters of Heaven's resistless king,
 And thou that lovest the liquid lay,
 Thalia, hear my call, and see
 The choiring minstrels on their way,
 By favouring fortune wooed,

With festive steps advancing: I to sing
 Asopichus in Lydian mood
 And laboured measures come ;
 For Minya from the Olympian shrine
 Bright victory bears thy gift divine —
 Go now, sweet Echo of my lyre,
 To pale Proserpine's melancholy done
 With thy proud tidings to the Sire;
 Tell Cleodamus that his youthful son
 In Pisa's glorious vale the braid
 From Jove's illustrious games hath won
 And twined the plumes of conquest round his head.

HOW JASON PLOUGHED WITH THE BULLS OF ÆETES.

FOURTH PYTHIAN ODE.

ÆETES ruled the barbarous land.
 Then first the Cyprian queen, whose hand
 Points the resistless arrow, from above
 Her mystic Iynx brought, the maddening Bird of Love,
 Fast in his quadri-radiate circlet bound,
 Charm of mankind: and incantations strange
 Æson's sage son she taught, and spells profound;
 Spells, that Medea's filial faith might change,
 And for fair Greece her feverish heart
 Seduce from that wild beach to part.
 Tought by Persuasion's gentle goad,
 All her sire's arts and toils she showed:
 Soft oils and antidotes she gave
 Her Jason's beauteous form to save;
 Till all prepared to Hymen's sweet control
 Their mutual loves they pledged and mingled soul with
 soul.

But when Æetes full in sight
 His adamantine plough produced,
 His furious bulls, whose nostrils bright
 Flames of consuming fire diffused,
 Battering the ground with brazen tread;
 These single-handed to their yokes he led;

And steadfast drove his furrowed line
 Straight thro the smoking glebe, severing in twain
 An acre's breadth Earth's sturdy spine.
 "Let him that ruled your vessel o'er the main
 Do me this deed," the vaunting chieftain cries,
 "And be the immortal Felt his prize,
 His the rich fleece, that glows with flakes of gold."
 Off, at that challenge roused, his saffron vest
 Flung Jason, and in Love's assurance bold
 Closed on the task : charmed by his bride's behest
 Singed not his frame the raging fire,
 Forward he drags the team and tire ;
 Their necks in close constraint he joins,
 Stirs with sharp goad their struggling loins,
 And with stout arm and manly grace
 Works out with ease the appointed space.
 In speechless pang, yet muttering at the sight,
 Aghast Æetes stood and marvelled at his might.
 Forth to their gallant chief the heroic throng
 Stretcht their glad hands, crowned him with chaplets
 green,

And gratulations poured from every tongue.
 Now to the secret haunt, where hung unseen
 The glittering skin by Phrixus spread,
 Sol's wondrous son the strangers led ;
 Nor weened that mortal enterprise
 Could from that toil triumphant rise.
 Deep in a dark defile it lay :
 A ravening dragon watcht the way,
 In bulk like some huge galley, thick and long,
 With iron compact, and workt by fifty rowmen strong.

— *Translations by ABRAHAM MOORE.*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

O LYRE of gold !
 Which Phœbus and that sister choir,
 With crisped locks of darkest violet hue
 Their seemly heritage forever hold :
 The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime ;
 Spontaneous joys ensue ;

The vocal troop obey thy signal notes;
While sudden from the shrilling wire
To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
In its preluding flight of sound:
And in thy stream of music drowned
The forkèd lightning in Heaven's azure clime
Quenches its ever flowing fire.

The monarch eagle then hangs down
On either side his flagging wing,
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head:
Hovering vapours darkling spread
O'er his archt beak and veil his filmy eye:
Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string;
And, as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,
He feels soft sleep effuse
From every pore its balmy-stealing dew,
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's ecstasy.
Stern Mars hath dropt his sharpt and barbèd spear,
And starts and smiles to hear
Thy warbled chant, while joy flows in upon his mind:
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm
The demons of celestial kind,
By Apollo's music-charm,
And accent of the zoned, full-bosomed maids
That haunt Pieria's shades.

But they, whom Jove abhors, with shuddering ear
The voices of the Muses hear;
Whether they range the earth or tossing sea:
Such is that hundred-headed giant, he
Of blessèd gods an enemy,
Typhon, who lies in chasm of Tartarus drear:
To whom Sicilia's legend-fabled cave
His nourisht being gave:
Now on his shaggy breast
Sicilia's isle and Cuma's sea-girt shore
Are ponderously prest;
And that round pillar of the sky
With congelation hoar,
Ætna, crushes him from high;
While the year rolls slow,
Nurse of keen-encrusted snow.

From forth whose secret caves
Fountains pure of liquid flame
With rush and roaring came;
And rivers rolling steep in fiery waves
In a stream of whitening smoke
On glowing ether broke:
And in the dark and dead of night
With pitchy-gathering cloud and glare of light
The volleying fire was heard to sweep
Masses of shivered rock with crashing sound
Dasht midst the sullen ocean's waters deep.
There that Vulcanian dragon casts
His fiery whirlpool blasts;
Blazing in horrid light
On the sacred ken of mortal sight;
Far-bursting, marvellous to hear,
On the passing traveller's ear.

A miracle of sight and sound
To him, that muses, how fast-bound
That giant wallows on his flinty bed;
Under Ætna's beetling head
With blackening foliage crowned,
And deep beneath the mountain's roots profound;
While as his limbs at their huge length are spread
His back is scarred with many a rocky wound.

Oh, grant me, Jove! with strains like these
Thy gracious ear to please;
This forehead of green earth, this mount in air
Swelling, sublime, thine eye o'ersees;
The founder of illustrious fame
Bade the neighbouring city bear
The mountain's kindred name;
Its honours to the gazing crowd
Did the herald's voice proclaim
In him who, graced with conquest proud,
In chariots winning fresh renown
Wears now the Pythian crown.

The ocean-faring men,
When first they spread the sail,
Hope the favouring wind may blow;
Conceiving auspice then

That the same happy gale
Shall speed their voyage back athwart the main,
Safe-passing to and fro:
So my prophetic strain
From these auspicious deeds,
Augurs *Ætna's* future fame
In crowds and conquering steeds,
And harpt in banquets a melodious name,
Delian and Pataræan king!
Phœbus! that lovest *Castalia's* fount,
Flowing round *Parnassus* mount,
Hear what now I sing:
Lay it within thy soul to distant time;
And let *Sicilia's* clime,
As now, with men heroic spring.

For from the gods descend
All high designs that here on earth
Point the virtues to their end:
The wise of thought, the strong of hand,
The eloquent of tongue,
Not from ourselves are sprung,
But from a secret and divine command
Are ushered into birth.
Now while the hope within me stirs, to praise
That man of victory,
While in my poising grasp I raise
The brass-tipt javelin high:
Let it not wide-starting stray;
But speeding on its way
Far overleap each rival's cast:
Time! let the future as the past,
Felicity bestow,
And bid the source of bounty flow
And sickness in oblivion lay.

Jove! grant that such renown
Be theirs, the people and the kings,
Dwelling by clear *Amena's* springs:
The laws and liberties, whose fame has hung
On every human tongue,
These let them judge themselves and know them for their
own.

Guide to virtue ! trained by thee
Let this thy son his people turn again
To concord's peaceful ways ;
Bound, till his silver-haired decline of days
In mutual order's chain :
Father ! I pray thee give the nod of Fate ;
Let the Phœnician rest at peace
Within his turret ; let the Tuscan shout
Of yelling battle cease ;
Who saw at Cuma late
Their navy's wreck and rout.

That leader of the Syracusan host
With galleys swiftly rushing them pursued ;
And they his onset rued :
When on the Cuman coast
He dasht their youth in gulfy waves below,
And rescued Greece from heavy servitude.
My strain might grasp the Salaminian day
When Athens frayed the Persian foe ;
And glory should her act repay :
Let Sparta tell
How at Cithæron's foot the Medians fell,
And cast their crooked bows away ;
But first my harp should sound the lay
On the banks of Himera's stream,
Whose waters limpid flow ;
Dinomenes' brave sons absorb my theme,
Whose valour quelled the Punic foe.

The seasonable speech
Grasping in narrow space the sum of things,
Draws less the biting obloquy
Of man's invidious tongue ;
But swoln satiety
Fastidious loathing brings
The hearer's thoughts quick soar beyond its reach ;
And fame sheds secret gall
In citizens with envy stung
At envy's noble deeds ;
Yet better envy, than the tear let fall
By pity, o'er the ill corruption breeds ;
Then pass not virtue by !

In steady justice bold
The nation's rudder hold;
Governed and guided still!
And shape thy tongue and will
On the forge of verity.

The lightest word that falls from thee, O King!
Becomes a mighty and momentous thing;
O'er many placed as arbiter on high,
Many thy goings watchful see;
Thy ways on every side
A host of witnesses descry.
Then let thy liberal temper be thy guide;
If ever to thine ear
Fame's softest whisper yet was dear,
Stint not thy bounty's flowing tide;
Stand at the helm of state; full to the gale
Spread thy wind-gathering sail.
Friend! let not plausible avarice spread
Its lures, to tempt thee from the path of fame:
For know the glory of a name
Follows the mighty dead.

Praise lights the beaten road
Which the departed trod,
And gilds the speaker's tongue, the poet's lays;
Not Cræsus' virtue mild decays;
But hateful fame shall ever cling
To Phaleris, him merciless of mind,
Who in the brazen bull's rebellowing void
Burned with the flame his kind;
Never for him the social roof shall ring
With sound of harps in descant sweet;
Ne'er has his name employed
The tongue of boys, that prattling tales repeat;
The virtuous deed
Is honour's highest meed;
That deed's recorded fame
Next touches with delight the human ear;
The man that thus shall act and hear
May the crown of glory claim.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

AISCHYLOS.

AISCHYLOS (*Æschylus*), the first and by many considered the greatest of the Greek dramatists, was born at Eleusis, a hamlet of Attica, in 525 B.C. His father, Euphorion, was employed in the Eleusinian worship, and the young poet, who believed that the god Dionysos in a dream urged him to write tragedies, was properly initiated into the solemn mysteries of Demeter. At the age of twenty-five he first competed for the prize of tragedy, but unsuccessfully. Nine years later (490) he fought so bravely at Marathon that he was given a reward, and a painting commemorating his deeds was hung up in the theatre in Athens. In 484 he gained the prize of tragedy, a success which he repeated a dozen times. In 468 he was defeated by Sophocles, after which he went to Syracuse, where he found in the court of Hiero a circle of congenial friends. His exile may have been caused by a charge of impiety in disclosing certain religious mysteries in one of his plays. In 458 his trilogy of the *Oresteia*, which is extant, was represented in Athens, and two years later he died at Gela in Sicily; according to the legend, from the fatal mistake of an eagle which took his bald head for a cobblestone and dropped a tortoise on it, thus fulfilling the prophecy of an oracle which predicted that he would receive his death-stroke from Heaven. On his monument was placed an epitaph which he himself composed:—

“ This tomb the tomb of Aischylos doth hide,
Euphorion’s son and fruitful Gela’s pride ;
How tried his valour Marathon may tell,
And long-haired Medes who knew it all too well.”

He wrote three score and ten tragedies, but of these only seven still remain. He was the first to introduce a second actor, thus introducing a real dialogue. He employed scene-painting to give realism to his plays. He had his actors magnificently and appropriately dressed, and he himself drilled the chorus in the dances which made such an important figure on the Athenian stage. He was

regarded as the Father of Tragedy. His principal characteristic is grandeur. In the words of Sir Walter Scott: —

“At his summons, the mysterious and tremendous volume of destiny, in which are inscribed the dooms of gods and men, seemed to display its leaves of iron before the appalled spectators; the more than human voices of deities, Titans, and departed heroes were heard in awful conference; Olympus bowed, and its divinities descended; earth yawned and gave up the pale spectres of the dead; and the yet more undefined and grisly forms of those infernal deities who struck horror into the gods themselves. All this could only be dared and done by a poet of the highest order.”

THE VISION OF QUEEN ATOSSA.

“THE PERSIANS.”

EVER with many visions of the night
 Am I encompast, since my son¹ went forth,
 Leading a mighty host, with aim to sack
 The land of the Ionians. But ne’er yet
 Have I beheld a dream so manifest
 As in the night just past. And this I’ll tell thee:
 There stood by me two women in fair robes;
 And one in Persian garments was arrayed,
 The other in Dorian came before mine eyes;
 In stature both of tallest, comeliest size,
 And both of faultless beauty, sisters twain,
 Of the same stock. And they twain had their homes,
 One in the Hellenic, one in alien land.
 And these, as I dreamt I saw, were set
 At variance with each other. And my son
 Learnt it and checkt and mollified their wrath,
 And yoked them to his chariot, and his collar
 He placed upon their necks. And one was proud
 Of that equipment and in harness gave
 Her mouth obedient; but the other kickt
 And tore the chariot’s trappings with her hands,
 And rusht away uncurbed and broke its yoke
 Asunder. And my son fell low and then
 His father came, Dareios, pitying him,

¹ Xerxes.

And lo! when Xerxes saw him, he his clothes
 Rent round his limbs. These things I say I saw
 In visions of the night; and when I rose
 And dipt my hands in fountain flowing clear,
 I at the altar stood with hand that bore
 Sweet incense, wishing holy chrism to pour
 To the averting gods whom thus men worship.
 And I beheld an eagle in full flight
 To Phoibos' altar-hearth; and then, my friends,
 I stood, struck dumb with fear; and next I saw
 A kite pursuing in her winged course
 And with his claws tearing the eagle's head
 Which did not else but crouch and yield itself.
 Such terrors it has been my lot to see
 And yours to hear: for be ye sure, my son,
 If he succeed, will wonder-worthy prove;
 But if he fall, still irresponsible
 He to the people, and in either case,
 He, should he but return, is sovereign still.

— *Version of E. H. PLUMPTRE (slightly modified).*

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

"THE PERSIANS."

THE author of the mischief, O my mistress,
 Was some foul fiend or Power on evil bent;
 For lo! a Hellene from the Athenian host
 Came to thy son, to Xerxes and spake thus:
 "That should the shadow of the dark night come,
 The Hellenes would not wait him, but would lean
 Into their rowers' benches, here and there,
 And save their lives in secret, hasty flight.
 And he forthwith this hearing, knowing not
 The Hellene's guile, nor yet the gods' great wrath,
 Gave this command to all his admirals,
 Soon as the sun should cease to burn the earth
 With his bright rays and darkness thick invade
 The firmament of Heaven, to set their ships
 In threefold lines, to hinder all escape,
 And guard the billowy straits and others place
 In circuit round about the isle of Aias:

For if the Hellenes 'scaped an evil doom
And found a way of secret, hasty flight,
It was ordained that all should lose their heads.
Such things he spoke from soul o'erwrought with pride,
For he knew not what fate the Gods' would send ;
And they, not mutinous, but prompt to serve,
Then made their supper ready, and each sailor
Fastened his oar around true-fitting thole,
And when the sunlight vanisht, and the night
Had come, then each man, master of an oar,
Went to his ship, and all men bearing arms,
And thro the long ships rank cheered loud to rank ;
And so they sailed, as 't was appointed each,
And all night long the captains of the fleet
Kept their men working, rowing to and fro ;
So night wore on and the Hellenic host
In no wise sought to take to secret flight.
And when day, bright to look on with white steeds,
O'erspread the earth, then rose from the Hellenes
Loud chant of cry of battle, and forthwith
Echo gave answer from each island rock ;
And terror then on all the Persians fell,
Of fond hopes disappointed. Not in flight
The Hellenes then their solemn pæans sang ;
But with brave spirit hasting on to battle.
With martial sound the trumpet fired those ranks ;
And straight with sweep of oars that flew thro foam,
They smote the loud waves at the boatswain's call ;
And swiftly all were manifest to sight.
Then first their right wing moved in order meet ;
Next the whole line its forward course began,
And all at once we heard a mighty shout, —
"O sons of Hellenes, forward free your country ;
Free, too, your wives, your children, and the shrines
Built to your fathers' gods and holy tombs
Your ancestors now rest in. Now the fight
Is for our all." And on our side indeed
Arose in answer din of Persian speech,
And time to wait was over ; ship on ship
Dasht its bronze-pointed beak, and first a barque
Of Hellas did the encounter fierce begin,
And from Phoinikian vessel crashes off
Her carved prow. And each against his neighbour

Steered his own ship ; and first the mighty flood
 Of Persian host held out. But when the ships
 Were crowded in the straits, nor could they give
 Help to each other, they with mutual shocks,
 With beaks of bronze went crushing each the other,
 Shivering their rowers' benches. And the ships
 Of Hellas, with manœuvring not unskilful,
 Charged circling round them. And the hulls of ships
 Floated capsized, nor could the sea be seen,
 Strown as it was with wrecks and carcasses ;
 And all the shores and rocks were full of corpses,
 And every ship was wildly rowed in flight,
 All that composed the Persian armament.
 And they, as men spear tunnies, or a haul
 Of other fishes, with the shafts of oars,
 Or spars of wrecks went smiting, cleaving down ;
 And bitter groans and wailings overspread
 The wide sea-waves, till eye of swarthy Night
 Bade it all cease : and for the mass of ills,
 Not tho my tale should run for ten full days,
 Could I in full recount them. Be assured
 That never yet so great a multitude
 Died in a single day as died in this.

Atossa. Ah me ! Great then the sea of ills that breaks
 On Persia and the whole barbaric host.

Messenger. Be sure our evil fate is but half o'er ;
 On this has supervened such bulk of woe,
 As more than twice to outweigh what I 've told.

Atossa. And yet what fortune could be worse than
 this ?

Say, what is this disaster which thou tell'st,
 That turns the scale to greater evils still ?

Messenger. Those Persians that were in the bloom of
 life,

Bravest in heart and noblest in their blood,
 And by the King deemed worthiest trust,
 Basely and by most shameful death have died.

Atossa. Ah ! woe is me, my friends, for our ill fate !
 What was the death by which thou say'st they perisht ?

Messenger. There is an isle that lies off Salamis,
 Small, with bad anchorage for ships, where Pan,
 Pan, the dance-loving, haunts the sea-washt coast.
 There Xerxes sent these men, that when their foes,

Being wreckt, should to the islands safely swim,
They might with ease destroy the Hellenic host,
And save their friends from out the deep sea's paths;
But ill the future guessing: for when God
Gave the Hellenes the glory of the battle,
In that same hour, with arms well wrought in bronze
Shielding their bodies, from their ships they leapt,
And the whole isle encircled, so that we
Were sore-distrest and knew not where to turn;
For here men's hands hurled many a stone at them;
And there the arrows from the archers' bows
Smote and destroyed them; and with one great rush
At last advancing, they upon them dasht
And smote and hewed the limbs of those poor wretches
Till they each foe had utterly destroyed. . . .

The captains of the vessels that were left
With a fair wind, but not in meet array
Took flight: and all the remnant of the army
Fell in Boiotia — some for stress of thirst
About the fountain clear, and some of us,
Panting for breath, crost to the Phokians' land,
The soil of Doris and the Melian gulf,
Where fair Spercheios waters all the plains
With kindly flood, and then the Achaian fields
And city of the Thessaloi received us
Famisht for lack of food; and many died
Of thirst and hunger, for both ills we bore;
And then to the Magnetian land we came,
And that of Macedonians, to the stream
Of Axios, and Bolbe's reed-grown marsh,
And Mount Pangaïos and the Edonian land.
And on that night God sent a mighty frost,
Unwonted at that season, sealing up
The whole course of the Strymon's pure, clear flood;
And they who erst had deemed the gods as naught,
Then prayed with hot entreaties, worshipping
Both Earth and Heaven. And after that the host
Ceast from its instant calling on the gods,
It crost upon the glassy frozen stream;
And whosoe'er set forth before the rays
Of the bright God were shed abroad, was saved;
For soon the glorious sun with burning blaze

Reacht the mid-stream and warmed it with his flame
 And they confused, each on the other fell.
 Blest then was he whose soul most speedily
 Breathed out its life. And those who yet survived
 And gained deliverance, crossing with great toil
 And many a pang thro Thrake, now are come,
 Escaped from perils, no great numbers they,
 To this our sacred land, and so it groans,
 This city of the Persians missing much
 Our country, dear-loved youth. Too true my tale,
 And many things I from speech omit,
 Ills which the Persians suffer at God's hand.

— *Translation of E. H. PLUMPTRE.*

PROMETHEUS' CALL TO NATURE.

“PROMETHEUS BOUND.”

Prometheus [alone on the crag]. O holy Æther, and
 swift-wingèd Winds,
 And River-wells, and Laughter innumerable
 Of yon sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
 And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you, —
 Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
 Behold, with throe on throe,
 How, wasted by this woe,
 I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
 Behold how, fast around me,
 The new King of the happy ones sublime
 Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound
 me!
 Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
 I cover with one groan. And where is found me
 A limit to these sorrows?
 And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
 Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
 Comes sudden to my soul; and I must bear
 What is ordained with patience, being aware
 Necessity doth front the universe
 With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
 Which strikes me now I find it hard to brave
 In silence or in speech. Because I gave

Honour to mortals, I have yoked my soul
 To this compelling fate. Because I stole
 The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
 Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
 Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
 That sin I expiate in this agony,
 Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.

Ah, ah me! what a sound!

What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
 Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
 Sweeping up to this rock where the Earth has her
 bound,

To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain.
 Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god Zeus hateth sore,

And his gods hate again,

As many as tread on his glorified floor,
 Because I loved mortals too much evermore.

Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,

As of birds flying near!

And the air undersings

The light stroke of their wings,

And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

Chorus of Sea-nymphs, 1st strophe.

Fear nothing! our troop

Floats lovingly up

With a quick-oaring stroke

Of wings steered to the rock,

Having softened the soul of our father below.

For the gales of swift-bearing have sent me a sound,

And the clank of the iron, the malleted blow,

Smote down the profound

Of my caverns of old,

And struck the red light in a blush from my brow,

Till I sprang up unsandalled, in haste to behold,

And rushed forth on my chariot of wings manifold.

Prometheus. Alas me! alas me!

Ye offspring of Tethys, who bore at her breast

Many children, and eke of Oceanus, he,

Coiling still around earth with perpetual unrest!

Behold me and see
 How transfixed with the fang
 Of a fetterhang
 On the high-jutting rocks of this fissure, and keep
 An uncoveted watch o'er the world and the deep.

Chorus.

I behold thee, Prometheus; yet now, yet now,
 A terrible cloud whose rain is tears
 Sweeps over mine eyes that witness how
 Thy body appears
 Hung awaste on the rocks by infrangible chains;
 For new is the hand, new the rudder, that steers
 The ship of Olympus through surge and wind,
 And of old things past, no track is behind.

Prometheus. Under earth, under Hades,
 Where the home of the shade is,
 All into the deep, deep Tartarus,
 I would he had hurled me adown.
 I would he had plunged me, fastened thus
 In the knotted chain, with the savage clang,
 All into the dark, where there should be none,
 Neither god nor another, to laugh and see.
 But now the winds sing through and shake
 The hurtling chains wherein I hang,
 And I in my naked sorrows make
 Much mirth for my enemy.

Chorus.

Nay! who of the gods hath a heart so stern
 As to use thy woe for a mock and mirth?
 Who would not turn more mild to learn
 Thy sorrows? who of the heaven and earth
 Save Zeus? But he
 Right wrathfully
 Bears on his sceptral soul unbent,
 And rules thereby the heavenly seed,
 Nor will he pause till he content
 His thirsty heart in a finished deed,
 Or till Another shall appear,
 To win by fraud, to seize by fear,
 The hard-to-be-captured government.

Prometheus. Yet even of *me* he shall have need,
That monarch of the blessed seed, —
Of me, of me who now am curst

By his fetters dire, —
To wring my secret out withal,
And learn by whom his sceptre shall
Be filched from him, as was at first
His heavenly fire.

But he never shall enchant me
With his honey-lipt persuasion;
Never, never, shall he daunt me,
With the oath and threat of passion,
Into speaking as they want me,
Till he loose this savage chain,
And accept the expiation
Of my sorrow in his pain.

Chorus.

Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
And, for all thou hast borne
From the stroke of the rod,
Naught relaxest from scorn.
But thou speakest unto me
Too free and unworn;
And a terror strikes though me
And festers my soul,
And I fear, in the roll
Of the storm, for thy fate
In the ship far from shore;
Since the son of Saturnus is hard in his hate,
And unmoved in his heart evermore.

Prometheus. I know that Zeus is stern;
I know he metes his justice by his will;
And yet his soul shall learn
More softness when once broken by this ill;
And, curbing his unconquerable vaunt,
He shall rush on in fear to meet with me
Who rush to meet with him in agony,
To issues of harmonious covenant.

Chorus. Remove the veil from all things, and relate
The story to us, — of what crime accused,

Zeus smites thee with dishonourable pangs.
 Speak, if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

Prometheus. The utterance of these things is torture
 to me,
 But so, too, is their silence: each way lies
 Woe strong as fate.

When gods began with wrath,
 And war rose up between their starry brows,
 Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
 That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
 With opposite oaths, that they would have no Zeus
 To rule the gods forever, — I, who brought
 The counsel I thought meetest, could not move
 The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
 What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
 My subtle machinations, they assumed
 It was an easy thing for force to take
 The mastery of fate. My mother, then,
 Who is called not only Themis, but Earth too
 (Her single beauty joys in many names),
 Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
 What future should be, and how conquering gods
 Should not prevail by strength and violence,
 But by guile only. When I told them so,
 They would not deign to contemplate the truth
 On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
 To lead my willing mother upwardly,
 And set my Themis face to face with Zeus
 As willing to receive her. Tartarus,
 With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
 Because I gave that counsel, covers up
 The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,
 And, by that counsel helpt, the king of gods
 Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs;
 For kingship wears a cancer at the heart, —
 Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask
 What crime it is for which he tortures me?
 That shall be clear before you. When at first
 He filled his father's throne, he instantly
 Made various gifts of glory to the gods,
 And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
 Of miserable men, he took no count,
 But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,

And plant a newer race there. Not a god
 Resisted such desire, except myself.
I dared it! *I* drew mortals back to light,
 From meditated ruin deep as hell!
 From which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
 Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold,
 And I who pitied man am thought myself
 Unworthy of pity; while I render out
 Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
 That strikes me thus, — a sight to shame your Zeus!
Chorus. Hard as thy chains, and cold as all these rocks,
 Is he, Prometheus, who withholds his heart
 From joining in thy woe. I yearned before
 To fly this sight; and, now I gaze on it,
 I sicken inwards.

Prometheus. To my friends, indeed,
 I must be a sad sight.

Chorus. And didst thou sin
 No more than so?

Prometheus. I did restrain besides
 My mortals from premeditating death.

Chorus. How didst thou medicine the plague-fear of
 death?

Prometheus. I set blind Hopes to inhabit in their house.

Chorus. By that gift thou didst help thy mortals well.

Prometheus. I gave them also fire.

Chorus. And have they now,
 Those creatures of a day, the red-eyed fire?

Prometheus. They have, and shall learn by it many arts.

Chorus. And truly for such sins Zeus tortures thee,
 And will remit no anguish? Is there set
 No limit before thee to thine agony?

Prometheus. No other — only what seems good to HIM.

Chorus. And how will it seem good? what hope
 remains?

Seest thou not that thou hast sinned? But that thou hast
 sinned

It glads me not to speak of, and grieves thee;
 Then let it pass from both, and seek thyself
 Some outlet from distress.

Prometheus. It is in truth
 An easy thing to stand aloof from pain,
 And lavish exhortation and advice

On one vexed sorely by it. I have known
 All in prevision. By my choice, my choice,
 I freely sinned, — I will confess my sin, —
 And, helping mortals, found mine own despair.
 I did not think indeed that I should pine
 Beneath such pangs against such skyey rocks,
 Doomed to this drear hill, and no neighbouring
 Of any life. But mourn not ye for griefs
 I bear to-day : hear rather, dropping down
 To the plain, how other woes creep on to me,
 And learn the consummation of my doom.
 Beseech you, nymphs, beseech you, grieve for me
 Who now am grieving ; for Grief walks the earth,
 And sits down at the foot of each by turns.

Chorus. We hear the deep clash of thy words,
 Prometheus, and obey.

And I spring with a rapid foot away
 From the rushing ear and the holy air,

The track of birds ;

And I drop to the rugged ground, and there
 Await the tale of thy despair.

— *Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

THE GIFT OF PROMETHEUS TO MAN.

“PROMETHEUS BOUND.”

Prometheus. Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
 Thro pride or scorn. I only gnaw my heart
 With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
 For see — their honours to these new-made gods,
 What other gave but I, and dealt them out
 With distribution ? Ay ! but here I am dumb ;
 For here I should repeat your knowledge to you,
 If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
 I did for mortals ; how, being fools before,
 I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
 And let me tell you, — not as taunting men,
 But teaching you the intention of my gifts, —
 How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
 And, hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
 Mixt all things wildly down the tedious time,

Nor knew to build a house against the sun
 With wicketed sides, nor any woodcraft knew,
 But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
 In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
 No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
 Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
 But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
 Until I taught them how the stars do rise
 And set in mystery, and devised for them
 Number, the inducer of philosophies,
 The synthesis of letters, and, beside,
 The artificer of all things, memory,
 That sweet muse-mother. I was first to yoke
 The servile beasts in couples, carrying
 An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs.
 I joined to chariots, steeds, that love the bit
 They champ at, — the chief pomp of golden ease.
 And none but I originated ships,
 The seaman's chariots, wandering on the brine
 With linen wings. And I — oh, miserable! —
 Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
 Have no device left now to save myself
 From the woe I suffer.

Chorus.

Most unseemly woe
 Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
 Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick,
 Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
 Required to save thyself.

Prometheus.

Harken the rest,
 And marvel further, what more arts and means
 I did invent, — this, greatest: if a man
 Fell sick, there was no cure, nor esculent
 Nor chrism nor liquid, but for lack of drugs
 Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all
 Those mixtures of emollient remedies
 Whereby they might be rescued from disease.
 I fixed the various rules of mantic art,
 Discerned the vision from the common dream,
 Instructed them in vocal auguries
 Hard to interpret, and defined as plain
 The wayside omens, — flights of crook-clawed birds, —
 Showed which are by their nature fortunate,
 And which not so, and what the food of each,

And what the hates, affections, social needs
 Of all to one another, taught what sign
 Of visceral lightness, coloured to a shade,
 May charm the genial gods, and what fair spots
 Commend the lung and liver. Burning so
 The limbs incased in fat, and the long chine,
 I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,
 And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,
 Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.
 For the other helps of man hid underground,
 The iron and the brass, silver and gold,
 Can any dare affirm he found them out
 Before me? None, I know! unless he choose
 To lie in his vaunt. In one word learn the whole, —
 That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

— *Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENEIA.

“AGAMEMNON.”

NAUGHT did any warlike elder
 Of the maiden's pleading reck:
 Like a kid the henchmen held her
 High uplifted at his beck.

Then they prayed, and on the altar,
 Closely swathed, his victim hung,
 And her voice no more might falter:
 “Spare me, father, I am young.”

But the saffron livery fluttered
 Downward from her drooping head,
 And her wistful visage uttered
 Like a picture, words unsaid.

For those piteous eyes complaining
 Smote her butchers, each in turn,
 Tho her lips in vain were straining
 Their relentless gags to spurn;

Lovely lips and pure — that vestal
Voice, amid the homely choir,
Oft had sung, to swell the festal
Chant of blessing for her sire.

Ah! his cruel heart misgave him,
And he feared her dying breath,
Lest the voice that prayed to save him
Change and curse him unto death!

— *Translation of* GEORGE C. W. WARR.

THE RETURN OF AGAMEMNON.

Clytemnestra. Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crowned with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
Stored these ten years; and to what purpose stored,
Unless to strew the footsteps of their Lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!

Agamemnon. Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving Welcome of your Lord,
Measuring itself by its protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not, address me not, I say,
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heaven to earth. Let whoso will
Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honour me no more
Than as the man I am; if honour-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than Self-sobriety

The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which, after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

Clytemnestra. Why, how think you old Priam would
have walkt

Had he returned to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?

Agamemnon. What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary, Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.

Clytemnestra. Well and grudging this,
When all that out before your footsteps flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turned,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back!

Agamemnon. Enough! enough!
I know my reason.

Clytemnestra. What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious man?

Agamemnon. And that of no small moment.

Clytemnestra. No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.

Agamemnon. No matter—Strife but ill becomes a
woman.

Clytemnestra. And frank submission to her simple
wish

How well becomes the Soldier in his strength!

Agamemnon. And I must then submit?

Clytemnestra. Ay, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first Desire on this
First Morning of your long-desired Return.

Agamemnon. But not till I have put these sandals off
That, slavelike, too officiously would pander
Between the Purple and my dainty feet.
For fear, for fear indeed, some jealous Eye
From Heaven above, or earth below, should strike
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like,
So much for that! For this same royal maid,
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamos,
Whom, as the flower of all the spoil of Troy,
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;

Entreat her gently; knowing well that none
 But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;
 And those of Royal blood most hardly brook.
 That if I sin thus trampling underfoot
 A woof in which the Heavens themselves are dyed,
 The jealous God may less resent his crime,
 Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

Clytemnestra. The Sea there is, and shall the Sea be
 dried?

Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain
 Than all the wardrobes of the world could drain;
 And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide
 The precious metal wherewith not in vain
 The Gods themselves this royal house provide;
 For what occasion worthier or more meet
 Than now to carpet the victorious feet
 Of Him who, thus far having done their will
 Shall now their last About-to-be fulfil?

Chorus. About the nations runs a saw
 That Over-good ill fortune breeds;
 And true that, by the mortal law,
 Fortune her spoilt children feeds
 To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
 Of Insolence that, as it grows,
 The flower of Self-repentance blows.
 And true that Virtue often leaves
 The marble walls and roofs of Kings,
 And underneath the poor man's eaves
 On smoky rafter folds her wings.

Thus the famous city, flown
 With insolence, and overgrown,
 Is humbled: all her splendour blown
 To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
 Who shall say by doom unjust?
 But should He to whom the wrong
 Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
 To do the vengeance He decreed —
 At last returning with the meed
 He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
 That blights full-blown prosperity
 Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
 Man should hoot and scare aloof

Good fortune lighting on the roof;
 Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
 If Glory followed in the wake;
 Seeing bravest, best and wisest
 But the plaything of a day,
 Which a shadow can trip over
 And a breath can puff away!

— Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

CASSANDRA PROPHESES THE MURDER OF AGAMEMNON.

Cassandra. And look! in the chamber below
 The Terrible Woman, listening, watching,
 Under a mask — preparing the blow
 In the fold of her robe —

Chorus. Nay, but again at fault:
 For in the tragic story of this House —
 Unless indeed the fatal Helen —
 No woman —

Cassandra. No woman — Tesiphone! Daughter
 Of Tartarus — love-grinning woman above,
 Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, Harpy-clawed,
 Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
 She wheedles, entices him into the poisonous
 Fold of the serpent —

Chorus. Peace, mad woman, peace!
 Whose stony lips once open vomit out
 Such uncouth horrors.

Cassandra. I tell you the lioness
 Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
 Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
 Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
 Bounds hither — Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
 Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
 Thro the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
 From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted
 shrine,

Slavelike to be butchered, the daughter of a Royal line? —

Chorus. Spite of Reason, spite of Will,
 What unwelcome, what unholy,

Vapour of Foreboding, slowly
 Rising from the central soul's
 Recesses, all in darkness rolls ?
 What ! shall Age's torpid ashes
 Kindle at the random spark
 Of a raving maiden ? — Hark !
 What was that behind the wall ?
 A heavy blow — a groan — a fall —
 Some one crying — listen further —
 Hark again then, crying " Murther ! "
 Some one — who then ? Agamemnon ?
 Agamemnon ? — Hark again !
 Murther ! murther ! murther ! murther !
 Help within there ! Help without there !
 Break the doors in ! —

Clytemnestra.

Spare your pains !

Look ! I who but just now before you all
 Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
 Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
 Why, how else should one compass the defeat
 Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
 Unless by such a snare of circumstance
 As, once enmesht, he never should break through ?
 The blow now struck was not the random blow
 Of sudden passion, but with slow device
 Prepared and levelled with the hand of time.
 I say it who devised it ; I who did ;
 And now stand here to face the consequence.
 Ay, in a deadlier web than of that loom
 In whose blood-purple he divined a doom,
 And feared to walk upon, but walkt at last,
 Entangling him inextricably fast,
 I smote him, and he bellowed ; and again
 I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way ;
 And as he fell before me, with a third
 And last libation from the deadly mace
 I pledged the crowning draught to Hades due,
 The subterranean Saviour — of the Dead !
 At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
 A burst of purple as, bespattered with,
 No less did I rejoice than the green ear
 Rejoices in the largess of the skies
 That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

Chorus. Oh, woman, woman, woman !
By what accursèd root or weed
Of Earth or Sea or Hell inflamed
Darest stand before us unashamed
And daring do, dare glory in the deed !

Clytemnestra. Oh, that I dreamed the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King — my Husband — Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you or like it not, alike to me,
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great sacrifice — if ever due, from him
Who, having charged so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.

Chorus. Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoomed for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledged ? And now,
Over his murdered body, Thou
Talk of libation ! — Thou ! Thou ! Thou !
But mark ! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse and groan and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate —

Clytemnestra. Ay, ay, to me how lightly you adjudge
Exile or death, and never had a word
Of counter condemnation for Him there ;
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,
And with his own hand his own innocent
Blood and the darling passion of my womb —
Her slew — to lull a peevish wind of Thrace.
And him who curst the city with that crime
You hail with acclamation ; but on me,
Who only do the work you should have done,
You turn the axe of condemnation. Well ;
Threaten you me, I take the challenge up ;
Here stand we face to face ; win Thou the game,
And take the stake you aim at ; but if I —
Then by the Godhead that for me decides,
Another lesson you shall learn, tho late.

Chorus. Man-mettled evermore, and now
 Man-slaughter-maddened! Shameless brow!
 But do you think us deaf and blind
 Not to know, and long ago,
 What Passion under all the prate
 Of holy justice made thee hate
 Where Love was due, and love where —

Clytemnestra. Nay, then, hear!
 By this dead Husband, and the reconciled
 Avenging Fury of my slaughtered child,
 I swear I will not reign the slave of fear
 While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,
 Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast
 Shield for the time to come, as of the past.
 Yonder lies he that in the honeyed arms
 Of his Chryseides under Troy walls
 Dishonoured mine: and this last laurelled wench,
 Prophetic messmate of his rowers' bench,
 Thus far in triumph his, with him along
 Shall go, together chanting one death song
 To Hades — fitting garnish for the feast
 Which Fate's avenging hand thro mine hath drest.

— Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

HOW THE NEWS OF TROY'S CAPTURE CAME TO CLYTEMNESTRA.

“AGAMEMNON.”

Clytemnestra. Our Argive host hath taken Priam's
 city.

Chorus. How say'st? My doubting ears scarce caught
 thy speech.

Clytemnestra. Troy is our own! Now speak I plain
 enough?

Chorus. Yea, joy's surprise hath tempted forth my
 tears.

Clytemnestra. 'T is well thine eyes confess thy loyalty.

Chorus. But hast thou worthy proof to warrant it?

Clytemnestra. Oh, doubt it not, or deem it Heaven's
 deceit.

Chorus. Art thou entrapt then by some glozing dream?

Clytemnestra. Ye shall not tax my wit with slumbering!

Chorus. Or hath some wingless rumour tickled thee?

Clytemnestra. Ye twit me as I were a thoughtless girl.

Chorus. And what strange hour hath seen the city's fall?

Clytemnestra. The selfsame night whereof yon day is born.

Chorus. Prithee, what messenger could post so fast?

Clytemnestra. Hephaistos launcht a radiant signal forth,

Which ran in swift relays of courier flame.

Ida despatcht it first to Hermes' bluff

O'er Lemnos' waters; thence huge Athos, mount

Of Zeus, received the giant torch ablaze

Coursing in strength — so high the rosined pile

Surmounted yon wide sea — that swiftfoot light

Swept gayly brushing o'er the level brine,

And to Makistos' summit, like a sun,

Announced its golden splendour. He nor dozed

Nor dallied with his serviceable task.

Far shot the blaze, and by Euripos' flood

Challenged Messapion's guards, who answering sped

The message, mirrored in a flaring heap

Of hoary heather. Swift athwart the gloom

The beacon crost Asopos' plain, as 't were

A moonlit wrack, and from Kithairon's crags

Flung yet another tale of missive fire;

For greeting its bright advent, nothing loth,

Their watch uplit a larger hoard than all.

Beyond Gorgopis' bay it soared and shone,

And climbing Aigioplanktos lingered not,

Nor respited the fiery ordinance.

Full soon his vigorous fuel threw aloft

A mighty beard of flame, whose instant sheen

Vanquisht the headland high o'er Saron's gulf

In one brave leap to Arachnaïos' cliff.

Then from his watch, that marches with our town,

To Atreus' royal eyrie flew apace

The lineal child of Ida's parent flame.

So was my lamp-race ordered ; each to each
 The rival fires succeeded, but the prize
 Was his, who ran from first to last alone.
 Thus past my lord's announcement unto me
 From Troy. Behold his token and my proof.

— *Translated by* GEORGE C. W. WARR.

THE SIN OF HELEN.

“ AGAMEMNON.”

Who named her ? What weird tongue unseen fore-
 stalled

Their doom with deft surmise ?

Helen ! The spear-won wife,

The hell of towns and ships and men at strife,

From her rich canopies

She sailed with giant Zephyr, when he called ;

And mailèd huntsmen in the rowers' wake,

Thro Simois' forest sighted

Above the beachèd galley, plied

The murderous quarrel for her sake.

The wrath of Zeus in sufferance was pent

Till Ilion's daughter, kin

To death, in Heaven's time

Haled her new brethren, whose loud bridal chime

Attainted them of sin

Gainst hearth and home, unto their punishment.

So Priam's ancient burgh, in other strain

And dirgeful, last and first,

On Paris cries, the bridegroom curst,

For those her children's blood and bitter pain.

As a lion's whelp she hath been,

A child of the house for a day,

Whom a man adventures to wean,

And 't is tame and gentle at play,

The pet, while a summer runs,

Of the old and the little ones,

As it fawns with a hungry mien.

But the lion's heart doth rouse,
 And 't is quick to return his care
 With a fierce and free carouse ;
 For never a knave will dare
 To prevent the gory feast,
 Or deliver his sheep from the priest
 Whom the fool would hire and house.

That presence softly brooding, for an hour,
 Seemed to the town a trance
 As of the waves at rest,
 A jewel smiling fair on Ilion's breast,
 A gently darted glance
 Of love, that bourgeoned into poignant flower.
 But love with death consorting, joys with fears,
 On Priam's house she trod,
 To venge the hospitable God,
 A Fury fed with widows' tears.

My mind mislikes the ancient sage's tale,
 That Fortune, fully grown,
 Begets a progeny
 And dies not childless ; for good luck, they cry,
 Hath issue of its own
 And heritage of rank increasing bale.
 Not so ! It is the pregnant deed of wrong
 That yields an aftergrowth
 Of kindred wickedness ; the house that doth
 Aright hath children ever fair and strong.

For Violence, as a seed which was sown of old,
 A creature doth surely breed, who is young and bold.
 And she waxeth in woe upon men in the day of doom ;
 For the new-born beareth again, and the fruit of her
 womb

Is Lust and Defiance, a fiend who is stronger than man,
 A demon whom man cannot bind nor Heaven shall ban.
 And the dwelling accurst is afraid of the deadly twins,
 For their visage is dark with the shade of the primal
 sins.

But Justice abideth bright in the smoky cot,
 In the righteous is her delight, with the just her lot,
 And she holdeth her eyes aloof from the smirched guilt,

From the pride of the sinner's roof, that his hands have built.

She disdaineth the power and praise that is miscreate.
With the just is her home, and her ways are the ways of Fate.

— *Translated by* GEORGE C. W. WARR.

ANTIGONE'S DEFIANCE.

"THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES."

Herald. 'T is mine the judgment and decrees to publish
Of this Cadmeian city's counsellors :

It is decreed Eteocles to honour,
For his goodwill towards this land of ours,
With seemly burial, such as friend may claim ;
For warding off our foes he courted death ;
Pure as regards his country's holy things,
Blameless he died where death the young beseems ;
This then I 'm ordered to proclaim of him.
But for his brother's, Polyneikes' corpse,
To cast it out unburied, prey for dogs,
As working havoc on Cadmeian land,
Unless some God had hindered by the spear
Of this our prince ;¹ and he, tho dead, shall gain
The curse of all his father's Gods, whom he

[*Pointing to* POLYNEIKES.

With alien host dishonouring, sought to take
Our city. Him by ravenous birds interred
Ingloriously, they sentence to receive
His full deserts ; and none may take in hand
To heap up there a tomb, nor honour him
With shrill-voiced wailings ; but he still must lie,
Without the meed of burial by his friends.
So do the high Cadmeian powers decree.

Antigone. And I those rulers of Cadmeians tell,
That if no other care to bury him,
I will inter him, facing all the risk,
Burying my brother : nor am I ashamed

¹ Perhaps

" Unless some God had stood against the spear
This chief did wield."

To thwart the State in rank disloyalty ;
Strange power there is in ties of blood, that we,
Born of woe-laden mother, sire ill-starred,
Are bound by : therefore of thy full free-will,
Share thou, my soul, in woes he did not will,
Thou living, he being dead, with sister's heart.
And this I say, no wolves with ravening jaws,
Shall tear his flesh — No ! no ! let none think that !
For tomb and burial I will scheme for him,
Tho I be but weak woman, bringing earth
Within my byssine raiment's fold, and so
Myself will bury him ; let no man think
(I say 't again) aught else. Take heart, my soul !
There shall not fail the means effectual.

— *Translation of E. H. PLUMPTRE.*

SOPHOCLES.

SOPHOCLES, the second of the great dramatic triad of Athens, was born 495 B.C. at the beautiful village of Colonus about a mile northwest of the Acropolis. His father, Sophilos, was able to give him as good an education as Attica could afford, and such was his skill in music and his training in gymnastics that when the Athenians made a solemn festival around the trophy set up to celebrate the great naval victory, he was chosen to lead, naked, and with an ivory lyre in his hand, the choir of boys that took part in the song of triumph. He was then scarcely more than fifteen.

At the age of twenty-seven, in 468 B.C., he entered the lists against the veteran dramatist, Aischylos, who was thirty years older. Kimon had just returned, bringing the sacred bones of Theseus. Kimon and his nine colleagues were the judges appointed to decide the dramatic contest, and the excitement ran high. The decision was in favour of Sophocles, and this victory at once gave him a commanding reputation. At least nineteen times more he was crowned, but the earliest of his extant plays was not written until 440 B.C., a year after Euripides had in turn defeated him in the same great rivalry. His "Antigone" was received with such satisfaction by the Athenians that they appointed him one of the ten generals in the war against Samos. He is said to have acquiesced in the judgment of Pericles "that he understood the making of poetry, but not the commanding of an army." The "Antigone" was followed by a succession of some eighty plays, of which only six — "Electra," "Trachinioi," "Oidipous Tyrannos," "Aias," "Philoctetes," "Oidipous at Colonos" — remain to us. His talent seems to have improved as he grew older, and when at an advanced age his son, Iophon, fearing that Sophocles was going to leave an undue portion of his property to a favourite grandson, brought suit against him on the ground of senile imbecility, Sophocles exclaimed, "If I am Sophocles, I am not

imbecile; and if I am imbecile, I am not Sophocles;" and then to prove that he was Sophocles, read, in the presence of the Phratores, a passage from his "Oidipous at Colonos," which he had just written, but had not as yet shown. The judges at once dismissed the case and rebuked the unfilial Iophon. Sophocles died not long after (406 B.C.), in his ninetieth year, having written one hundred and thirteen dramas. As Aischylos excelled in depicting the grand, the superhuman, the terrible, the heroic, the inexorable, Sophocles reached an even higher plane of art in his portrayal of human emotions and passions, rousing the admiration of all times by his serene and sane recommendation of acquiescence in the decrees of the Gods, whether good or evil be the result of their interference with the actions of men. Four hundred years before Christ, Simmias of Thebes wrote the epitaph of Sophocles:—

"Quietly, o'er the tomb of Sophocles,
Quietly, ivy, creep with tendrils green;
And roses ope your petals everywhere,
While dewy shoots of grapevine peep between
Upon the wise and honeyed poet's grave,
Whom Muse and Grace their richest treasures gave!"

THE DESPAIR OF OIDIPOUS.

"KING OIDIPOUS."

Enter a MESSENGER from within.

Messenger. Sirs, whom the land still honours in the
extreme,
What deeds you 'll hear, what sights, what grief you 'll
find
Here, if so be you keep your loyal mind
Towards the house of Labdakos! I deem
That not the Phasis nor the Ister stream
Could wash this dwelling clean: such secrets lurk
Within, such dreadful voluntary work,
Unforced, it shall disclose. No foul affair
Pains more than such as wanton choice declare.

Leader of Chorus. Nothing of lamentable lacked the
bad
We knew before: what have you more to add?

Messenger. Well, soonest understood and soonest said:—

Her sacred majesty Jocasta's dead.

Leader of Chorus. Unhappy lady! What could be the cause?

Messenger. Herself the cause. But oh, my tale withdraws

The saddest part of the matter — 't is not seeing!

Yet to the best of recollection, being

But what I am, I'll tell her piteous fate.

When in her angry mood she passed the gate

Straight forward to her bridal bed she bore:

No sooner entered in, she clapped the door,

And fell to calling Laios, long since dead;

Mentioned an old-time seed, whereby she said

That he must die, and she be left alone

For miscreant engendering with her own;

Bemoaned the bed where fate had made her bear

Husband to husband, sons to sons, the pair.

How then she perished, that I cannot tell;

For in burst Oidipous with such a yell

As would not let us watch her anguish out,

But made us mark him as he roved about:

For up and down he begged a blade of us —

And where to find his wife — not wife! — who thus

Proved double field to grow him and his sons.

And to his madness one of the Heavenly Ones

Revealed her — none of us, we all stood by:

One leap against the doors — one ghastly cry —

As if he had the clue (God knows of whom!)

He buckled homedrawn bolts, and stormed the room!

There was the woman hanging, we could see,

Noosed in a bight of swinging cord. But he

No sooner sees, than with a frightful roar

He slacks the hanging knot. When on the floor

She lay — ah, then 't was frightful to behold!

Her vesture-clasps, brooches of beaten gold,

He pulled from her (they deck her as she lies),

Uplifts and stabs the members of his eyes,

Shouting aloud, "*You shall not see me more,*

Nor all the wrongs I did, the wrongs I bore;

Henceforth in darkness see what's best unseen,

And leave unrecognized what should have been!"

To such a tune not once but many a time
 He struck, lids lifted. His eyes, all blood, beslime
 The while his cheek unceasing with an ooze
 Of clotted gore, and all the while fell dew
 Of drizzling blood, dark hail of bloody beads.
 This woe was wrought of two: not one it needs
 For victim, man and wife conjoint will strike.
 Wealth? The old-time bygone state — that, if you like,
 Was proper wealth, but now upon this day
 Doom, lamentation, death, dishonour — nay,
 Names of all evils, none's to seek of these!

Chorus. Poor wretch, and is he now at all at ease?

Messenger. “Display me, you” — he cries — “the doors
 fling wide,

Display me to all Thebes, a parricide.

A mother's —” Foul! I cannot speak of it!

He'll hurl himself abroad, nor longer sit

Accursing, self-accurst, the house. And yet

He wants for strength, a guide he needs to get:

'T is greater sickness than a man can brook.

But he will show you: closed portals — look!

Roll wide.

[*The doors are opened.*

A sight — you have not long to wait! —

A sight e'en loathing must compassionate!

[*Enter OIDIPOUS, blinded and disfigured.*

LAMENT: OIDIPOUS and CHORUS, with overture in marching-measure.

Chorus. O grim to the sight of a man, such pain!

None grimmer of all sights gaze yet of mine

In the world has found. O soul, full sad!

Did a frenzy assail? What ill angel's thine,

Who with a leap all fiends outleaping

Strikes hard thy days of disaster?

I cannot behold thee tho ever so fain

Of thee to ask much, take thee to task much,

Eyes on thee keeping:

This shudder I still cannot master!

LAMENT.

Oidipous. Aiai! Aiai! How dismal am I!

Where now in the world am I moving? And where

Does it hover and scatter abroad, this cry?
O Fiend, what a leap was there!

Chorus. To ends too dread for any eye or ear!

(1st Turn.)

Oidipous. Ay me, the dark —
Enveloping me horrible, voluble, unutterable!
O my inability! Windbound for aye!

Cry Woe!

And once more Woe! — jointly they penetrate,
Sting of my spikes and memory of my state.

Leader of Chorus. Yes, and no wonder if in this mass
of care

Doubly you groan and double anguish bear.

(1st Counter-turn.)

Oidipous. Friends' voices! — hark!
Ministering loyally, true to me yet, indefatigable!
Can you so patiently beside the blind man stay?

Heigho!

You cannot baffle me — I recognize
Your voice despite the darkness of these eyes.

Leader of Chorus. O ghastly work! What made those
hands so swift

To wreck your eyes? What Spirit could so uplift?

(2nd Turn.)

Oidipous. Apollo it was, Apollo, good sirs!
Did amiss by me, thus amiss, cruelly, cruelly!
Tho none but I, own-felon! dealt the blow, poor wight!

Had I a use for sight

When seeing offered nothing sweet to see?

Chorus. True, that was even as you say.

Oidipous. Much cause had I, much, to look;
Much to care for, or salute

My ear with sweet accost, good sirs!

Away with me, out o' the land with me, in haste, in
haste,

Up, away with me, O my friends! Damnèd am I,
disgraced.

Never a man so accurst; never had Heaven a worse
Grudge on a man than me!

Leader of Chorus. Sad mind!—to match the stroke
that has o'erthrown you:
O how I would that I had never known you!

(2nd Counter-turn.)

Oidipous. Accurst, he that loosed from cruel fetter-
spurs

The waif of the wilderness! As a deliverer he
Rescued, recovered me from death—unkind!

Life had I then resigned,

Less misery to myself and mine I'd be?

Chorus. Ay, would it e'en had gone that way!

Oidipous. Instead, my father's life I took,

Gained in all the world repute

For bridals whence my birth was—*hers.*

Now am I God-forsaken, iniquity-bred;

Bed of my birth was made into my marriage-bed.

Is there in bad yet a worst? Foul to more foul
defers?

Oidipous' it shall be.

Leader of Chorus. I know not how I can approve
your mind:

Better to be no more than living blind.

Oidipous. That this is not the best that did allow
You need not school me and admonish now!
For with what eyes—I know not—could I brook
Down in the grave upon my sire to look,
And my poor mother—sinned against past hope
Of expiation by the strangling rope?
My children's looks, tho, could it fail to please,
Got where they got them, to contemplate these?
Ah, no! Ah, nevermore with eyes of mine!
Town, tower, and monumental form divine—
Never again! From all these things I stand
Self-barred, who knew no peer on Theban land,
Self-banned, a miscreant, I whose voice was loud
“*Reject the impious man, the heaven-avowed
Impure!*” And now my evidence has shown
This blot on Laïos' house to be my own,
Must I have eyes with which to look on them?
Not that! Why, had there been a means to stem
The hearing fount in the ear, I'd not have spared

To lock up this unhappy flesh, prepared
 For blindness and for hearing nothing. Sweet,
 If, lodged apart, no griefs the mind could meet!
 Why didst thou harbour me, Kithairon? Why
 Didst thou not take and slay me straight? — that I
 Might ne'er have published proof of whence I come.
 Polybos! Corinth! The old house, called my home!
 What festering mischief, glozed, in me you nurst!
 Now I'm declared the worst and born o' the worst.
 O Three Crossways, and O sequestered lea,
 Covert and pass, where meet the highways three,
 You drank my blood from father's veins outpoured
 By these my hands! And can you still record
 What acts I did, what acts I went to do
 At Thebes thereafter? Nuptials, nuptials! You
 Engendered me and then must breed again,
 Sprout the same seed, and give to sight of men
 Fathers, and sons and brothers; blood of kin,
 Brides, wives and mothers — all the acts of sin
 The most abominable a man can wreak!
 But — things not good to do, are ill to speak —
 Make haste in God's name, hide me from the world.
 Away, let me be slain, or seaward hurled,
 Where never eyes of yours may see me more!
 Come, deign to touch a man afflicted sore!
 Consent, be not afraid! — My guilt and pain
 None else but I am able to sustain.

— *From the translation of JOHN SWINNERTON FILLIMORE.*

EPILOG TO KING OIDIPOUS.

OH men of Thebes, this famous man behold,
 Who coming here a stranger to the gate,
 The Sphinx's fatal riddle did unfold,
 And chosen King, as Saviour of the State
 So greatly ruled, and rose to such Renown
 As not a King but envied: now by Fate
 To such a Depth precipitated down
 As not a Wretch but may commiserate.
 Beholding which, and counselled by the wise,

That Nemesis regards with jealous eyes
 Man's over-much, and at his elbow stands
 To shake the full cup in the steadiest hands,
 Deem not the wisest of To-morrow sure,
 Nor fortunate account him till he dies.

— Translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

OIDIPOUS WARNED FROM SACRED GROUND.

“OIDIPOUS AT COLONOS.”

Oidipous. The dawn which breaks not on my sightless
 eyes

Salutes my forehead with reviving warmth:
 Here let us rest awhile, Antigone,
 From this brief travel stolen by fear from night.
 But know you whither it had led us, and
 Among what strangers, who from charity
 Shall with sufficient for the day provide
 For one with less than little satisfied?

Antigone. I know from one who crost us in the dusk,
 With steps as hurried as our own, the land
 Is Attica.

Oidipous. Ay, I remember now.

Antigone. And not far off I see the shining walls
 And marble temple-fronts, and citadel,
 As of some stately city: and the place
 We stand on, as for some peculiar use
 Sequestered from the daily track of men,
 Where a pure rill of water rambles through
 Untrampled herbage, overshadowed all
 With laurel, and with olive, poplar-topt,
 As you may guess from many a nightingale
 About us warbling, well assured of home.

Oidipous. And might not, haply, some poor hunted
 thing,
 With but a sorry burden for his song,
 Here, too, some breathing-while of refuge find?

Antigone. And in good time comes of the country one
 Who shall advise us, lest, as strangers here,
 We trespass on the usages of those
 To whom we look for shelter and support.

Enter an ATHENIAN.

O stranger —

Athenian. Hush ! Before another word —
Where even a word unlawful — how much more
With the soiled foot of Travel trespassing
On consecrated ground !

Oidipous. I yet dare ask
Whether to Deity or Demigod,
Thus consecrate ?

Athenian. To Deity, and such
As least of all will Men's intrusion brook
Within their hallowed precincts.

Oidipous. Who be they ?

Athenian. None other but those awful Sisters Three,
Daughters of Earth and Darkness.

Oidipous. By what name
Invoked of men ?

Athenian. By whatsoever name
Elsewhere invoked, here, with averted eyes,
And with an inward whisper — “ The Benign.”

Oidipous. Benign then, as their name and nature is
To those who suffer and who do no wrong,
May they receive the sightless suppliant, who,
By no false Insight, howbeit unaware,
Within their Sanctuary first setting foot,
Alive shall never leave it but to die.

Athenian. Your words I understand not ; but I know,
Whether to live or die, depart you must.

Oidipous. But what, if rather fearing unjust Man
Than the just God, and those same awful Three,
If stern to guilt, not unbenign to me,
I leave their hallowed refuge ?

Athenian. Nay, for that
The land itself is dedicated all
To God or Demigod, who, Just themselves,
Protect and vindicate the Just : for here
Poseidon rules, the Master of the Seas,
And there Prometheus, with his torch of Life ;
The ground about us glories in the name
Of King Colonos of the Horse ; and this
Same highway running by the Sacred Grove
Leads to the City and the Citadel
Surnamed of Her who keeps them for her own.

Oidipous. As such I do salute her! — And the King
That, under her, her chosen people rules —

Athenian. Theseus, the son of Aigeus, and, like him,
Though mortal yet, almost the Demigod.

Oidipous. Theseus, the son of Aigeus, — ay, I know
And know indeed that no delusive light
Led me to him with whom I have to do.

Shall one among your fellow-citizens
Bear your King word from one who once was King,
And who, unkinglike as his presence now,
Can tell him that which, if he hearken to,
Shall, for a little service done to me,
Do to his kingdom and himself much more?

Athenian. Strange as the message from so strange a
man,

Yet shall King Theseus hear of it. Meanwhile,
If in despite of warning and advice

You still refuse to leave this holy ground,
I, that am but a simple citizen,
Dare not enforce; but forthwith shall apprise
Those of the City who shall deal with you,
As in their wisdom best they shall advise. [Exit.

Oidipous. Is he departed?

Antigone. We are all alone.

Oidipous. Daughters of Earth and Darkness! In whose
womb

Unborn till Sovereign Order the new World
From Chaos woke, yourselves you still secrete,
With those three Fatal Sisters who the thread
Of Human Life do spin among the Dead,
While you the scourge of human Wrong prepare;
If peradventure with unlicensed feet
The consecrated earth I have profaned,
That veils your Presence from this upper air,
Renounce me not: no, nor in me the God
Who destined, nor the God who prophesied,
That, after drifting the blind wreck I am
About the world, a Horror to Mankind,
Within the Temple of that Triple wrath
That Nemesis unyoked to scourge me down,
At last the haven of my rest should find;
If satisfied at last be wrath Divine,
And men err not who name its ministers,

Tho not without a shudder — “The Benign,”
 Let your avenging Justice, that so long
 Hath chased the guiltless instrument of Wrong,
 Here grant him rest until the Power whose throne
 You dwell beside in Darkness give the sign.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. These are the strangers — this the sightless
 man,
 And this the maiden that he told us of,
 Who impiously this consecrated ground
 Have ventured to profane.

Oidipous. Not impiously,
 But ignorantly, who first setting foot
 Upon this alien soil —

Chorus. But impiously,
 When warned upon what consecrated ground,
 With honey-flowing waters running through
 The inviolable herbage, still persist —
 A stranger too, where no Athenian born,
 Not only dares not enter, but pass by
 Save with averted eyes, and inward prayer,
 That holy lips scarce dare articulate.

Antigone. We must obey them, Father, as we should.

Oidipous. You will not, if I quit the Sanctuary,
 Do, nor let others do me violence?

Chorus. Fear not the wrath of men, but that of those
 Who watch you thro the soil which you profane.

Oidipous. But who, if of their counsel more you knew,
 As sooner than you look for know you may,
 Would not resent, as you, the wrong I do them.
 Meanwhile, on no worse usage than from them
 Relying when committed to your hands —
 Lead me, Antigone.

Chorus. Till you have past
 The bound of sequestration — further yet —
 And yet a little further — so, enough.
 There, travel-wearied, and, perchance, in years
 Well stricken, rest upon the bank awhile.
 But, ere I bid you welcome to the land
 Whose sanctity your foot at first profaned,
 Tell who you are, and whence.

Oidipous. To tell you "Who"
Would tell you all: and if I hesitate —

Chorus. Not to declare your country and your name
Augurs but evil for yourself or it.

Oidipous. You of that City have heard tell, whose walls
To Music rose, and whose Inhabitants,
From the sown Dragon's teeth sprung up armed men?

Chorus. Of Thebes? Ay, much of olden times, and of
The worse than Dragon Sphinx that in our day
The Dragon seed devoured.

Oidipous. And of the man
Who slew that worse than Dragon —

Chorus. Oidipous!
As by the signal of those sightless eyes,
And lingering self-avowal, I divine —

Oidipous. Revolt not from me.

Chorus. And for You! for You —
May be, the monster most unnatural —
To set your foot upon the holiest spot
Of this all-consecrated Athens! You!

Who, were your very presence not enow
Contamination to the land, and shame,
May bring on us the plague you left at Thebes!
I should not wrong a promise half implied
If with these hands I tore you from the Land
Your impious presence doubly violates,
Where e'en the guiltless dare not enter — Hence!
Begone! Pollute our land no more! Begone!

Antigone. O men of Athens! if you will not hear
My Father pleading for himself, hear me,
Not for myself, but for my Father pleading,
As to a Father, by the love you bear
The Daughter by yon Altar-hearth at home,
And by the Gods we worship as yourselves.

Chorus. Daughter, the Gods whom you adjure us by,
Repudiating Oidipous from Thebes,
From Athens also do repudiate.

Oidipous. O then of Fame that blows about the world
The praise of men and nations, what the worth,
If Athens — Athens, through the world renowned
For hospitable generosity —
Athens, who boasts the power as much as will
To save and succour the misfortunate —

If she that honour forfeit at your hands,
 Who, from the very horror of my name,
 And shapeless rumour of the terrible things
 Which I have suffered, rather than have done,
 Would thrust me from the Sanctuary forth
 Of those whose law you violate no less
 By broken Faith, than with unwary foot
 Did I their consecrated soil transgress?
 One, too, that howsoe'er you know it not,
 Even with the Ban that drives him from his own
 Carries a Blessing with him to the Land
 That shall accept him, and a Curse to those
 Who, being his, henceforth shall be their foes.
 All which, unto my inward eye as clear
 As yonder Sun that shines in Heaven to yours,
 I shall reveal to him who governs here,
 If hearing he deny me not. Meanwhile,
 I do adjure you, by those Deities
 Whose Sanctuary you have drawn me from,
 Do me no violence; remembering
 That, if Benign they be, Avengers too,
 As of all outraged Law, so not the less
 Of violated hospitality.

Chorus. We have discharged ourselves in warning you,
 And to King Theseus, whom you summoned here,
 Your cause and self henceforward we commit
 To deal with, and adjudge as seems him fit.

Enter THESEUS.

Theseus. I have been hither summoned at the call
 Of one from whom, 't was said, the light of Day
 Together with his Kingdom past away:
 And, knowing of one such, and one alone,
 Reported in the roll of living men,
 Nor uninstructed in the destiny
 Which from the glory it had raised him to
 Precipitated to a depth so low,
 Amid the ruin of this fallen man
 I know that Oidipous of Thebes is he.
 I too remember when like him forlorn,
 I wandered friendless in a foreign land,
 And with an alien people much endured:

And, had I always been what now I am,
 Yet none the less by what myself have known
 Than by the records of Mankind, aware
 That, howsoever great a King To-day,
 No surer of To-morrow than yourself;
 Therefore whatever Athens or her King
 Of hospitable service can supply,
 Let him demand: for much indeed it were
 For Oidipous to ask and me withhold.

Oidipous. O Theseus, if indeed the King I was
 Look thro the ruin of the wretch I am,
 No less doth full assurance of a King,
 Altho to these quencht eyes insensible,
 Breathe thro the generous welcome of your word,
 And ere of my necessities I tell,
 Assure me of the boom as yet unaskt.
 For the detested story of my life,
 Unaskt, you know it — whence, and what I was,
 To what catastrophe reserved you see —
 Yet not so ignominious to myself,
 No, nor to Athens so unprofitable,
 Will you but listen, and do that for me,
 Which, howsoever strange from lips like mine,
 Is sure as Fate itself, as Fate it is.

Theseus. Doubt not, however strange, whether or not
 To Athens profitable, if to you,
 What Oidipous demands shall Theseus do.

Oidipous. But profitable shall it be to both,
 Unless the Spokesman of Futurity
 From Delphi shall have prophesied a lie:
 For this unsightly remnant of a king —
 Tho while it breathes a burden to us both,
 But when the breath is out of it, to be
 More serviceable to you than good looks —
 I do consign to you for sepulture
 Under the walls that, as they sheltered me
 While living, after death will I defend.

— *From the paraphrase of EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

THE BEAUTIES OF COLONOS.

"OÏDIPUS AT COLONOS."

WELL, stranger, to these rural seats
Thou comest, this region's blest retreats,
Where white Colonos lifts his head,
And glories in the bounding steed.
Where sadly sweet the frequent nightingale
Impassioned pours her evening song,
And charms with varied notes each verdant vale,
The ivy's dark-green boughs among;
Or sheltered midst the clustered vine,
Which high above, to form a bower
Safe from the sun or stormy shower,
Loves its thick branches to entwine;
Where frolic Bacchus always roves,
And visits with his fostering Nymphs the groves.

Bathed in the dew of heaven each morn
Fresh is the fair Narcissus born,
Of these great powers the crown of old:
The Crocus glitters robed in gold.
Here restless fountains ever murmuring glide,
And as their crisped streamlets stray
To feed, Cephissus, thy unfailing tide,
Fresh verdure marks their winding way;
And as their pure streams roll along
O'er the rich bosom of the ground,
Quick spring the plants, the flowers around
Here oft to raise the tuneful song
The virgin band of Muses deigns;
And car-borne Venus guides her golden reins.

What nor rich Asia's wide domain,
Nor all that sea-encircled land
From Doric Pelops named, contain,
Here, unrequired the culturing hand,
The hallowed plant spontaneous grows,
Striking cold terror through our foes.
Here blooms, this favoured region round,
The fertile Olive's hoary head;
The young, the old behold it spread,

Nor dare with impious hand to wound :
 For Morian Jove with guardian care
 Delights to see it flourish fair ;
 And Pallas, favouring, from the skies
 Rolls the blue lustre of her eyes.

My voice yet once more let me raise,
 Yet other glories to relate :
 A potent god for these we praise,
 His presents to this favoured state ;
 The Steed obedient to the rein,
 And save to plough the subject main.
 Our highest vaunt is this, thy grace
 Saturnian Neptune, we behold
 The ruling curb embost with gold
 Control the courser's managed pace.
 Tho loud, O King, thy billows roar,
 Our strong hands grasp the well-formed oar ;
 And, while the Nereids round it play,
 Light cuts our bounding bark its way.

— *Translation of* ROBERT POTTER.

CREON INVITES OIDIPOUS BACK TO THEBES.

“ OIDIPOUS AT COLONOS.”

Creon. O Theseus, Son of Aigeus, and still more
 Than Aigeus' self about the world proclaimed,
 Slayer of the fiery-breathing Minotaur,
 And hordes of Men than one such monster worse :
 The Monarch of a State, if any in Greece,
 In men and means abounding, of the Gods
 Observant and of Justice to Mankind,
 With your world-famous Areopagus,
 • No less for Wisdom than for Arms renowned,
 Like Her whose tutelary name you boast.
 On what a peaceful mission I am come,
 My Herald first, and the small retinue
 That follows me, sufficiently declare :
 To trespass not on foreign Land or Law —
 No, nor on his who, having found his way,

Hath found a home on this Athenian soil;
But whom, with what fair argument I may
Of Kindred and of Country, I would fain,
However royally entreated here,
Persuade with me back to his home again.

Chorus. You know the man, tho haply, not the man
He was, whom now you are to deal withal.

Creon. Therefore to him will I address myself,
In words as few and unrhetorical
As simple Truth needs to be clothed withal
In summing a momentous question up:
Praying the Goddess underneath whose shade
We here are standing to direct them home.
O Oidipous! my Brother — once my King —
And King once more to be, will you but hear
What for myself, and with me Thebes, I speak;
Sore wearied both under this long divorce
From one that once the Saviour was of all,
Under a judgment which your evil Fate
Prepared, yourself invoked on your own head,
And Thebes must execute if Thebes would live.
But as no judgment wrought by human hand,
And most to him that suffers from the blow,
But of the shaking hand that dealt it tells —
What of misdeed, or of misfortune what,
Suffered or done — unwittingly by you
Done, and by Thebes unwillingly redrest
Behold at last, by Fate's accomplishment,
The Oracles of Phœbus justified,
The Gods by expiation of the Curse
Appeased, and Thebes once more herself again,
Like one recovered from a mortal throe,
And fain to fold him to her heart once more
Who saved her once, and yet a second time
Who sacrificed himself that she might live;
Your Country reaches out beseeching arms,
Land over land, until she finds you here,
Among a People, with a King alike
In hospitality renowned as arms,
But, welcome and entreat you as they may,
Who cannot be to you, nor you to them,
As Oidipous to Thebes, or Thebes to him.
Wherefore I do beseech you, Oidipous,

By all the ties that man to man endear
Of kindred and of country ; by all those
That King to People bind, as them to him :
Yea, by the God, who, for a secret end
That Man not fathoms, having parted them,
Now, reconciled himself, would reconcile ;
Be all that erring Man on either side
Hath done amiss forgotten as forgiven,
And Oidipous and Thebes as one again.
Look ! I, more burdened than yourself by years ;
And, little as you think it, like yourself
Bowed down with execution of the Doom
Whereunder you now labour self-condemned,
With long and weary travel have I come,
Half fearful of less prosperous return,
Imploring you, if I cannot persuade
With argument that shall commend itself,
If not to you, to those you trust in here,
Yet in the eyes of Athens shame me not
By sending empty-handed back to Thebes.

Chorus. The Man has spoken : and to us it seems
In well-considered word, King Oidipous,
And temper that invites a like reply.

Oidipous. Temper and word so well considered, friends,
That, unaccustomed as I long have been
To civil greeting till I lighted here,
And haply not the man I was to guess
The well-considered word — But thus it runs :
That, satisfied at length with all the shame
And beggary Thebes condemned and left me to,
To expiate the crime —

Creon. I said not that —

Oidipous. On which just Judgment done — tho, by
the way,
Granting the Judgment just, I yet might ask
If you, my kinsman, and those sons of mine,
Must needs become its executioner ?

Creon. To Greece do I appeal if you yourself
On your own head drew not the Judgment down
Which Fate decreed and Phœbus prophesied,
And upon which the People's Being hung ;
And which who but the People's Magistrate,
Kinsman or other, needs must execute ?

Oidipous. By setting on the rabble pack of Thebes
To yelp me through the gates? But let that pass:
For now the rabble pack, to make amends,
Send those who set them on to hunt me back.

Creon. If you will have it so, so must it be:
So but to good result on either side.

Oidipous. Yet somewhat late amends on yours, I
think,

Whether by People or by Magistrate:
Who, when the Plague by ceasing long ago
Proved Expiation duly made by me,
And I myself, worn with the load of shame
I bore about with me among strange men,
Cried out to lay my weary burden down —
Were 't with my life — among mine own once more,
Then would you not to my entreaty grant
What, unbesought, you come beseeching now.

Creon. The People, panic-stricken with the storm
That, having made such havoc in their ranks,
Had scarcely past, still dreaded its return.

Oidipous. And prithee, Creon, how recomforted,
And to my presence reconciled at last?

Creon. The Magistrates whom you so much distrust,
Adding the voice of their authority
To theirs who by their sacred ministry
The will of Heaven divine —

Oidipous. Teiresias still!

Whose refluant years against the base itself
Of Delphi breaking shiver out of sight?
Ay, he it was who with its breath surcharged,
First trumpeted me forth; and now perhaps,
When other Augury and Omen failed
People and Magistrate to reassure,
By some new summons from the Delphian shrine,
Hath quickened Thebes to reconciliation
By something stronger than regretful Love.

Creon. What mean you, Oidipous?

Oidipous. No more but this;
That, as I wandered — not so long ago —
About the world begging my daily bread,
A little wind from Delphi wandering too
Came up with me, and whispered in my ears
That, unless Thebes should have me back again,

She would not thrive in arms against the foe
That even then was knocking at her doors.

Creon. I scarcely thought the selfsame Oidipous,
Who scarce would heed Apollo's Prophet once,
Should for a Prophet's take the wandering voice
Of rumour in the wind.

Oidipous. And, did I not,
As, spite of taunt, now better taught, I do,
The pious Creon never failed in faith,
And by his presence here and now attests
That wandering voice from Delphi told me true:
And somewhat more. For, to be plain with you,
Another wind, that not from Delphi blew,
But somehow slipping thro your city gates,
Whispered how Thebes, of that same Oracle
From Delphi self-assured, but not the less,
Despite of Augur and of Soothsayer,
Still apprehensive of my presence there,
Would have me back — would have me back indeed,
Not while I lived to fold me to her heart
With those beseeching arms you tell me of,
But at arm's length — outside the city walls —
Like some infectious leper there to bide
Till Death, which surely could not come too fast,
And might perchance be quickened if too slow,
Even in death dishonoured as in life,
Should safely hide me in the ground below.

Creon. What! has some traitor been deluding you
With some swoll'n rumour of the market-place?

Oidipous. Traitor to you, as true to me, but not
To you more traitor than to you yourself,
If, as I think, who cannot see your face —
I thank the Gods I cannot — but those here
Shall witness where the startled countenance
Convicts the false denial of the tongue.

Creon. Even were that babbling traitor's word as
true
As he is false, I see not Oidipous
Much otherwise among his new friends here,
Than among those he counts for foes at home.

Oidipous. You see not, for you know not how ere
long —
How soon I know not, but not long, I know —

What others here now witness, standing round,
And some you see not watching underground,
Why from this spot, by which I first set foot,
I would not — no, not to be seated by
King Theseus' side in his Acropolis,
I would not move until I went to die.
Whether or no you guess my mystery,
Enough! you see I have unravelled yours.
Begone! You lose but time and tongue — Begone!
And tell your people this on your return:
That, were the word from Delphi, and the word
From Thebes as false as you pretend it — yea,
False as yourself — I would not back with you;
No — not were all the Dragon brood of Thebes,
From the first armèd harvest of the teeth
That ancient Cadmos sowed the field withal
Raised from the dust to join the living host
Who yelled me forth — all these, and all the way
From Thebes to Athens grovelling at your heels
Back would I not with you — no, not to reign
Enthroned among them as I was before,
Much less a tainted leper like to lie
Outside your walls while living, and, when dead,
There huddled under as a thing accurst,
Save for the Victory that within me lies,
And shall but quicken as the body dies.
No; the same answer that I make to you,
Take home with you to all: on this same spot
Of earth, which now I stand a beggar on,
Beside this consecrated Grove, in which
By no delusive Inspiration drawn
I first set foot — I say, my Throne is here,
Deep-based as Hades, fixt as Fate itself;
And this poor staff I long have leaned upon
The Sceptre, wherewith from the world beneath
I shall direct the issues of the war
That shall determine wingèd Victory
To settle on the Land where tombed I lie.

— *Paraphrase of* EDWARD FITZGERALD.

OIDIPOUS' JUSTIFICATION.

"OIDIPOUS AT COLONOS."

WAS 'T not predicted, even before my birth,
 By Phœbus, Fate's unerring Oracle,
 That I should slay my father? And the God
 Provided for his own accomplishment,
 Even by the very means that father took
 To wrench out of my hands his destiny,
 As old Kithairon wots of to this hour.
 For Fate, that was not to be baffled thus,
 And Phœbus, that was not to be forsworn,
 There found and reared me till my arm was strong
 To do the execution they fore-doomed.
 Yea, on the very road King Laios
 Again was going to that Oracle
 He fondly dreamed — as afterward his son
 More vainly bragged — of having foiled before,
 I met — I smote — I slew — my Father — yes —
 And you, before this presence, answer me!
 If one you knew not save that King he were,
 Upon the public thoroughfare of men
 Had struck you, no less royal than himself;
 Would you, sedate and pious as you are,
 In youth and courage strong as I was then —
 Would you have paused to think whether, in all
 The roll of human possibility
 The man who smote you might not in his veins
 Have running blood akin to that in yours,
 Or, in the sudden wrath of self-defence,
 Retaliated with a counter-blow?
 Yea! as the very Father whom I slew,
 Could his voice reach us tho the earth between,
 Would even now bear me witness, as he shall
 When I rejoin him in the world below;
 That, howsoever for the world's behoof,
 The Gods, albeit with pitying eyes from heaven,
 Chastise the guiltless instruments of crime
 For which they know that Fate is chargeable,
 They look not with a like compassion down
 Upon those mortal agents of their doom
 Who, with a vengeance more implacable,

Pursue and persecute — ay, let it be
 The Parricide! — The Parricide! —
 And for that yet more terrible mischance
 That followed — and for which yourselves in Thebes
 Were, under Destiny, responsible —
 All shameless as thou art, art not ashamed
 Before an alien People and their King
 To breathe — as breathe thou wert about to do
 Had not I swept it from thy lips unsaid
 The Word which not myself alone involves,
 But one — whose Memory *Thou* least of all
 Shouldst have untombed — involves, I say, in that
 Which unaware to have done is less shame
 Than with aforethought malice to proclaim!

— *Paraphrase of EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

DEATH OF OIDIPOUS.

“OIDIPOUS AT COLONOS.”

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

Messenger. O citizens of Athens, to sum up
 In fewest words what, to be told at large,
 Would need an apter tongue than mine to tell —
 King Oidipous —

Chorus. Is dead —

Messenger. I say not that;
 From human eyes departed, I will say;
 And with such circumstance as, could I tell
 All that myself I saw, who saw not all —

Chorus. But, if not all, yet what you saw, recount.

Messenger. How the blind King, by what interior light
 Guided himself we know not, guided us,
 You that were present witness for yourselves;
 And how with Theseus and the woeful Maid
 Beside him, and some wondering few behind,
 Straightforward, with unhesitating step,
 That needed not his staff to feel the way,
 Led on; till, reacht the threshold of the road
 Which leads, they say, down to the nether world,
 Beside the monumental stone that marks
 Where our King Theseus and Peirithoos,

After long warfare, plighted hands of peace,
He stopt, sat down, his tattered raiment loosed,
And bade his daughter from the running brook
Bring him wherewith himself to purify.
Which she, resorting to the nearest field
Of Ceres, with what decent haste she might,
Returned, and washt him, and in raiment clean
Reclothed, as to the rite of Burial due.
And when all this was done, as for the Dead,
Weeping himself, he folded in his arms
His weeping child, and told her, from that hour,
She that so long had suffered for his sake,
With but the love between them to requite,
The face of him she loved must see no more.
And so they wept together for a while,
Together folded in each other's arms,
And all was silent else; when suddenly,
A thunder-speaking voice, as from the jaws
Of earth that yawned beneath us, called aloud:
"HO! THOU THERE! WHY SO LONG A-COMING? COME!"
Then Oidipous, who knew the word, and whence,
Relaxt his folding arms, and, rising up,
Took 'Theseus' hand, and, in it laying hers,
Besought him never to desert the child,
Nor yield her up to any against her will,
But be to her the Father whom she lost.
To which King Theseus having pledged his word,
The other, folding in one last embrace,
With one last kiss, his daughter to his heart,
Bade her return with us and never once
Look back on what was not for any one
But for King Theseus and himself to know.
Which said, and all in awful wonder husht,
The weeping Daughter turned away with us,
Slowly, like those who leave a funeral pyre,
With us our way re-tracing; until I,
Seized with a longing I could not control,
Despite the word yet ringing in my ears,
Lookt back — and saw King Theseus standing there,
Stock-still, his hands before his eyes, like one
Smit with a sudden blaze: but Oidipous
There — anywhere — there was not — vanisht — gone —
But, whether by some flash from Heav'n despatched,

Or by His hand who thro the shattered Earth
Had summoned him in thunder, drawn below,
No living man but Theseus' self may know.

CHORUS.

Let not the Man by Man be deemed unblest,
Who, howsoever in the midnight gloom
Encompast of inexorable Doom
That shrouds him from his Zenith to the West,
Not till he sink below the Verge redeems
His unexpected Lustre in such beams
As reaching Heaven-aloft enshrine his Tomb.

— *Translation of* EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE PAIN OF LIFE.

“OIDIPOUS TYRANNOS.”

LORD of the Pythian treasure,
What meaneth the word thou hast spoken?
The strange and wondrous word
Which Thebes hath heard,
Oh! it hath shaken our hearts to a faltering measure.
A token, O Paian, a token!
What is thy boon to us?
Shall it come soon to us,
Shall it be long ere the circle bend
Full round to the fatal end?
Answer us, daughter of Hope!
Voice born Immortal of golden Hope!

First therefore thou be entreated,
Divine unapproachable maiden,
And Artemis with thee, our aid to be,
In the mid mart of our city majestical seated,
And Phoibos the archer death-laden!
By your affinity
Helpfullest trinity,
Help us! And as in the time gone by
Ye have bowed to our plaintive cry,
Bowed to our misery sore:
So come to us now as ye came before!

Ah me ! it is a world, a world of woe,
 Plague upon the height and plague below !
 And they mow us with murderous glaive,
 And never a shield to save !

Never a fruit of the earth

Comes to the birth,
 And in vain, in vain

Is the cry and the labour of mothers, and all for a
 fruitless pain !

Away, away,

Ghost upon ghost they are wafted away :

One with another they die,

Swifter than flame do they fly

From life, from light, from day !

Ah me ! it is a world, a world of dead,
 Feverous and foul with corpses spread :

And they lie as they lie, unbefriended.

Where are the mothers and where are the wives ?

They are fled, fled for their lives,

To the altars to pray,

There to lie, to sigh

And to pray, and to pray unattended,

With choir and cry

Lamentation and litany blended.

And only, O Maiden, by thee may our marred state be
 mended !

The field of plague, whose swordless hand
 Burns like battle thro the land

With wild tempestuous wailing all about him, —

O cross his track and turn him back !

O meet him, thou, and rout him !

Let him sink again

Deep in the deepest main !

Let him mingle in horrible motion

With the wildest ocean !

(For still what scapes the cruel night
 Cruel day destroys it quite !)

But oh ! with thunder-stroke

Let our enemy and thine be broke, —

O Zeus ! —

Father ! — let him know thy wrath, thy wrath divine !

O God of light, from lightsome bow
 Cast abroad thy fiery snow,
 Like morsels cast thy arrowy, fiery snow!
 And thou, O mountain maiden pure,
 His sister, stand our champion sure,
 Stand and strow
 Arrows as fire below!
 Thou too — thou art Theban — O Bacchos,
 Thou — art thou not Theban? — O Bacchos,
 In rosy bloom, elate and strong,
 Lead thy madding train along,
 Until thy fiery chase
 Hunt the demon from the place,
 Afar, afar!
 O follow, follow him far, afar!

— Translation of A. W. VERRALL.

THE BURIAL OF POLYNEIKES.

“ANTIGONE.”

Guard. The matter went this way. No sooner there
 (Under your dreadful menace as we were),
 We swept the dusty wrapper which enclosed
 The dead, and left the weltering corpse exposed.
 To windward, by the hilltop, down we sit,
 Well out of range for stink from *him* to hit.
 And man kept man with ugly words alert
 If any one his duty should desert.
 So for a time it was, till by-and-by
 The sun's bright disk rode midway up the sky,
 And heat grew scorching: when a sudden gust
 (Sky-plague!) uplifts from earth a storm of dust.
 It fills the plain and all the leafy wood
 Along the plain torments; high heaven stood
 Thick. Closing eye, the pest of God we took.
 'T was long before 't abated. Then we look,
 And lo! the girl! with wails of high distress —
 Shrill as the cry of bird in bitterness
 To see home rifled, chick-bereaved the bed:
 — And even so, when stript she seized the dead,
 — She screamed a loud lament, and with the worst
 Curses the doers of the deed she curst.
 Then drouthy dust in hand straightway she fetched,

And from a jug of hammered bronze, outstretched,
With three libation-draughts the dead she crowned.

But when we saw, we up and closed around,
And took her in a moment — undismayed.

When to her charge the former acts we laid,
And these, she did not offer to deny

At all. Both glad and sorry at once was I :

Right glad when your own trouble's at an end

For you, but sorry work to bring a friend

To trouble ! Oh ! but all such things amount

To little when my own escape I count !

Creon [to ANTIGONE]. You — who toward the ground
your glances bow,

Do you deny this action or avow ?

Antigone. I do avow and not deny the charge.

Creon [to GUARD]. Take yourself off, where'er you
like to be,

Absolved from heavy accusation, free !

[*Exit* GUARD.]

[To ANTIGONE.] You, — tell me quick, no length of
words ! — you knew

The edict had forbidden so to do ?

Antigone. Yes. Could I fail to know ? 'T was noised
at large.

Creon. And you presumed beyond the law to go ?

Antigone. Yes : for not Zeus, I think, proclaimed it so ;

Not justice, dwelling with the Gods below,

The type of human statute so defined.

Nor could I in your proclamation find

Such force that mortal creature might out-range

The unwritten code of Gods which cannot change :

Not of to-day nor yesterday — 't is living

For evermore, and none can date its giving !

And was it likely I should fear the pride

Of any man so much as, this defied,

To face God's bar ? That I must die, I knew :

O yes — edict or no ! If ere time due,

I count that gain. For one who lives, as I

Live, in much misery — how can he die

And not be gainer ? Slight the pain to me,

To meet this fate ; but had I borne to see

My mother's son a graveless corpse remain,

Painful it had been : now I feel no pain.

A fool's act? Well, are you yourself, who rule
My act is folly, better than a fool?

Leader of Chorus. Harsh was the sire, the breed
proves harsh no less
In her: she knows no yielding in distress.

Creon. Nay, but I'll have you know, pride overstiff
His falls the most; and hardest iron, if
The fire shall to excessive temper bake,
You shall observe most often flaw and break.
A little curb, when horses chafe and fume,
I know, will mend their manners! little room
For pride to swell when master lives next door!

This girl, adept in insolence before
When ordinance of law she overstept,
Proves now afresh in insolence adept
After the act: she laughs and vaunts her plan!
Upon my word, I'm no man — she's the man
If this triumph of hers go unatoned!
Not — be she sister's child — not, tho she owned
More ties of blood than all yon household shrine
Assembles — shall she'scape from doom condign!

— *Translation of JOHN SWINNERTON FILLIMORE.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

“ANTIGONE.”

O Love, our conqueror, matchless in might,
Thou prevailest, O Love, thou dividest the prey;
In damask cheeks of a maiden
Thy watch thro the night is set.
Thou roamest over the sea;
On the hills, in the shepherds' huts, thou art;
Nor of deathless gods, nor of short-lived men,
From thy madness any escapeth.

Unjust, thro thee, are the thoughts of the just;
Thou dost bend them, O Love, to thy will, to thy spite.
Unkindly strife thou hast kindled,
This wrangling of son with sire.
For great laws, throned in the heart,
To the sway of a rival power give place,
To the love-light flasht from a fair bride's eyes.

— *Translation of ROBERT WHITELAW.*

ELECTRA'S LAMENT OVER THE ASHES OF
ORESTES.

"ELECTRA."

O POOR last relic of Orestes' life, —
Dearest of men to me, — with hopes how other
Than forth I sent do I receive thee back !
Now in these hands I take thee, and thou art naught ;
How beautiful and bright I sent thee forth,
Child, from thy home. Oh, would that I had died
Or ever to a strange land I sent thee hence,
And stole thee in my arms and saved from death,
When on that day thou mightest have lain dead,
And of thy father's tomb have earned a share.
Now, far from home, in a strange land exiled,
A woeful end was thine, no sister near ;
And woe is me, I neither laved thy limbs
And deckt with loving hands, nor, as was meet,
Snatcht this sad burden from the scorching fire :
By hands of strangers tended thou art come,
A little handful in this little urn !
Alas for me my nursing long ago, —
Unprofitable care, that with sweet pain
I oft-times spent for thee : for thou wast never
Thy mother's darling, — rather mine ; nor they
O' the house, but I it was whom all were wont
Sister at once to call and nurse of thee.
Now thou art dead, and all in a day these things
Have ceast to be ; all with thy passing swept
As by a whirlwind hence. Thy father is gone,
And I am dead, thy sister ; and thine own life
Hast past from earth. Our foes laugh us to scorn,
Our mother — nay, no mother — is mad with joy :
Of whom so oft thou didst send secret word
Thou 'dst come to be revenged on her ; but now
Hard fortune, thine and mine, robs me of this,
Sending me hither, in thy dear body's stead,
Mere dust and shadow of thee, and good for naught.
Ah me, alas !
Oh, piteous ashes ! alas and woe is me !
Oh sadly, strangely —
Alas, my brother ! —

Thus journeying hither how me thou hast undone !
 Undone — undone indeed, O brother mine !
 Therefore to thy dark chamber take me in ;
 Me dust to dust, receive : that I may dwell
 Henceforth i' the dark with thee. For living, I shared
 With thee and shared alike ; and now in death
 Not to be sundered from thy tomb I crave,
 For in the grave I see that grief is not.

— *Translation of* ROBERT WHITELAW.

THE DEATH SCENE OF DEIANEIRA.

“ TRACHINIAI.”

Chorus. Remorse, or what fierce fit
 Of madness was it, — the fatal thrust
 So murderously dealt ? How compast she
 Death piled on death, —
 Wild work for one weak hand to do ?

Nurse. One plunge of cursed steel : 't was done.

Chorus. What, babbler, were you there ?
 Saw you the wanton deed ?

Nurse. Near as I stand to you, I stood and saw.

Chorus. How was it ? The manner ? Tell me all.

Nurse. Herself and of herself, she did this thing.

Chorus. What do you tell me ?

Nurse. Plain the truth.

Chorus. Stranger, not thy fair face alone
 Thou bringest, but born, yea born of thee,
 A dire Erinys to this house.

Nurse. Too true ; but more, had you been there
 to see

The things she did, — much more your tears had flowed !

Chorus. And daunted not such work a woman's
 hand ?

Nurse. A marvel, truly : hear and testify.
 She came alone in the house and saw her son
 In the great chamber spreading forth a couch,
 Deep-pillowed, ere he went to meet his sire
 Back ; but she crept away out of his sight,
 And at the altars falling, moaned that she

Was desolate, — and each chattel of the house,
 That once she used, fingered, poor soul, and wept;
 Then hither and thither roaming, room to room,
 Each face she saw of servants that she loved,
 Unhappy lady, lookt and wept again,
 Upon her own hard lot exclaiming still,
 And how her children were her own no more.
 And when she ceast from this, I saw her pass
 Suddenly to the chamber of my lord.
 I, screened by the dark, seeing, myself unseen,
 Watcht: and I saw my mistress fling, lay smooth,
 Couch-coverings on the couch of Heracles,
 Till all were laid; then from the ground she sprang
 And sat there in the midst upon the couch,
 And loosed the flood of scorching tears, and spake:
 "O marriage-bed and marriage-chamber mine,
 Farewell now and forever; nevermore
 This head upon this pillow shall be laid."
 No more she said; but with a violent hand
 Did doff her robe, claspt by the brooch that lay,
 Gold-wrought, upon her bosom, and made bare
 All her left arm and whiteness of her side.
 Then I made haste and ran with all my strength
 And told her son what way her thoughts were bent.
 But lo, whilst I was gone, just there and back,
 The deed was done; the two-edged sword, we saw
 Quite thro her side, midriff and heart had pierced.
 Oh, but he groaned to see it. For he knew
 This deed, alas, his rashness had entailed, —
 Taught all too late by those o' the house that her
 The Centaur lured to do she knew not what.
 And now the boy — piteous! — of groans and tears
 He knew no end, lamenting over her:
 He knelt and kist her lips; his side by hers
 He laid along, and lay, complaining sore
 That he had slain her with his random blame;
 And weeping, his would be a double loss,
 Bereaved of both his parents at one stroke.

— *Translation of* ROBERT WHITELAW.

EURIPIDES.

EURIPIDES — “our Euripides the human” as Browning calls him — was born at Salamis, according to the popular tradition on the day when the Greek fleet inflicted the famous defeat on the Persians, B.C. 489. His mother, with many other Athenian inhabitants, had taken refuge on that island. What the condition of his parents was is not known: on the one side, Aristophanes in his plays describes his mother Clito as an herb-seller of bad reputation; on the other, he is represented as having served when a boy as cup-bearer to a chorus of noble Athenians at a festival where nobility of blood was required for such a service. In obedience to an oracle which promised that he should be crowned with “sacred garlands,” his father, Mnesarchos, had him trained in athletics, supposing that was what was meant, and he early won the prize at several contests. Some question as to his age prevented him from presenting himself at the Olympic games in 463. He soon abandoned athletics for painting and won considerable success. But he was preparing for his great career by studying rhetoric under Prodicos and science under Anaxagoras, whose influence has been detected in many passages in his works. He was an intimate friend of Socrates. He wrote his first play at the age of eighteen, but waited till he was twenty-five before he had any work performed under his own name, and not until 441 did he win the first prize. For some reason, political or religious, Euripides, although he wrote probably as many as ninety-two dramas, was crowned only five times. Eighteen dramas and many fragments of others have been preserved. The first extant play, the “*Alkestis*,” beautifully paraphrased by Robert Browning, is supposed to date from 438 B.C. “*Orestes*” was brought out in 408, and shortly after that he went to the court of Archelaos, king of Macedonia, where he died two years later, torn to pieces by the king’s

dogs, which the story relates were set on him by two rival poets. After his death his son, who bore the same name, brought out his "Iphigeneia at Aulis," the "Bacchai" and the "Alkmaion." Euripides had a great influence all over the Greek-speaking world. He was a realist, bringing down to earth the subjects of tragedy, causing his characters to use the common language of everyday life, and therefore making them sympathetic and human. His very lack of grandeur would naturally conduce to his great popularity. We may admire Aischylos, but we cannot help loving Euripides; and the sceptical spirit which is frequently betrayed in his treatment of the gods of Greece makes him seem nearer to our day than the other two great dramatists: the simplicity and beauty of his style and the exquisite grace of his lyrics would probably explain the fact that he is read with deeper interest by modern students than either Aischylos or Sophocles. An ancient admirer wrote this epigram:—

"If it be true that in the grave the dead
Have sense and knowledge as some men have said,
I'd hang myself to see Euripides."

On his cenotaph at Athens the words were inscribed:—

"All Greece is the monument of Euripides."

THE CYCLOPS' CREED.

"THE CYCLOPS."

Cyclops. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's
God,

All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not:—When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.

And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
 Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
 The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
 Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
 Which, to what other God but to myself
 And this great belly, first of deities,
 Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
 The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
 To eat and drink during his little day,
 And give himself no care. And as for those
 Who complicate with laws the life of man,
 I freely give them tears for their reward.
 I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
 Or hesitate in dining upon you: —
 And that I may be quit of all demands,
 These are my hospitable gifts; — fierce fire
 And yon ancestral caldron, which o'er-bubbling
 Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.

— *From the translation of* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MEDEA'S FAREWELL TO HER CHILDREN.

O CHILDREN, children, you have still a city,
 A home, where, lost to me and all my woe,
 You will live out your lives without a mother.
 But I — lo! I am for another land,
 Leaving the joy of you: to see you happy,
 To deck your marriage-bed, to greet your bride,
 To light your wedding-torch, shall not be mine!
 O me! thrice wretched in my own self-will!
 In vain then, dear my children, did I rear you;
 In vain I travailed, and with wearing sorrow
 Bore bitter anguish in the hour of childbirth.
 Yea, of a sooth, I had great hope of you,
 That you would cherish my old age and deck
 My corpse with loving hands and make me blessed
 Mid women in my death. But now, ah me!
 Hath perisht that sweet dream. For long without you
 I shall drag out a dreary doleful age!

And you shall never see your children more
With your dear eyes : for all your life is changed.

Woe ! woe !

Why gaze you at me with your eyes, my children ?
Why smile your last sweet smile ? Ah me ! ah me !
What shall I do ? My heart dissolves within me,
Friends, when I see the glad eyes of my sons.
I cannot ! No : my will that was so steady,
Farewell to it. They too shall go with me :
Why should I wound their sire with what wounds them,
Heaping tenfold his woes on my own head ?
No, no, I shall not ! Perish my proud will !
Yet whence this weakness ? Do I wish to reap
The scorn that springs from enemies unpunisht ?
Dare it I must ! What craven fool am I,
To let soft thoughts flow trickling from my soul !
Go, boys, into the house : and he who may not
Be present at my solemn sacrifice —
Let him see to it ! My hand shall not falter.

Ah ! ah !

Nay, do not, O my heart, do not this thing !
Suffer them, O poor fool ; yea, spare thy children.
There in thy exile they will gladden thee.
Not so : by all the plagues of nethermost hell
It shall not be that I, that I should suffer
My foes to triumph and insult my sons !
Die must they : this must be, and since it must,
I, I myself will slay them, I who bore them !
So it is fixt, and there is no escape.
Even as I speak, the crown is on her head,
The bride is dying in her robes, I know it.
But since this path most piteous I tread,
Sending them forth on paths more piteous far,
I will embrace my children. O my sons !
Give, give your mother your dear hands to kiss !
O dearest hands and mouths most dear to me,
And forms and noble faces of my sons !
Be happy even there : what here was yours,
Your father robs you of. O delicate scent !
O tender touch and sweet breath of my boys !
Go, go, go — leave me ! Lo, I cannot bear
To look on you : my woes have overwhelmed me !

— *Translation of J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

IASON BEGS MEDEA TO GIVE HIM THE
BODIES OF THEIR TWO SONS.

Iason. Give me my sons, to mourn and bury them.

Medea. Never, for on this height where Here's shrine
Hallows the ground, this hand shall bury them,
That hostile rage may not insult their ashes,
And rend them from the tomb. A solemn feast
And sacrifice hereafter to this land
Will I appoint, to expiate the deed
Of horrid murder. In the friendly land
Where once Erectheus reigned, the house of Aigeus
Pandion's son, is open to receive me:
Thither I go. But thou, as thy vile deeds
Deserve, shalt vilely perish, thy base head
Crusht with the mouldering relics of thy Argo,
And of my nuptials feel that wretched end!

Iason. Thee may the Erinnyes of thy sons destroy
And Justice which for blood vindictive calls
For blood!

Medea. What god will hear thee, or what Fury,
Thou perjured, base betrayer of the rites
Of hospitality?

Iason. Away! away!
Thou pest abhorred — thou murderer of thy sons!

Medea. Go to thy house; go, and entomb thy wife!

Iason. I go, deprived, alas! of both my sons.

Medea. This grief be thine, even to thy latest age.

Iason. O my dear sons!

Medea. Ay, to their mother dear
But not to thee!

Iason. And wherefore didst thou kill them?

Medea. To rend thy heart!

Iason. Ah me, ah wretched me!
I long to kiss the dear cheeks of my sons.

Medea. Thou wouldst address them *now*, embrace them
now;

Then thou couldst chase them from thee!

Iason. By the gods
Give me to touch their soft and delicate flesh!

Medea. Never; thy words are thrown away in vain.

Iason. Hearest thou this, Zeus, with what indignant
pride

I am rejected, with what insults wronged,
By this abhorred, this child-destroying tigress !
Yet what I may, what power is left to me yet,
I will lament them, will sit down and wail,
And call to witness the avenging gods,
That, having slain my sons, thou hast denied me
To touch the dead and lay them in the tomb !

[*MEDEA flies away in a chariot drawn by winged dragons, taking the bodies of the two sons with her.*

—*Translation of ROBERT POTTER.*

HIPPOLITOS' OFFERING TO ARTEMIS.

“HIPPOLITOS.”

To thee this wreathèd garland from a green
And virgin meadow bear I, O my Queen,
Where never shepherd leads his grazing ewes
Nor scythe has toucht. Only the river dews
Gleam, and the spring bee sings, and in the glade
Hath Solitude her mystic garden made.
No evil hand may cull it: only he
Whose heart hath known the heart of Purity,
Unlearned of man, and true whate'er befall.
Take therefore from pure hands this coronal,
O Mistress loved, thy golden hair to twine.
For sole of living men, this grace is mine,
To dwell with thee and speak and hear replies
Of voice divine, tho none may see thine eyes.
So be it; and may death find me still the same !

—*Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

PHAIDRA PINES FOR THE HILLS.

“HIPPOLITOS.”

Phaidra. Oh for a deep and dewy spring,
With runlets cold to draw and drink.
And a great meadow blossoming,

Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
To rest me by the brink !

Nurse. Nay, Child ! Shall strangers hear this tone
So wild, and thoughts so fever-flown ?

Phaidra. Oh, take me to the Mountain ! Oh,
Past the great pines and thro the wood,
Up where the lean hounds softly go,
A-whine for wild things' blood,
And madly flies the dappled roe.
O God, to shout and speed them there,
An arrow by my chestnut hair
Drawn tight, and one keen glimmering spear —
Ah ! if I could !

Nurse. What wouldst thou with them — fancies all —
Thy hunting and thy fountain brink ?
What wouldst thou ? By the city wall
Canst hear our own brook splash and fall
Down hill, if thou wouldst drink.

Phaidra. O Mistress of the Sea-lorn Mere
Where horse-hoofs beat the sand and sing,
O Artemis, that I were there
To tame Enetian steeds and steer
Swift chariots in the ring !

Nurse. Nay, mountainward but now thy hands
Yearned out, with craving for the chase ;
And now toward the unseaswept sands
Thou roamest, where the coursers pace !
O wild young steed, what prophet knows
The power that holds thy curb and throws
Thy swift heart from its race ?

Phaidra. What have I said ? Woe 's me !

—*Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

THE MISOGYNIST.

“ HIPPOLITOS.”

O GOD, why hast Thou made this gleaming snare,
Woman, to dog us on the happy earth ?
Was it thy will to make Man, why his birth
Thro Love and Woman ? Could we not have rolled
Our store of prayer and offering, royal gold,

Silver and weight of bronze before thy feet,
 And bought of God new child-souls, as were meet
 For each man's sacrifice; and dwelt in homes
 Free, where nor Love nor Woman goes and comes?
 How, is that daughter not a bane confest
 Whom her own sire sends forth — (He knows her best!)
 And, will some man but take her, pays a dower.
 And he, poor fool, takes home the poison-flower;
 Laughs to hang jewels on the deadly thing
 He joys in; labours for her robe-wearing,
 Till wealth and peace are dead. He smarts the less
 In whose high seat is set a Nothingness,
 A woman not availing. Worst of all
 The wise deep-thoughted! Never in my hall
 May she sit throned who thinks and waits and sighs.
 For Kypris breeds most evil in the wise,
 And least in her whose heart has naught within;
 For puny wit can work but puny sin.
 Why do we let their handmaids pass the gate?
 Wild beasts were best, voiceless and fanged, to wait
 About their rooms, that they might speak with none,
 Nor ever hear one answering human tone!

—*Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

THE TEMPTATIONS OF LOVE.

“HIPPOLITOS.”

Phaidra. O Women, dwellers in this portal-seat
 Of Pelops' land, gazing toward my Crete,
 How oft, in other days than these, have I
 Thro night's long hours thought of man's misery,
 And how this life is wreckt! And, to mine eyes,
 Not in man's knowledge, not in wisdom, lies
 The lack that makes for sorrow. Nay, we scan
 And know the right — for wit hath many a man —
 But will not to the last end strive and serve.
 For some grow too soon weary, and some swerve
 To other paths, setting before the Right
 The diverse far-off image of Delight;
 And many are delights beneath the sun!

Long hours of converse; and to sit alone
 Musing — a deadly happiness, — and Shame:
 Tho two things there be hidden in one name,
 And Shame can be slow poison if it will.
 This is the truth I saw then, and see still;
 Nor is there any magic that can stain
 That white truth for me, or make me blind again.
 Come, I will show thee how my spirit hath moved.
 When the first stab came, and I knew I loved,
 I cast about how best to face mine ill.
 And the first thought that came, was to be still
 And hide my sickness. — For no trust there is
 In man's tongue, that so well admonishes
 And counsels and betrays and waxes fat
 With griefs of its own gathering! — After that
 I would my madness bravely bear and try
 To conquer by my own heart's purity.
 My third mind, when these two availed me naught
 To quell love, — was to die . . .

Curst be they whose lips are clean

And wise and seemly, but their hearts within
 Rank with bad daring! How can they, O Thou
 That walkest on the waves, great Cyprian, how
 Smile in their husbands' faces and not fall,
 Not cower before the Darkness that knows all,
 Ay, dread the dead still chambers, lest one day
 The stones find voice, and all be finisht!

Nay, .

Friends, 't is for this I die; lest I stand there
 Having shamed my husband and the babes I bare. . . .
 'T is written, one way is there, one, to win
 This life's race, could man keep it from his birth,
 A true clean spirit. And thro all this earth
 To every false man, that hour comes apace
 When Time holds up a mirror to his face,
 And girl-like, marvelling, there he stands to see
 How foul his heart. Be it not so with me!

— Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.

THE HOME OF APHRODITE.

"THE BACCHAL."

WHERE is the home for me?
O Cyprus, set in the sea,
Aphrodite's home in the soft sea-foam,
Would I could wend to thee;
Where the wings of the Loves are furled,
And faint the heart of the world!

Ay, or to Paphos' isle,
Where the rainless meadows smile
With riches rolled from the hundred-fold
Mouths of the far-off Nile,
Streaming beneath the waves
To the roots of the seaward caves!

But a better land is there
Where Olympos cleaves the air,
The high still dell where the Muses dwell,
Fairest of all things fair.
O there is Grace and there is the Heart's desire
And peace to adore thee, thou spirit of Guiding Fire!

— *Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

"O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

"HIPPOLITOS."

COULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hilltops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God.
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phaethon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams a drop of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
 The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold ;
 Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
 And the red wave is tranquil as of old ;
 Yea, beyond that pillar of the End
 That Atlas guardeth, would I wend ;
 Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
 In God's quiet garden by the sea,
 And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
 Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

— *Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

THE ARREST OF DIONYSOS.

“BACCHAI.”

Soldier. Our quest is finisht, and thy prey, O King,
 Caught ; for the chase was swift, and this wild thing
 Most tame ; yet never flincht nor thought to flee,
 But held both hands out unresistingly —
 No change, no blanching of the wine-red cheek.
 He waited while we came, and bade us wreak
 All thy decrees ; yea, laught, and made my hest
 Easy, till I for very shame confest
 And said : “ O stranger, not of mine own will
 I bind thee, but his bidding to fulfil
 Who sent me.”

And those prisoned Maids withal
 Whom thou didst seize and bind within the wall
 Of the great dungeon, they are fled, O King,
 Free in the woods, a-dance and glorying
 To Bromios. Of their own impulse fell
 To earth, men say, fetter and manacle,
 And bars slid back untoucht of mortal hand.
 Yea, full of many wonders to thy land
 Is this man come. . . . Howbeit, it lies with thee.

Pentheus. Ye are mad ! — Unhand him ! How so swift
 he be,

My toils are round him and he shall not fly.

[*The guards loose the arms of DIONYSOS ; PENTHEUS studies him a while in silence ; then speaks jeeringly. DIONYSOS remains gentle and unafraid.*

Marry, a fair shape for a woman's eye,
 Sir stranger! And thou seek'st no more, I ween.
 Long curls withal!—that shows thou ne'er hast been
 A wrestler,—down both cheeks so softly tost
 And winsome! And a white skin! It hath cost
 Thee pain, to please thy dansels with this white
 And red of cheeks that never face the light.

[DIONYSOS is silent.]

Speak, sirrah; tell me first thy name and race.

Dionysos. No glory is therein, nor yet disgrace.

Thou hast heard of Tmolos, the bright hill of flowers

Pentheus. Surely, the ridge that winds by Sardis' towers.

Dionysos. Thence am I; Lydia was my fatherland.

Pentheus. And whence these revelations, that thy hand
 Spreadeth in Hellas?

Dionysos. Their intent and use

Dionysos oped to me, the child of Zeus.

Pentheus [brutally]. Is there a Zeus then that can still
 beget

Young Gods?

Dionysos. Nay, only He whose seal was set

Here in thy Thebes on Semelê.

Pentheus. What way

Descended he upon thee? In full day

Or vision of night?

Dionysos. Most clear he stood, and scanned

My soul and gave his emblems to mine hand.

Pentheus. What like be they, these emblems?

Dionysos. That may none

Reveal, nor know, save his Elect alone.

Pentheus. And what good bring they to the worshipper?

Dionysos. Good beyond price, but not for thee to
 hear.

Pentheus. Thou trickster. Thou wouldst prick me on
 the more

To seek them out.

Dionysos. His mysteries abhor

The touch of sin-lovers.

Pentheus. And so thine eyes

Saw this God plain; what guise had he?

Dionysos. What guise?

It liked him. 'T was not I ordained his shape.

Pentheus. Ay, deftly turned again! An idle jape,
And nothing answered.

Dionysos. Wise words being brought
To blinded eyes will seem as things of naught.

Pentheus. And comest thou first to Thebes to have thy
God
Establisht?

Dionysos. Nay; all Barbary hath trod
His dance ere this.

Pentheus. A low blind folk, I ween,
Beside our Hellenes.

Dionysos. Higher and more keen
In this thing, tho their ways are not thy way.

Pentheus. How is thy worship held, by night or day?

Dionysos. Most oft by night; 't is a majestic thing,
The darkness.

Pentheus. Ha! with women worshipping?
'T is craft and rottenness.

Dionysos. By day no less,
Whoso will seek may find unholiness.

Pentheus. Enough! Thy doom is fixt, for false pre-
tence
Corrupting Thebes.

Dionysos. Not mine; but thine, for dense
Blindness of heart and blaspheming God.

Pentheus. A ready knave it is, and brazen-browed,
This mystery-priest.

Dionysos. Come, say what it shall be,
My doom; what dire thing wilt thou do to me?

Pentheus. First, shear that delicate curl that dangles
there.

[*He beckons to the soldiers, who approach* DIONYSOS.

Dionysos. I have vowed it to my God; 't is holy hair.

[*The soldiers cut off the tress.*

Pentheus. Next, yield me up thy staff.

Dionysos. Raise thine own hand
To take it. This is Dionysos' wand.

[PENTHEUS takes the staff.

Pentheus. Last, I will hold thee prisoned here.

Dionysos. My Lord
God will unloose me, when I speak the word.

Pentheus. He may, if e'er again amid his bands
Of saints he hears thy voice.

Dionysos. Even now he stands
Close here, and sees all that I suffer.

Pentheus. What?
Where is he? For mine eyes discern him not.

Dionysos. Where I am! 'T is thine own impurity
That veils him from thee.

Pentheus. The dog jeers at me —
At me and Thebes. Bind him.

[*The soldiers begin to bind him.*]

Dionysos. I charge ye, bind
Me not. I having vision and ye blind.

Pentheus. And I, with better right, say bind the more.
[*The soldiers obey.*]

Dionysos. Thou knowest not what end thou seekest,
nor
What deed thou doest, nor what man thou art.

Pentheus [*mocking*]. Agâvê's son, and on the father's
part
Echîon's, hight Pentheus.

Dionysos. So let it be,
A name fore-written to calamity.

Pentheus. Away, and tie him where the steeds are
tied;

Ay, let him lie in the manger! There abide
And stare into the darkness! — And this rout
Of womankind that clusters thee about,
Thy ministers of worship, are my slaves.
It may be I will sell them o'er the waves,
Hither and thither; else they shall be set
To labour at my distaffs, and forget
Their timbrel and their songs of dawning day.

Dionysos. I go; for that which may not be, I may
Not suffer. Yet for this thy sin, lo, He
Whom thou deniest cometh after thee
For recompense! Yea, in thy wrong to us,
Thou hast cast Him into thy prison-house.

[*DIONYSOS, without his wand, his hair shorn, and his
arms tightly bound, is led off by the guards to his
dungeon.*]

[*A little later. An earthquake suddenly shakes the
pillars of the Castle.*]

A Maiden. Ha, what is coming? Shall the hall
Of Pentheus rackt in ruin fall?

Leader of Chorus. Our God is in the house. Ye maids adore Him.

Chorus. We adore him all!

The Voice from within. Unveil the Lightning's eye; arouse

The fire that sleeps, against this house!

[*Fire leaps up on the Tomb of SEMELÊ.*

A Maiden. Ah, saw ye, markt ye there the flame
From Semelê's enhalloved sod

Awakened? Yea, the Death that came

Ablaze from heaven of old, the same

Hot splendour of the shaft of God?

Leader. Oh, cast ye, cast ye, to the earth! The Lord
Cometh against this house! Oh, cast ye down,
Ye trembling damsels; He, our adored,
God's child hath come, and all is overthrown!

[*The Maidens cast themselves upon the ground, their
eyes earthward. DIONYSOS, alone and unbound,
enters from the Castle.*

Dionysos. Ye Damsels of the Morning Hills, why lie
ye thus dismayed?

Ye markt him, then, our Master, and the mighty hand he
laid

On tower and rock, shaking the house of Pentheus? But
arise,

And cast the trembling from your flesh and lift untroubled
eyes.

Leader. O Light in Darkness, is it thou? O Priest, is
this thy face?

My heart leaps out to greet thee from the deep of loneli-
ness.

Dionysos. Fell ye so quick despairing, when beneath
the Gate I past?

Should the gates of Pentheus quell me, or his darkness
make me fast?

Leader. Oh, what was left if thou wert gone? What
could I but despair?

How hast thou 'scaped the man of sin? Who freed thee
from the snare?

Dionysos. I had no pain nor peril; 't was mine own
hand set me free.

Leader. Thine arms were gyvèd!

Dionysos. Nay, no gyve, no touch was laid on me.

'T was there I mockt him, in his gyves, and gave him
dreams for food.
For when he led me down, behold, before the stall there
stood
A Bull of Offering. And this King, he bit his lips, and
straight
Fell on and bound it, hoof and limb, with gasping wrath
and sweat.
And I sat watching! — Then a Voice; and lo, our Lord
was come,
And the house shook, and a great flame stood o'er his
mother's tomb.
And Pentheus hied this way and that, and called his
thralls amain
For water, lest his roof-tree burn; and all toiled, all in vain.
Then deemed a-sudden I was gone; and left his fire, and
sped
Back to the prison portals, and his lifted sword shone red.
But there, methinks, the God had wrought — I speak but
as I guess —
Some dream-shape in mine image; for he smote at empti-
ness,
Stabbed in the air and strove in wrath, as tho 't were me
he slew.
Then mid his dreams God smote him yet again. He
overthrew
All that high house. And there in wreck for evermore
it lies,
That the day of this my bondage may be sore in Pen-
theus' eyes!
And now his sword is fallen, and he lies outworn and wan
Who dared to rise against his God in wrath, being but
man.
And I uprose and left him, and in all peace took my path
Forth to my Chosen, recking light of Pentheus and his
wrath.
But soft, methinks a footstep sounds even now within
the hall;
'T is he; how think ye he will stand and what words
speak withal?
I will endure him gently, tho' he come in fury hot,
For still are the ways of Wisdom and her temper trem-
bleth not!

Enter PENTHEUS in fury.

Pentheus. It is too much. This Eastern knave hath
slipt
His prison, whom I held but now, hard-gript
In bondage. — Ha! 'T is he! — What, sirrah, how
Show'st thou before my portals?

[He advances furiously upon him.]

Dionysos. Softly thou!
And set a quiet carriage to thy rage.
Pentheus. How comest thou here? How didst thou
break thy cage?
Speak!

Dionysos. Said I not, or didst thou mark not me,
There was One living that should set me free?

Pentheus. Who? Ever wilder are these tales of thine.

Dionysos. He who first made for man the clustered
vine.

Pentheus. I scorn him and his vines.

Dionysos. For Dionyse
'T is well; for in thy scorn his glory lies.

Pentheus [*to his guard*]. Go swift to all the towers,
and bar withal
Each gate!

Dionysos. What, cannot God o'erleap a wall?

Pentheus. Oh, wit thou hast, save where thou needest it!

Dionysos. Whereso it most imports, there is my wit. —
Nay, peace! Abide till he who hasteth from
The mountain side with news for thee be come.
We will not fly but wait on thy command.

*Enter suddenly and in haste a MESSENGER from the
Mountain.*

Messenger. Great Pentheus, lord of all this Theban
land,
I come from high Kithairon, where the frore
Snow-spangles gleam and cease not evermore. . . .

Pentheus. And of what import may thy coming bring?

Messenger. I have seen the Wild White Woman there,
O King,

Whose fleet limbs darted arrow-like but now
 From Thebes away, and come to tell thee how
 They work strange deeds and passing marvel. Yet
 I first would learn thy pleasure. Shall I set
 My whole tale forth, or veil the stranger part?
 Yea, Lord, I fear the swiftness of thy heart,
 Thine edged wrath and more than royal soul.

Pentheus. Thy tale shall nothing scathe thee. — Tell
 the whole.

It skills not to be wroth with honesty.
 Nay, if thy news of them be dark, 't is he
 Shall pay it who bewitcht and led them on.

Messenger. Our herded kine were moving in the dawn
 Up to the peaks, the grayest, coldest time,
 When the first rays steal earthward, and the rime
 Yields, when I saw three bands of them. The one
 Autonoë led, one Ino, one thine own
 Mother Agâvê. There beneath the trees
 Sleeping they lay, like wild things flung at ease
 In the forest; one half sinking on a bed
 Of deep pine greenery; one with careless head
 Amid the fallen oak leaves; all most cold
 In purity — not as thy tale was told
 Of wine-cups and wild music and the chase
 For love amid the forest's loneliness.
 Then rose the Queen Agâvê suddenly
 Amid her band, and gave the God's wild cry,
 "Awake, ye Bacchanals. I hear the sound
 Of hornèd kine. Awake ye!" — Then, all round,
 Alert, the warm sleep fallen from their eyes,
 A marvel of swift ranks I saw them rise,
 Dames young and old, and gentle maids unwed
 Among them. O'er their shoulders first they shed
 Their tresses, and caught up the fallen fold
 Of mantles where some clasp had loosened hold,
 And girt the dappled fawn-skins in with long
 Quick snakes that hissed and writhed with quivering
 tongue.

And one a young fawn held, and one a wild
 Wolf cub, and fed them with white milk, and smiled
 In love, young mothers with a mother's breast
 And babes at home forgotten. Then they prest
 Wreathed ivy round their brows and oaken sprays

And flowering bryony. And one would raise
 Her wand and smite the rock and straight a jet
 Of quick bright water came. Another set
 Her thyrsus in the bosomed earth, and there
 Was red wine that the God sent up to her
 A darkling fountain. And if any lips
 Sought whiter draughts, with dipping finger-tips
 They prest the sod, and gushing from the ground
 Came springs of milk. And reed-wands ivy-crowned
 Ran with sweet honey, drop by drop. — O King,
 Hadst thou been there as I, and seen this thing,
 With prayer and most high wonder hadst thou gone
 To adore this God whom now thou railst upon!

Howbeit, the kine-wardens and shepherds straight
 Came to one place amazed, and held debate;
 And one being there who walkt the streets and scanned
 The ways of speech, took lead of them whose hand
 Knew but the slow soil and the solemn hill,
 And flattering spoke, and askt: "Is it your will,
 Masters, we stay the mother of the King,
 Agâvê, from her lawless worshipping,
 And win us royal thanks?" — And this seemed good
 To all; and thro the branching underwood
 We hid us, cowering in the leaves. And there
 Thro the appointed hour they made their prayer
 And worship of the Wand, with one accord
 Of heart and cry — "Iacchos, Bromios, Lord,
 God of God born!" — And all the mountain felt,
 And worshipt with them; and the wild things knelt
 And rampt and gloried, and the wilderness
 Was filled with moving voices and dim stress.

Soon, as it chanced, beside my thicket-close
 The Queen herself past dancing, and I rose
 And sprang to seize her. But she turned her face
 Upon me: "Ho, my rovers of the chase,
 My wild White Hounds, we are hunted! Up, each rod
 And follow, for our Lord and God!"
 Thereat, for fear they tear us, all we fled
 Amazed; and on, with hand unweaponèd
 They swept toward our herds that browsed the green
 Hill grass. Great uddered kine then hadst thou seen
 Bellowing in sword-like hands that cleave and tear,
 A live steer riven asunder, and the air

Tost with rent ribs or limbs of cloven tread,
 And flesh upon the branches, and a red
 Rain from the deep green pines. Yea, bulls of pride,
 Horns swift to rage, were fronted and aside
 Flung stumbling, by those multitudinous hands
 Dragged pitilessly. And swifter were the bands
 Of garbèd flesh and bone unbound withal
 Than on thy royal eyes the lids may fall.
 Then on like birds, by their own speed upborne,
 They swept toward the plains of waving corn
 That lie beside Asopos' banks and bring
 To Thebes the rich fruit of her harvesting.
 On Hysiai and Erythrai that lie nurst
 Amid Kithairon's bowering rocks, they burst
 Destroying, as a foeman's army comes.
 They caught up little children from their homes
 High on their shoulders, babes unheld, that swayed
 And laught and fell not; all a wreck they made;
 Yea, bronze and iron did shatter, and in play
 Struck hither and thither, yet no wound had they;
 Caught fire from out the hearths, yea, carried hot
 Flames in their tresses and were scorched not.
 The village folk in wrath took spear and sword,
 And turned upon the Bacchai. Then, dread Lord,
 The wonder was. For spear nor barbèd brand
 Could scathe nor touch the damsels; but the Wand,
 The soft and wreathèd Wand their white hands sped,
 Blasted those men and quelled them, and they fled
 Dizzily. Sure some God was in these things.
 And the holy women back to those strange springs
 Returned, that God had sent them when the day
 Dawned, on the upper heights; and washt away
 The stain of battle. And those girdling snakes
 Hissed out to lap the waterdrops from cheeks
 And hair and breast.

Therefore I counsel thee,
 O King, receive this Spirit, whoe'er he be,
 To Thebes in glory. Greatness manifold
 Is all about him; and the tale is told
 That this is he who first to man did give
 The grief-assuaging vine. Oh, let him live;
 For if he die then Love herself is slain,
 And nothing joyous in the world again!

Leader. Albeit I tremble and scarce may speak my thought
 To a king's face, yet will I hide it not.
 Dionyse is God, no God more true nor higher.

Pentheus. It bursts hard by us, like a smothered fire,
 This frenzy of Bacchic women! All my land
 Is made their mock — This needs an iron hand.
 Ho, Captain. Quick to the Electran Gate;
 Bid gather all my men-at-arms thereat;
 Call all that spur the charger, all who know
 To wield the orbèd targe or bend the bow;
 We march to war! — 'Fore God, shall women dare
 Such deeds against us? 'T is too much to bear!

Dionysos. Thou mark'st me not, O King, and holdest light
 My solemn words; yet, in thine own despite,
 I warn thee still. Lift thou not up thy spear
 Against a God, but hold thy peace and fear
 His wrath. He will not brook it, if thou fright
 His Chosen from the hills of their delight.

Pentheus. Peace, thou. And if for once thou hast slipt
 thy chain
 Give thanks or I shall know thine arms again!

Dionysos. Better to yield him prayer and sacrifice
 Than kick against the pricks, since Dionyse
 Is God, and thou but mortal.

Pentheus. That will I!
 Yea, sacrifice of women's blood, to cry
 His name thro all Kithairon!

Dionysos. Ye shall fly
 All and abase your shields of bronzen rim
 Before their Wands.

Pentheus. There is no way with him
 This stranger that so dogs us. Well or ill
 I may entreat him, he must babble still!

— Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

"BACCHAI."

DIONYSOS, *still masquerading as a man, leads the King, hypnotized and drest as a Bacchic maiden, to the mountain where he is detected spying on the mysteries.*

Messenger. We climbed beyond the utmost habitings
Of Theban shepherds, past Asopos' springs,
And struck into the land of rock on dim
Kithairon — Pentheus, and attending him,
I, and the Stranger who should guide our way.
Then first in a green dell we stopt, and lay,
Lips dumb and feet unmoving, warily
Watching, to be unseen and yet to see.
A narrow glen it was, by crags o'ertowered,
Torn thro by tossing waters, and there lowered
A shadow of great pines over it. And there
The Maenad maidens sate; in toil they were,
Busily glad. Some with an ivy chain
Tricked a worn wand to toss its locks again;
Some, wild in joyance, like young steeds set free,
Made answering songs of mystic melody,
But my poor master saw not the great band
Before him. "Stranger," cried he, "where we stand
Mine eyes can reach not these false saints of thine.
Mount we the bank, or some high-shouldered pine,
And I shall see their follies clear!" At that
There came a marvel. For the Stranger straight
Tought a great pine-tree's high and heavenward crown,
And lower, lower, lower, urged it down
To the herbless floor. Round like a bending bow,
Or slow wheel's rim a joiner forces to,
So in those hands that tough and mountain stem
Bowed slow — oh, strength not mortal dwelt in them! —
To the very earth. And there he set the King
And slowly, lest it cast him in its spring,
Let back the young and straining tree, till high
It towered again amid the towering sky;
And Pentheus in the branches! Well, I ween,
He saw the Maenads then, and well was seen!
For scarce was he aloft, when suddenly

There was no Stranger any more with me,
But out of Heaven a Voice — oh, what voice else? —
'T was He that called: "Behold, O damosels,
I bring ye him who turneth to despite
Both me and ye, and darkeneth my great light.
'T is yours to avenge!" So spake he, and there came
'Twixt earth and sky a pillar of high flame.
And silence took the air, and no leaf stirred
In all the forest dell. Thou hadst not heard
In that vast silence any wild thing's cry!
And up they sprang; but with bewildered eye,
Agaze and listening, scarce yet hearing true.
Then came the Voice again. And when they knew
Their God's clear call, old Cadmos' royal brood
Up, like wild pigeons startled in a wood,
On flying feet they came, his mother blind
Agâvê, and her sisters, and behind
All the wild crowd, more deeply then,
Thro the angry rocks and torrent-tossing glen,
Until they spied him in the dark pine-tree:
Then climbed a crag hard by and furiously
Some sought to stone him, some their wands would fling
Lance-wise aloft, in cruel targeting.
But none could strike. The height o'ertopt their rage,
And there he clung, unscathed, as in a cage
Caught. And of all their strife no end was found.
Then, "Hither," cried Agâvê; "stand we round
And grip the stem, my Wild Ones, till we take
The climbing cat-o'-the-mount. He shall not make
A tale of God's high dances!" Out then shone
Arm upon arm, past count, and closed upon
The pine and gript; and the ground gave, and down
It reeled. And that high sitter from the crown
Of the green pine-top, with a shrieking cry
Fell, as his mind grew clear, and there hard by
Was horror visible. 'T was his mother stood
O'er him, first priestess of those rites of blood.
He tore the coif, and from his head away
Flung it, that she might know him, and not slay
To her own misery. He toucht the wild
Cheek, crying: "Mother, it is I, thy child,
Thy Pentheus, born thee in Echion's hall.
Have mercy, Mother. Let it not befall

Thro sin of mine, that thou shouldst slay thy son!"
But she with lips afoam and eyes that run
Like leaping fire, with thought that ne'er should be
On earth, possest by Bacchios utterly,
Stays not nor hears. Round his left arm she put
Both hands, set hard against his side her foot,
Drew . . . and the shoulder severed. — Not by might
Of arm, but easily, as the God made light
Her hand's essay. And at the other side
Was Ino rending; and the torn flesh cried,
And on Autonoe prest, and all the crowd
Of ravening arms. Yea, all the air was loud
With groans that faded into sobbing breath,
Dim shrieks, and joy, and triumph-cries of death.
And here was borne a severed arm, and there
A hunter's booted foot; white bones lay bare
With rending; and swift hands ensanguinèd
Tost as in sport the flesh of Pentheus dead.
His body lies afar. The precipice
Hath part, and parts in many an interstice
Lurk of the tangled woodland — no light quest
To find. And ah, the head! Of all the rest,
His mother hath it, pierced upon a wand,
As one might pierce a lion's and thro the land,
Leaving her sisters in their dancing-place
Bears it on high. Yea, to these walls her face
Was set exulting in her deed of blood,
Calling upon her Bromios, her God,
Her Comrade Fellow-Render of the Prey,
Her All-Victorious, to whom this day
She bears in triumph — her own broken heart
For me, after that sight I will depart
Before Agavê comes. — Oh, to fulfil
God's laws and have no thought beyond His will,
Is man's best treasure. Ay and wisdom true,
Methinks, for things of dust to cleave unto!

— *Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.*

ADMETOS MOURNS THE DEATH OF ALKESTIS.

“ALKESTIS.”

FRIENDS, I account the fortune of my wife
 Happier than mine, tho it seem otherwise :
 For, her indeed no grief will ever touch,
 And she from many a labour pauses now,
 Renowned one. Whereas I, who ought to live,
 But do live, by evading destiny,
 Sad life am I to lead, I learn at last !
 For how shall I bear going in-doors here ?
 Accosting whom ? By whom saluted back,
 Shall I have joyous entry ? Whither turn ?
 Inside the solitude will drive me forth,
 When I behold the empty bed — my wife's —
 The seat she used to sit upon, the floor
 Unsprinkled as when dwellers loved the cool,
 The children that will clasp my knees about,
 Cry for their mother back ; these servants too
 Mourning for what a guardian they have lost !
 Inside my house such circumstance awaits !
 Outside — Thessalian people's marriage-feasts
 And gatherings for talk will harass me,
 With overflow of women everywhere ;
 It is impossible I look on them —
 Familiars of my wife and just her age.
 And then, whoever is a foe of mine,
 And lights on me — why, this will be his word —
 “ See there ! alive ignobly, there he sulks
 That played the dastard when it came to die,
 And giving her he wedded, in exchange,
 Kept himself out of Hades safe and sound,
 The coward ! Do you call that creature — man ?
 He hates his parents for declining death,
 Just as if he himself would gladly die.”
 This sort of reputation shall I have,
 Besides the other ills enough in store.
 Ill-famed, ill-faring, — what advantage, friends,
 Do you perceive I gain by life for death ?

— *Paraphrase of* ROBERT BROWNING.

ARISTOPHANES.

ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of the comedy writers of Greece, was born about 444 B.C., and presumably at Athens, although his enemies tried to deprive him of his civic rights, on the ground that he was a native of Aigina, where his father Philippos had possessions. Of his private life nothing is known except the fact that he had three sons and that he was bald. His earliest comedy — "The Acharnians" — was produced in 425 when he was a youth. It won the first prize as did also his second, — "The Knights," — played the following year. Out of the fifty-four comedies which he wrote eleven have been preserved, together with fragments of a few others. From these may be reconstituted something of the character of the man who wrote them. He was a thorough-going conservative, harking back in his admiration to the Athens of Aischylos and the Aischylos of that Athens. He therefore attacked Euripides as an innovator, who brought tragedy down to the level of everyday life; attacked Socrates, in a sense impersonally — for the men were friends in private — as being responsible for the sophistical turn which education had taken, to the detriment of morals in Greece; attacked with the keen-edged blade of his satire every public or private citizen whose actions aroused his lofty and patriotic indignation. His services were recognized; the people voted him an olive crown because he exposed the misdoings of Creon, the demagogue of Athens. Although he preferred Aischylos to Euripides, he was as sceptical as a Voltaire; while Euripides made the immortals detestable, Aristophanes made them ridiculous. He sends Dionysos, like a Don Quixote, with a Sancho Panza slave, to Hades to bring up a poet, since all the great dramatists are dead. He even makes sport of the Thunderer. His inventiveness is phenomenal; he heaps absurdity on absurdity; he compounds words with extraordinary effect; a word for

"hash" fills several iambic lines and contains 169 letters; he is a master of parody and spares not even Aischylos. Frogs, horses, pigs, birds, sing in his choruses. He personifies the Worse and the Better Reason, Peace and other abstract qualities; he apotheosizes Folly and Fraud. His comic verse is overwhelming; his skill in the use of the purest Attic or the vagaries of dialect and billingsgate is masterly. He is more than a comic poet; his lyrics, couched in every varying metres, often touch the loftiest heights of pure poesy. So, as Browning says, he exemplifies the

"Glory of the poet, glow
O' the humorist who castigates his kind,
Suave summer-lighting lambency which plays
On stag-horned tree, misshapen crag askew,
Then vanishes with unvindictive smile
After a moment's laying black earth bare;
Splendour of wit that springs a thunderball —
Satire — to burn and purify the world,
True aim, fair purpose, just wit."

THE ROAD TO HADES.

"THE FROGS."

Dionysos [*disguised as Heracles*]. But why I came in these especial trappings —
Disguised as you, in fact — was this: I want you
To tell me all the hosts with whom you stayed
That time you went to fetch up Cerberus:
Tell me your hosts, your harbours, bakers' shops,
Inns, taverns, — reputable and otherwise —
Springs, roads, towns, posts, and landladies that keep
The fewest fleas.

Heracles [*impressively*]. Bold man, and will you dare . . .

Dionysos. Now don't begin
That sort of thing; but tell the two of us
What road will take us quickest down to Hades. —
And, please, no great extremes of heat or cold.

Heracles. Well, which one had I better tell you first? —
Which now? — Ah, yes; suppose you get a boatman
To tug you with a hawser — round your neck . . .

Dionysos. A choky sort of journey, that.

Heracles.

Well, then,

There is a short road, quick and smooth, the surface
Well pounded — in a mortar.

Dionysos. The hemlock way?

Heracles. Exactly.

Dionysos. Cold and bitter! Why, it freezes
All your shins numb.

Heracles. Do you mind one short and steep?

Dionysos. Not in the least. . . . You know I'm no
great walker.

Heracles. Then just stroll down to Kerameikos . . .

Dionysos. Well?

Heracles. Climb up the big tower . . .

Dionysos. Good; and then?

Heracles. Then watch

And see them start the torch-race down below;

Lean over till you hear the men say "Go."

And then — go.

Dionysos. Where?

Heracles. Why, over.

Dionysos. Not for me!

It'd cost me two whole sauce-bags full of brains.

I won't go that way.

Heracles. Well, how *will* you go?

Dionysos. The way *you* went that time.

Heracles [*impressively*]. The voyage is long.

You first come to a great mere, fathomless

And very wide.

Dionysos [*unimpressed*]. How do I get across?

Heracles [*with a gesture*]. In a little boat, like that; an
aged man

Will row you across the ferry . . . for two obols.

Dionysos. Those two old obols — everywhere at work.

I wonder how they found their way down there?

Heracles. Oh, Theseus took them. — After that you'll
see

Snakes and queer monsters, crowds and crowds.

Dionysos. Now don't:

Don't play at bogies! You can never move me.

Heracles. Then deep, deep mire and everlasting filth,
And wallowing there, such as have wronged a guest,
Or pickt a wench's pocket while they kist her,
Beaten their mothers, smackt their fathers' jaws,
Or sworn perjurious oaths before high heaven.

Dionysos. And with them, I should hope, such as have learned

Kinesias's latest Battle Dance,
Or copied out a speech of Morsimos!

Heracles. Then you will find a breath about your ears
Of music, and a light about your eyes
Most beautiful — like this — and myrtle groves,
And joyous throngs of women and of men,
And clapping of glad hands.

Dionysos. And who will *they* be?

Heracles. The Initiated. . . .
And they will forthwith tell you all you seek.
They have their dwelling just beside the road,
At Pluto's very door. — So now good-by;
And a pleasant journey, brother. . . .

Dionysos. Why, here's a funeral just in time

Enter a funeral.

Here, sir, — it's you I'm addressing — the defunct;
Do you care to carry a few traps to Hades?

The Corpse [*sitting up*]. How heavy?

Dionysos. What you see.

Corpse. You'll pay two drachmas?

Dionysos. Oh, come, that's rather much.

Corpse. Bearers, move on!

Dionysos. My good man, wait! See if we can't arrange.

Corpse. Two drachmas down, or else don't talk to me.

Dionysos. Nine obols?

Corpse [*lying down again*]. Strike me living if I will!

— Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.

THE CROSSING OF THE STYX.

"THE FROGS."

DIONYSOS, *his slave* XANTHIAS, CHARON, and CHORUS.

Dionysos. What is that?

Xanthias. That? A lake.

Dionysos. By Zeus, it is!

The mere he spoke of.

Xanthias. Yes; I see a boat.

Dionysos. Yes, by the powers!

Xanthias. And yonder must be Charon.

Dionysos. Charon, ahoy!

Both. Ahoy! Charon, ahoy!

Charon [*approaching in the boat. He is an old, grim, and squalid Ferryman wearing a slave's felt cap and a sleeveless tunic*]. Who seeks for rest from sufferings and cares? Who's for the Carrion Crows and the Dead Donkeys; Lethe and Sparta and the rest of Hell?

Dionysos. I!

Charon. Get in.

Dionysos. Where do you touch? You did n't say The Crows?

Charon [*gruffly*]. The Dogs will be the place for you. Get in.

Dionysos. Come, *Xanthias*.

Charon. I don't take slaves:

Unless he has won his freedom? Did he fight

The battle of Cold Meat Unpreserved?

Xanthias. Well, no; my eyes were very sore just then . . .

Charon. Then trot round on your legs.

Xanthias. Where shall I meet you?

Charon. The place of waiting by the Stone of Shivers.

Dionysos [*to XANTHIAS, who hesitates*]. You understand?

Xanthias. Oh, quite. [*Aside.*] Just my luck
What can have crost me when I started out?

[*Exit XANTHIAS.*]

Charon. Sit to your oar. [*DIONYSOS does his best to obey.*] Any more passengers?

If so, make haste. [*To DIONYSOS.*] What are you doing there?

Dionysos. What you told me; sitting on my oar.

Charon. Oh, are you? Well, get up again and sit
[*Pushing him down.*]

Down there, — fatty.

Dionysos [*doing everything wrong*]. Like that?

Charon. Put out your arms

And stretch . . .

Dionysos. Like that?

Charon. None of your nonsense here.

Put both your feet against the stretcher. — Now

In good time, row.

Dionysos [*fluently, putting down his oars*]. And how do you expect

A man like me, with no experience,
No seamanship, no Salamis, — to row?

Charon. You'll row all right; as soon as you fall to
You'll hear a first-rate tune that *makes* you row.

Dionysos. Who sings it?

Charon. Certain cyncoranidæ.

That's music!

Dionysos. Give the word then, and we'll see.

[*CHARON gives the word for rowing and marks the time.*

A chorus of FROGS under the water is heard. The Feast of Pots to which they refer was the third day of the Anthesteria; and included songs to DIONYSOS at his temple in the district called Limnai, the Marshes.

Frogs. O brood of the mere and the spring,
Gather together and sing
From the depths of your throat
By the side of the boat,
Co-äx, as we move in a ring;

As in Limnai we sang the divine
Nyseïan Giver of Wine,
When the people in lots
With their sanctified Pots
Came reeling around my shrine.
Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx.

Dionysos. Don't sing any more;
I begin to be sore.

Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx.
Co-äx, co äx, co-äx,
Brekekekex co-äx!

Dionysos. Is it nothing to you
If I'm black and I'm blue?

Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx.

Dionysos. A plague on all of your swarming packs.
There's nothing in you except co-äx.

Frogs. Well, and what more do you need?
Tho it's none of your business indeed,
When the Muse thereanent
Is entirely content,
And horny-hooft Pan with his reed:

When Apollo is fain to admire
 My voice, on account of his lyre
 Which he frames with the rushes
 And watery bushes —

Co-äx! — which I grow in the mire.
 Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
 Brekekekex co-äx.

Dionysos. Peace, musical sisters.
 I'm covered with blisters.

Frogs. Co-äx, co-äx, co-äx,
 Brekekekex co-äx.

Our song we can double
 Without the least trouble:
 Brekekekex co-äx.

Sing we now, if ever hopping
 Thro the sedge and flowering rushes;
 In and out the sunshine flopping,
 We have sported, rising, dropping,
 With our song that nothing hushes.

Sing, if e'er in days of storm
 Safe our native oozes bore us,
 Staved the rain off, kept us warm,
 Till we set our dance in form,
 Raised our hubble-bubbling chorus:
 Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx.

Dionysos. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx.
 I can sing it as loud as you.

Frogs. Sisters, that he never must do.

Dionysos. Would you have me row till my shoulder
 cracks?

Frogs. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx.

Dionysos. Brekekekex co-äx.

Groan away till you burst your backs.
 It's nothing to me.

Frogs. Just wait till you see.

Dionysos. I don't care how you scold.

Frogs. Then all day long

We will croak you a song
 As loud as our throats can hold.

Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!

Dionysos. Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!

I'll see you don't outdo me in that.

Frogs. Well, *you* shall never beat *us* — that's flat.

Dionysos. I'll make you cease your song
 If I shout for it all day long;
 My lungs I'll tax
 With co-äx, co-äx
 — I assure you they're thoroughly strong —
 Until your efforts at last relax:
 Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!! [*No answer from the FROGS.*
 Brekekekex co-äx, co-äx!!
 I knew in the end I should stop your quacks!
 [*The boat has now reached the farther shore.*
Charon. Easy there! Stop her! Lay her alongside. —
 Now pay your fare and go.

Dionysos. There are the obols.

[*DIONYSOS gets out. The boat and CHARON disappear. DIONYSOS peers about him.*

Ho, Xanthias. . . . Where's Xanthias? — Is that you?

Xanthias [*from the darkness*]. Hullo!

Dionysos. Come this way.

Xanthias [*entering*]. Oh, I'm glad to see you!

Dionysos [*looking around*]. Well, and what have we here?

Xanthias. Darkness and mud.

Dionysos. Did you see any of the perjurers here
 And father-beaters, as he said we should?

Xanthias. Why, did n't you?

Dionysos. I? Lots. [*Looking full at the audience.*] I
 see them now.

— Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.

DRAMATISTS IN HADES.

"THE FROGS."

Chorus [*singing a parody of the metre and style of*
AISCHYLOS]. Eftsoons shall dire anger interne be
 the Thunderer's portion

When his foe's glib tusk fresh-whetted for blood he
 deseries;

Then fell shall his heart be, and mad; and a pallid dis-
 tortion

Descend as a cloud on his eyes.

Yea, words with plumes wild on the wind and with
helmets a-glancing,
With axles a-splinter and marble a-shiver, eftsoons
Shall bleed, as a man meets the shock of a Thought-
builder's prancing
Stanzas of dusky dragoons.

The deep crest of his mane shall uprise as he slowly
unlimbers
The long-drawn wrath of his brow, and lets loose with a
roar
Epithets welded and screwed, like new torrent-swept
timbers
Blown loose by a giant at war.

Then rises the man of the Mouth; then battleward
flashes
A tester of verses, a smooth and serpentine tongue,
To dissect each phrase into mincemeat, and argue to
ashes
That high-towered labour of lung!

Enter EURIPIDES, DIONYSOS, and AISCHYLOS.

Euripides. No, no. Don't talk to me! I won't give
way;

I claim that I'm more master of my art.

Dionysos. You hear him, Aischylos. Why don't you
speak?

Euripides. He wants to open with an awful silence —
The blood-curdling reserve of his first scenes.

Dionysos. My dear sir, I must beg! Control your
language.

Euripides. I know him; I've seen thro him years ago;
Bard of the "noble savage," wooden-mouthed,
No door, no bolt, no bridle to his tongue,
A torrent of pure bombast — tied in bundles.

Aischylos [*breaking out*]. How say'st thou, Son of the
goddess of the Greens? —

You dare speak thus of me, you phrase-collector,
Blind-beggar-bard and scum of rifled rag-bags.
Oh, you shall rue it!

Dionysos. Stop. Stop, Aischylos;
"Strike not thine heart to fire on rancour old."

Aischylos. No; I'll expose this crutch-and-cripple playwright,
And what he's worth for all his insolence.

Dionysos [to attendants]. A lamb, a black lamb, quick, boys. Bring it out
To sacrifice; a hurricane's let loose!

Aischylos [to EURIPIDES]. You and your Cretan dancing-solos! You
And the ugly amours that you set to verse!

Dionysos [interrupting]. One moment, please, most noble Aischylos.

And you, poor wretch, if you have any prudence,
Get out of the hail-stones quick, or else, by Zeus,
Some word as big as your head will catch you crash
Behind the ear, and knock out all the . . . Telephos.

Nay, Aischylos, pray, pray control your anger;
Examine and submit to be examined

With a cool head. Two poets should not meet
In fish-wife style; but here you are, straight off,
Ablaze and roaring like an oak on fire.

Euripides. For my part I'm quite ready, with no shrinking,

To bite first or be bitten, as he pleases.

Here are my dialogue, music, and construction;

Here's Peleus at your service, Meleager,

And Aiolos, and . . . yes, Telephos, by all means!

Dionysos. Do you consent to the trial, Aischylos?
Speak.

Aischylos. I well might take exception to the place;
It's no fair field for him and me.

Dionysos.

Why not?

Aischylos. Because my poetry has n't died with me,
As his has; so he'll have it all to hand. . . .
However, I waive the point, if you think fit.

Dionysos. Go, some one, bring me frankincense and fire
That I may pray for guidance, to decide
This contest in the Muses' strictest ways;
To whom, meantime, uplift your hymn of praise.

Chorus. All hail, ye nine heaven-born virginal Muses,
Whiche'er of ye watch o'er the manners and uses

Of the Founts of Quotation, when, meeting in fray —
All hearts drawn tense for who wins and who loses —
With wrestling lithe each the other confuses,

Look on the pair that do battle to-day !
These be the men to take poems apart

By chopping, riving, sawing ;
Here is the ultimate trial of Art

To due completion drawing !

Dionysos. Won't you two pray before you show your lines ?

Aischylos [*going up to the altar*]. Demeter, thou who feedest all my thought

Grant me but worthiness to worship thee.

Dionysos [*to EURIPIDES*]. Won't you put on some frankincense ?

Euripides [*staying where he is*]. Oh, thank you ;

The gods I pray to are of other metal.

Dionysos. Your own stamp, eh ? New struck ?

Euripides. Exactly so.

Dionysos. Well, pray away then to your own peculiar.

Euripides. Ether, whereon I batten ! Vocal cords !

Reason, and nostrils swift to scent and sneer,

Grant that I duly probe each word I hear. . . .

Euripides [*to AISCHYLOS*]. I had the Drama straight from you, all bloated and uncertain,
Weighed down with rich and heavy words, puft out past comprehension.

I took the case in hand ; applied treatment for such distention —

Beetroot, light phrases, little walks, hot book-juice, and cold reasoning ;

Then fed her up on solos. . . .

Dionysos [*aside*]. With Kephisophon for seasoning.

Euripides. I did n't rave at random, or plunge in and make confusions.

My first appearing character explained, with due allusions,
The whole play's pedigree.

Dionysos [*aside*]. Your own you left in wise obscurity !

Euripides. Then no one from the start with me could idle with security.

They had to work. The men, the slaves, the women, all made speeches,

The kings, the little girls, the hags . . .

I gave them canons to apply and squares for marking verses ;

Taught them to see, think, understand, to scheme for
what they wanted,

To fall in love, think evil, question all things. . . .

Aischylos.

Granted, granted.

Euripides. I put things on the stage that came from
daily life and business.

Where men could catch me if I tript; could listen with-
out dizziness

To things they knew, and judge my art. I never flasht
and lightened

And thundered people's senses out; nor tried to keep
them frightened

With Magic Swans and Æthiop knights, loud barb and
clanging vizor.

Then look at my disciples too, and mark what creatures
his are. . . .

Aischylos. Pray, tell me on what particular ground a
poet should claim admiration.

Euripides. If his art is true, and his counsel sound;
and if he brings help to the nation

By making men better in some respect.

Aischylos.

And suppose you have done the reverse
And have had upon good strong men the effect of mak-
ing them weaker and worse,

What, do you say, should your recompense be?

Dionysos. The gallows! You need n't ask him. . . .

Aischylos. Observe, from the world's first start

Those poets have all been of practical use who have been
supreme in their art.

First, Orpheus withheld us from bloodshed impure, and
vouchsafed us the great revelation;

Musaios was next, with wisdom to cure diseases and teach
divination.

Then Hesiod showed us the season to plough, to sow and
to reap. And the laurels

That shine upon Homer's celestial brow are equally due
to his morals!

He taught men to stand, to march, and to arm. . . .

And in his great spirit my plays had a part, with their
heroes many and brave—

Teucers, Patrocluses, lions at heart; who made my citi-
zens crave

To dash like them at the face of the foe, and leap at the
call of a trumpet. —

But no Stheneboia I've given you, no; no Phaidra, no heroine-strumpet.

If I've once put a woman in love in one act of one play, may my action be scouted!

Euripides. No, you had n't exactly the style to attract Aphrodite.

Aischylos. I'm better without it. . . .

Euripides. But did I invent the story I told of— Phaidra, say? Was n't it history?

Aischylos. It was true, right enough; but the poet should hold such a truth enveloped in mystery,

And not represent it or make it a play. It's his duty to teach, and you know it.

As a child learns from all who may come in his way, so the grown world learns from the poet.

Oh, worlds of good counsel should flow from his voice—

Euripides. And words like Mount Lycabettus

Or Parnes, such as you give us for choice, must needs be good counsel?—Oh, let us,

Oh, let us at least use the language of men.

— Translation of GILBERT MURRAY.

EURIPIDES ROBBED.

“THE ACHARNIANS.”

Servant. Who's there?

Dicaïopolis. Euripides within?

Servant. Within, yet not within. You comprehend me?

Dicaïopolis. Within and not within! why, what do ye mean?

Servant. I speak correctly, old sire! his outward man Is in the garret writing tragedy; While his essential being is abroad, Pursuing whimsies in the world of fancy.

Dicaïopolis. O happy Euripides, with such a servant; So clever and accomplished!—call him out.

Servant. It's quite impossible.

Dicaïopolis. But it must be done.

Positively and absolutely I must see him;

Or I must stand here, rapping at the door.

Euripides! Euripides! come down,

If ever you came down in all your life!

'T is I, 't is Dicaïopolis from Chollidai.

Euripides. I'm not at leisure to come down.

Dicaïopolis. Perhaps —

But here's the scene-shifter can wheel you round.

Euripides. It cannot be.

Dicaïopolis. But however, notwithstanding.

Euripides. Well, there then I'm wheeled round; for I had not time

For coming down.

Dicaïopolis. Euripides, I say!

Euripides. What say ye?

Dicaïopolis. Euripides! Euripides!

Good lawk, you're there! upstairs! you write upstairs, Instead of the ground-floor? always upstairs.

Well now, that's odd! But, dear Euripides,

If you had but a suit of rags that you could lend me.

You're he that brings out cripples in your tragedies;

A'nt ye? You're the new poet, he that writes

Those characters of beggars and blind people.

Well, dear Euripides, if you could but lend me

A suit of tatters from a cast-off tragedy.

For mercy's sake, for I'm obliged to make

A speech in my own defence before the Chorus,

A long pathetic speech this very day;

And if it fails, the doom of death betides me.

Euripides. Say, what do ye seek? is it the woful garb In which the wretched aged Oineus acted?

Dicaïopolis. No, 't was a wretcheder man than Oineus, much.

Euripides. Was it blind Phoinix?

Dicaïopolis. No, not Phoinix, no,

A fellow a great deal wretcheder than Phoinix.

Euripides. I wonder what he wants; is it the rags Which Philoctetes went a-begging with?

Dicaïopolis. No, 't was a beggar worse than Philoctetes.

Euripides. Say, would you wish to wear those loathly weeds,

The habiliments of lame Bellerophon?

Dicaïopolis. 'T was not Bellerophon, but very like him.

A kind of a smooth, fine-spoken character;

A beggar into the bargain and a cripple,

With a grand command of words, bothering and begging.

Euripides. I know your man; 't is Telephos the Mysian.

Dicaïopolis. Ah, Telephos! Yes, Telephos! do, pray, Give me the things he wore.

Euripides.

Go fetch them there.

You'll find 'em next to the tatters of Thyestes, Just over Ino's. Take them, there, and welcome.

Dicaïopolis. O Jupiter, what an infinite endless mass Of eternal holes and patches! Here it is, Here's wherewithal to clothe myself in misery.

Euripides, now, since you've gone so far,

Do give me the other articles besides

Belonging to these rags, that suit with them,

With a little Mysian bonnet for my head.

For I must wear a beggar's garb to-day,

Yet be myself in spite of my disguise;

That the audience all may know me; but the Chorus,

Poor creatures, must not have the least suspicion

Whilst I cajole them with my rhetoric.

Euripides. I'll give it you; your scheme is excellent, Deep, subtle, natural, a profound device.

Dicaïopolis. "May the heavens reward you; and as to Telephos,

May they decide his destiny as I wish!"

Why, bless me, I'm quite inspired (I think) with phrases.

I shall want the beggar's staff, tho, notwithstanding.

Euripides. Here, take it, and depart forth from the palace.

Dicaïopolis. O my poor heart! much hardship hast thou borne,

And must abide new sorrows even now,

Driven hence in want of various articles.

Subdue thy nature to necessity,

Be supple, smooth, importunate, and bend

Thy temper to the level of thy fortune. —

Yet grant me another boon, *Euripides*;

A little tiny basket let it be,

One that has held a lamp, all burnt and battered.

Euripides. Why should you need it?

Dicaïopolis.

'T is no need, perhaps,

But strong desire, a longing, eager wish.

Euripides. You're troublesome. Depart.

Dicaïopolis.

Alas, alas!

Yet may you prosper like your noble mother.

Euripides. Depart, I say.

Dicaïopolis. Don't say so! Give me first,
First give me a pipkin broken at the brim.

Euripides. You're troublesome in the mansion. Take
it, go!

Dicaïopolis. Alas, you know not what I feel, Euripides.
Yet grant me a pitcher, good Euripides;
A pitcher with a sponge plugged in its mouth.

Euripides. Fellow, you'll plunder me a whole tragedy.
Take it, and go.

Dicaïopolis. Yes; ay forsooth, I'm going.
But how shall I contrive? There's something more
That makes or mars my fortune utterly;
Yet give them, and bid me go, my dear Euripides;
A little bundle of leaves to line my basket.

Euripides. For mercy's sake! . . . But take them.
There they go!

My tragedies and all! ruined and robbed!

Dicaïopolis. No more; I mean to trouble you no more.
Yes, I retire; in truth I feel myself
Importunate, intruding on the presence
Of chiefs and princes, odious and unwelcome.
But out, alas, that I should so forget
The very point on which my fortune turns;
I wish I may be hanged, my dear Euripides,
If ever I trouble you for anything,
Except one little, little, little boon,
A single lettuce from your mother's stall.

Euripides. This stranger taunts us. Close the palace
gate.

Dicaïopolis. O my poor soul, endure it and depart,
And take thy sorrowful leave, without a lettuce.
Yet, knowest thou yet the race which must be run,
Pleading the cause of Sparta: and here you stand
Even at the goal; time urges, arm yourself!
Infuse the spirit of Euripides,
His quirks and quibbles, in thine inmost heart!
'T is well. Now forward, even to the place
Where thou must pledge thy life, and plead the cause
As may befall thee. Forward, forward yet;
A little more. I'm dreadfully out of spirits.

— Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

PERSONIFICATION OF WAR.

"THE ACHARNIANS."

CHORUS.

WAR is my aversion; I detest the very thought of him.
Never in my life will I receive him in my house again;
Positively never; he behaved in such a beastly way.
There we were assembled at a dinner of the neighbour-
hood.

Mirth and unanimity prevail till he reversed it all,
Coming in among us of a sudden, in a haughty style.
Civilly we treated him enough, with a polite request:
"Please ye to be seated, and to join us in a fair carouse."
Nothing of the kind! but unaccountably he began to
storm,

Brandishing a torch as if he meant to set the house afire,
Swaggering and hectoring, abusing and assaulting us.

First he smashed the jars, he spoilt and spilt the
wines;

Next he burnt the stakes, and ruined all the vines.

— Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FREERE.

THE KNIGHTS' ATTACK ON CLEON.

"THE KNIGHTS."

*The CHORUS OF CAVALIERS with their hobby-horses enter
and occupy their position in the orchestra.*

Knights. Close around him, and confound him, the
confounder of us all.

Pelt him, pummel him and maul him; rummage, ran-
sack, overhaul him.

Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and
bring him under.

Bellow like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of
plunder!

Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain, I
repeat!

Often more than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain
cheated.

Close around him left and right; spit upon him; spurn and smite:

Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.

But beware, or he 'll evade ye, for he knows the private track

Where Eucrates was seen escaping with the mill dust on his back.

Cleon. Worthy veterans of the jury, you that either right or wrong,

With my threepenny provision, I 've maintained and cherished long,

Come to my aid! I 'm here waylaid — assassinated and betrayed!

Knights. Rightly served! we serve you rightly, for your hungry love of pelf,

For your gross and greedy rapine, gormandizing by yourself;

You that ere the figs are gathered, pilfer with a privy twitch

Fat delinquents and defaulters, pulpy, luscious, plump, and rich;

Pinching, fingering, and pulling — tampering, selecting, culling,

With a nice survey discerning, which are green and which are turning,

Which are ripe for accusation, forfeiture, and confiscation.

Him besides, the wealthy man, retired upon an easy rent,

Hating and avoiding party, noble-minded, indolent,

Fearful of official snares, intrigues and intricate affairs;

Him you mark; you fix and hook him, whilst he 's gaping unawares;

At a fling, at once you bring him hither from the Chersonese,

Down you cast him, roast and baste him, and devour him at your ease.

Cleon. Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return, I find,

For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:

Meaning to propose proposals, for a monument of stone,

On the which, your late achievements, should be carved and neatly done.

Knights. Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous
empty fawning knave!

Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us
all?

As he does the doting elders, that attend his daily call.
Pelt him here, and bang him there; and here and there
and everywhere.

Cleon. Save me, neighbours! O the monsters! O my
side, my back, my breast!

Knights. What, you're forced to call for help? You
brutal overbearing pest. . . .

— *Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

APOSTROPHE TO NEPTUNE.

“THE KNIGHTS.”

NEPTUNE, lord of land and deep,
From the lofty Sunian steep,
With delight surveying
The fiery-footed steeds,
Frolicking and neighing
As their humour leads—
And rapid cars contending
Venturous and forward,
Where splendid youths are spending
The money that they borrowed.
Thence downward to the ocean,
And the calmer show
Of the dolphin's motion
In the depths below;
And the glittering galleys
Gallantly that steer,
When the squadron sallies,
With wages in arrear.
List, O list!
Listen and assist,
Thy Chorus here!
Mighty Saturn's son!
The support of Phormion,
In his victories of late;

To the fair Athenian State
More propitious far,
Than all the gods that are,
In the present war.

— *Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

PRAISE TO HEROES.

“THE KNIGHTS.”

LET us praise our famous fathers, let their glory be recorded
On Minerva's mighty mantle consecrated and embroidered.
That with many a naval action and with infantry by land,
Still contending, never ending, strove for empire and command.

When they met the foe, disdaining to compute a poor
account

Of the number of their armies, of their muster and amount:
But whene'er at wrestling matches they were worsted in
the fray;

Wiped their shoulders from the dust, denied the fall, and
fought away.

Then the generals never claimed precedence, or a separate
seat,

Like the present mighty captains; or the public wine or
meat.

As for us, the sole pretension suited to our birth and years,
Is with resolute intention, as determined volunteers,

To defend our fields and altars, as our fathers did before;
Claiming as a recompense this easy boon, and nothing
more:

When our trials with peace are ended, not to view us with
malignity;

When we're curried, sleek and pampered, prancing in our
pride and dignity.

— *Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

"THE BIRDS."

COME on then, ye dwellers by Nature in darkness, and
like to the leaves' generations,
That are little of might, that are moulded of mire,
unenduring and shadow-like nations,
Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as
visions of shadows fast fleeing
Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and date-
less the date of our being;
Us, children of heaven; us, ageless for aye; us, all of
whose thoughts are eternal:
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all
things aright as to matters supernal,
Of the being of birds and beginning of Gods and of
streams and the dark beyond reaching,
Trustfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicos pack
with his preaching.
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of
darkness, and Hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths
of the womb of the dark without order
First thing, first born of the black-plumed Night, was a
wind-egg hatcht in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love
burst out as a blossom,
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirlwinds
gustily turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of
darkness, in Hell broad burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first and up-
raised us to light new-lighted.
And before this was not the race of the Gods, until all
things by Love were united:
And of kind united in kind with communion of Nature
the sky and the sea are
Brought forth and the earth and the race of the Gods
everlasting and blest. So that we are
Far away the most ancient of all things blest! And
that we are of Love's generation

There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings and
with us have the Loves habitation;
And manifold fair young folk that forswore love once,
ere the bloom of them ended
Have the men pursued that pursued and desired them
subdued by the help of us only befriended,
With such bait as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's
comb staring and splendid.
All best good things that befall men come from us birds,
as is plain to all reason:
For first we proclaim and make known to them Spring
and the Winter and Autumn in season;
Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric in
shrill-voiced emigrant number
And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for
the season and slumber;
And then weave a cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he
strip men of theirs if it freezes.
And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a
change in the breezes.
And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of
their spring wool. Then does the swallow
Give you notice to sell your greatcoat and provide some-
thing light for the heat that's to follow.
Thus are we as Ammon or Delphoi unto you, Dodona,
nay Phoibos Apollo!
For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even
such is in all things your carriage,
Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning your
bread, or of any one's marriage.
And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that belongs
to discerning prediction.
Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you sneeze and
the sign's as a bird for conviction.
All tokens are *birds* with you — sounds, too, and lackèys
and donkeys. Then must it not follow
That we are to you all as the manifest Godhead that
speaks in prophetic Apollo?

— Translation of ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE ASTRONOMER.

"THE BIRDS."

METON the Astronomer appears, encumbered with a load of mathematical instruments, which are disposed about his person. He advances with short steps, a straight back, and his chin in the air, modifying, by what he conceives to be a tone of condescending familiarity, a manner of habitual self-importance.

Meton. I'm come, you see, to join you.

Peisthetairos [*aside*]. (Another plague!)

For what? What's your design? Your plan, your notion?

Your scheme — your apparatus — your equipment — Your outfit? What's the meaning of it all?

Meton. I mean to take a geometrical plan Of your atmosphere — to allot it, and survey it In a scientific form.

Peisthetairos. In the name of heaven!

Who are ye and what? What name? What manner of man?

Meton. Who am I and what! Meton's my name, well known

In Greece, and in the village of Colonos.

Peisthetairos. But tell me, pray; these implements, these articles,

What are they meant for?

Meton. These are — *Instruments!*

An atmospheric geometrical scale.

First, you must understand, that the atmosphere

Is formed — in a manner — altogether — partly,

In the fashion of a furnace, or a funnel;

I take this circular arc, with the movable arm,

And so, by shifting it round, till it coincides

At the angle; — you understand me?

Peisthetairos. Not in the least.

Meton. . . I obtain a true division, with the quadrature Of the equilateral circle. Here, I trace

Your market-place, in the centre, with the streets —

Converging inwards — ! and the roads, diverging — !

From the circular wall, without — ! like solar rays

From the circular circumference of the sun.

Peisthetairos [in a pretended soliloquy; then calling to him with a tone of mystery and alarm]. Another Thales! absolutely, a Thales! —

Meton!

Meton [startled]. Why, what's the matter?

Peisthetairos. You're aware,

That I've a regard for you. Take my advice;
Don't be seen here — withdraw yourself — abscond!

Meton. Is there any alarm or risk?

Peisthetairos. Why, much the same,

As it might be in Lacedæmon. There's a bustle
Of expelling aliens; people are dragged out
From the inns and lodgings, with a deal of uproar,
And blows and abuse in plenty, to be met with
In the public street.

Meton. A popular tumult — heh?

Peisthetairos. Oh, fie! no, nothing of that kind.

Meton. How do you mean then?

Peisthetairos. We're carrying into effect a resolution
Adopted lately; to discard and cudgel . . .
Coxcombs and mountebanks . . . of every kind.

Meton. Perhaps . . . I had best withdraw.

Peisthetairos. Why, yes, *perhaps* . . .

But yet, I would not answer for it, neither;
Perhaps, you may be too late; the blows I mentioned
Are coming — close upon you — there they come!

Meton. Oh, bless me!

Peisthetairos. Did not I tell you, and give you warning?
Get out, you coxcomb, find out by your geometry,
The road you came, and measure it back: you'd best.

[*Exit* METON.]

— Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

HAPPINESS OF BIRDS.

“THE BIRDS.”

BLEST are they,
The birds alway,
With perfect clothing,
Fearing nothing,
Cold or sleet or summer heat.

As it chances,
 As he fancies,
 Each his own vagary follows,
 Dwelling in the dells and hollows
 When, with eager weary strain,
 The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
 Parched upon the sultry plain;
 Maddened with the raging heat,
 We secure a cool retreat,
 In the shady nooks and coves,
 Recesses of the sacred groves,
 Many an herb, and many a berry
 Serves to feast, and make us merry.

— *Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

CHORUS OF THE CLOUDS.

“THE CLOUDS.”

Socrates. Hither, come hither, ye Clouds, renowned,
 and unveil yourselves here.
 Come tho ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian
 snow,
 Or whether ye dance with the Nereid Choir in the gar-
 dens clear,
 Or whether your golden urns are dipt in Nile's overflow,
 Or whether you dwell in Maiotis' mere
 Or the snows of Mimas, arise! appear!
 And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise and
 go!
The Clouds. Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
 Of the Father of streams from the sounding sea,
 Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar;
 Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!
 Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,
 On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
 On the waters that murmur East and West,
 On the tumbling Sea with his moaning voice.
 For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
 And the bright rays gleam;

Then cast we our shadows of mist and fare,
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the Heaven, on the land and air,
And the Ocean Stream.

Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,

Let us gaze on Pallas's citadel,

In the country of Kekrops fair and dear,

The mystic land of the holy cell,

Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,

And the gifts of the Gods that know not stain,

And a people of mortals that know not fear.

For the temples are tall and the statues fair,

And the feasts of the Gods are holiest there:

The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,

And the Bromian mirth at the coming of Spring,

And the musical voices that fill the hours,

And the dancing feet of the maids that sing!

— *Translation of* ANDREW LANG.

SONG OF THE CLOUDS.

CLOUD-MAIDENS that float on forever.

Dew-sprinkled, fleet bodies, and fair,

Let us rise from our Sire's loud river,

Great Ocean, and soar thro the air

To the peaks of the pine-covered mountains where the
pines hang as tresses of hair!

Let us seek the watch-towers undaunted.

Where the well-watered cornfields abound,

And thro murmurs of rivers nymph-haunted

The songs of the sea-waves resound:

And the sun in the sky never wearies of spreading his
radiance around !

Let us cut off the haze

Of the mists from our band.

Till with far-seeing gaze

We may look on the land!

Cloud-maidens that bring the rain-shower.

To the Pallas-loved land let us wing,

To the land of stout heroes and Power,
Where Kekrops was hero and king,
Where honour and silence is given
To the mysteries that none may declare,
Where the gifts to the high gods in heaven
When the house of the gods is laid bare,
Where are lofty-rooft temples and statues well-carven and
fair;
Where are feasts to the happy immortals
When the sacred procession draws near,
Where garlands make bright the bright portals
At all seasons and months of the year;
And when Spring days are here,
Then we tread to the wine-god a measure
In Bacchanal dance and in pleasure,
Mid the contests of sweet-singing choirs,
And the crash of loud lyres!

— *Translation of OSCAR WILDE.*

ARISTOTLE.

ARISTOTLE, called the Stagirite (from the place of his birth) and the "Peripatetic" (from the name of his philosophic school), was born of Greek parentage at a small mountain town in Macedonia, 384 B.C. His father was a physician to Amyntas, the grandfather of Alexander the Great, but died when Aristotle was only seventeen years old. He was sent to Athens to be educated and became Plato's pupil and assistant. Here he remained twenty years, but having diverged from Plato's teaching, he was not, at Plato's death, in 347, appointed his successor as director of the Academy. He went instead to the court of his friend Hermeias, king of Assos and Atarneus, and married his adopted daughter, or sister, Pythias. When Hermeias was murdered by the Persians, Aristotle retired to Mitylene and was shortly afterwards requested by Philip of Macedon to tutor his son Alexander. The instruction lasted three years or more, and even after Alexander ascended the throne the two men were friends. After ten years in Macedonia, Aristotle returned to Athens and opened a school in the *peripatos*, or promenade, of the lyceum. He was the most learned man of his day, and his studies were so broad that he was called "Nature's private secretary." He had large means and collected the first private library in Greece. He composed treatises on poetry, dialectics, metaphysics, mathematics, physics (in eight books treating of meteorology, the history and parts of animals, the soul, etc.), on ethics, politics, and economics, and on rhetoric. He was short and of slender build, with small eyes and a lisp. He suffered much from ill health which, however, did not interfere with his astonishing mental activity. His friendship with Alexander the Great caused him to be distrusted by the Athenians, but before they had a chance to bring suit against him he went, in 323, to his villa in Chalkis in Euboea, where he died the following year. His voluminous works were left to Theophrastos, his

successor at Athens, and were stored in a cellar where for two centuries they were exposed to dampness and worms. Finally they were discovered and brought to Rome in the year 84 B.C. A few fragments of his poems have been transmitted to posterity.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

IN MEMORY OF KING HERMEIAS.

VIRTUE, to men thou bringest care and toil ;

Yet art thou life's best, fairest spoil !

O virgin Goddess, for thy beauty's sake

To die is delicate in this our Greece,
Or to endure of pain the stern strong ache !

Such fruit for our soul's ease
Of joys undying, dearer far than gold
Or home or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou unfold.

It was for thee the seed of Zeus,
Stout Heracles, and Leda's twins did choose
Strength-draining deeds, to spread abroad thy name :

Smit with the love of thee
Aias and Achilleus went smilingly
Down to Death's portal, crowned with deathless fame.

Now since thou art so fair,
Leaving the lightsome air
Atarneus' Hero hath died gloriously.

Wherefore immortal praise shall be his guerdon :
His goodness and his deeds are made the burden
Of songs divine

Sung by Memory's daughters nine,
Hymning of hospitable Zeus the might
And friendship firm as Fate in Fate's despite.

— *Translation of JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

TWO POPULAR SONGS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

(CALLISTRATOS ?)

My sword I wreathe in a myrtle-spray,
Aristogeiton's and Harmodios' way ;
When they the king had valorously slain,
And made our Athens free and great again.

Ah, dear Harmodios! but thou art not dead;
 Unto the Blessed Islands thou art sped;
 Where, as they say, swift-limbed Achilles is,
 And Tydeus' son, the happy Diomed.

My sword I wreathe in the myrtle-spray,
 Aristogeiton's and Harmodios' way;
 When at the feast of Pallas those brave youths
 The King Hipparchos gloriously did slay.

Ever and everywhere their fame shall be,
 Aristogeiton and Harmodios!
 Because they killed the wicked king for us,
 All to make this our Athens great and free.

— *Translated by EDWIN ARNOLD.*

A SWORD-SONG.

(HYBRIAS?)

THE wealth I have is my sword and spear,
 And the fence I fight with, my buckler fair;
 With these, the lord of all, I go,
 With these I plough, with these I sow;
 With these I tread the sweet red wine
 From grapes and vats that never were mine;
 With these, albeit no varlets I fee,
 Wherever I come men lackey me.

For the knaves are afeard of sword and spear,
 And the fence I fight with, my buckler fair;
 And so at my knees they humbly fall,
 Bringing me all and giving me all;
 And they fawn upon me because of my sword,
 And because of my spear they call me lord;
 For wealth unbounded is sword and spear,
 And the fence that I fight with, my buckler fair.

— *Translated by EDWIN ARNOLD.*

CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES was a Stoic philosopher, and was born at Assos in Troas about 300 B.C. His first profession was that of a boxer, and he had only some four drachmas of his own when he began to study philosophy under Crates. Zeno was his second teacher, and under him he continued for nineteen years. It seemed to the City Fathers of Athens that he had no visible means of support, and he was brought before the Areopagus on the charge of being idle. He proved to them that though he spent his days in the study of philosophy, he laboured all night at drawing water and such useful occupations. The judges, delighted to find such a paragon of diligence, voted to bestow on him a gift of ten minas, amounting to somewhat more than \$200, though in purchasing capacity much more. But Zeno would not permit him to accept the largess. He had an iron will, and he thus overcame his natural slowness. When Zeno died, in 263 B.C., Cleanthes took his place. He died about 220 of voluntary starvation. The only remains of his literary work is the famous hymn which has been translated by many hands.

HYMN TO ZEUS.

Most glorious of the Immortals, many named, Almighty
forever.

Zeus, ruler of Nature, that governest all things with law,
Hail! for lawful it is that all mortals should address Thee.
For we are Thy offspring, taking the image only of Thy
voice, as many mortal things as live and move upon
the earth.

Therefore will I hymn Thee, and sing Thy might forever.
For Thee doth all this universe that circles round the
earth obey, moving whithersoever Thou leadest, and
is gladly swayed by Thee,

Such a minister hast Thou in Thine invincible hands; —
the two-edged, blazing, imperishable thunderbolt.

For under its stroke all Nature shuddereth, and by it thou guidest aright the Universal Reason, that roams thro all things, mingling itself with the greater and the lesser lights, till it have grown so great, and become supreme king over all.

Nor is aught done on the earth without Thee, O God, nor in the divine sphere of the heavens, nor in the sea, Save the works that evil men do in their folly —

Yea, but Thou knowest even to find a place for superfluous things, and to order that which is disorderly, and things not dear to men are dear to Thee.

Thus dost Thou harmonize into One all good and evil things, that there should be one everlasting Reason of them all.

And this the evil among mortal men avoid and heed not; wretched, ever desiring to possess the good, yet they nor see nor hear the universal Law of God, which obeying with all their heart, their life would be well.

But they rush graceless each to his own aim,
Some cherishing lust for fame, the nurse of evil strife,
Some bent on monstrous gain,
Some turned to folly and the sweet works of the flesh,
Hastening, indeed, to bring the very contrary of these things to pass.

But Thou, O Zeus, the All-giver, Dweller in the darkness of cloud, Lord of thunder, save Thou men from their unhappy folly,

Which do Thou, O Father, scatter from their souls; and give them to discover the wisdom, in whose assurance Thou governest all things with justice;

So that being honoured, they may pay Thee honour,
Hymning Thy works continually, as it beseems a mortal man.

Since there can be no greater glory for men or Gods than this,

Duly to praise forever the Universal Law.

THEOCRITOS.

THEOCRITOS, who is regarded as the foremost representative, if not the founder, of bucolic poetry, was a native of Syracuse. He received his education at Alexandria, and some time after 285 B.C. he wrote the three of his idyls in praise of King Ptolemy Philadelphos. He there became acquainted with the poet Aratos, whose line, "In whom we live and move and have our being," was quoted by St. Paul. When the Syracusan general, Hieron, became king in 270, Theocritos returned to his native town, but although he dedicated one of his idyls to the king, it seems not to have brought him any substantial reward. It has been surmised from a dubious passage in Ovid that he was put to death by Hieron as a punishment for a satire, but nothing is known of his later life or the date of his death. The collection of his poems contains thirty idyls (of which nine are considered spurious), a few lines from a long poem, "Berenike," and twenty-two epigrams. His pictures of rural peasant life in ancient Sicily have always been greatly admired. Dramatic piquancy, simplicity, quiet humour, and exquisite poetical colouring characterize his lines, which are written in a dialect in which a softened Doric predominates. Thirteen of them have been charmingly translated by Marion Mills Miller; they have been paraphrased by Lloyd Mifflin in a series of sonnets. Charles Stuart Calverley's complete works contain also a translation of Theocritos into English verse, but without his usual happy felicity. Andrew Lang has translated them into English prose. The influence of Theocritos is particularly noticeable in the poetry of Tennyson. Like Keats, he is the poet's poet. The following sonnets, representing passages from the idyls of Theocritos, were written by Edward Cracroft Lefroy, a young English clergyman, who died in 1891, barely thirty-six years old. John Addington Symonds said of them, "They are exquisite

cameos in miniature carved upon fragments broken from the idyls." Another critic said, "Rarely has the great pastoral poet been so freely transmuted without loss of his spell."

SIMAITHA, I.

IDYL II.

Go, pluck me laurel-leaves, dear Thestylis,
 From any bough that shimmers in the moon;
 To dread Selene pray the while, and miss
 No single word of all the magic rune.
 She, only she, can grant the lover's boon,
 She, only she, restore a maiden's bliss;
 He comes not now, my sweet, but soon, O soon,
 He will be waiting, watching, for my kiss.
 Twelve days; ah! is it twelve, since last we met?
 Quick wind about the bowl the ruddy skein!
 He has forgotten: cruel to forget!
 But this red wool shall rouse him into pain,
 This charm of charms shall wake his passion yet.
 O good my goddess, bring my Love again!

SIMAITHA, II.

Now take the barley grains, sweet Thestylis,
 And fling them right and left upon the floor;
 If still he lingers, Delphis' bones like this
 Shall be disjoined upon a wreck-strewn shore.
 See how I burn the laurel shoots. They hiss
 And curl and crackle, blasted to the core;
 And Delphis' flesh shall wither up like this
 Unless he quickly seeks my shamèd door.
 In brazen pans the wax is melting fast:
 O gracious goddess, bid thy work begin!
 So melt young Delphis, till he speeds at last,
 Beneath my window wails his bitter sin,—
 Begs me to pardon all his folly past
 And of my clemency to let him in.

THE GOATHERD IN LOVE.

IDYL III. 1-7.

Good Tityros, attend these goats awhile,
And let me seek where Amaryllis hides,
Crannied, I guess, beneath that rocky pile
With fern atop and ivy-mantled sides.
'T is there most days the merry girl abides,
And flashes from her cave a sudden smile,
Which like a pharos-flame her lover guides
And makes him hope he looks not wholly vile.
If thou canst guard the flock while I am gone,
I will but notice how my lady fares,
Then hasten back and take the crook anon.
The goats are tame — the least of all my cares,
Save one, that tawny thief; keep watch upon
His bearing, lest he butt thee unawares.

THE LOVE-SPELL.

IDYL III. 28-30.

I THOUGHT upon my lady as I strode
Last night from labour, and bemoaned my lot,
Uncertain if she loves or loves me not,
Who gives no sign or token; till the road
Bent round and took me past my Love's abode.
And then some happy chance, I know not what,
Moved me to try a spell long time forgot,
By which Love's issue may be clear foreshowed.
I plucked a poppy from the wayside grass
And struck it sharply on my naked arm,
Striving to burst its inner heart. Alas!
The petals only clung in painless calm.
And then I knew how this could never be,
That my dear Love's dear heart should break for me.

SIMICHIDAS.

IDYL VII. 21-26.

SIMICHIDAS, thou loye-demented loon!
What haste is this, when no man's need doth call?
Surely the gods have witched thee. 'Tis high noon.
No creature else hath any strength at all;
The spotted lizard sleeps upon the wall;
The skiey larks drop earthward for the boon
Of one still hour; the ants forget to crawl.
Naught stirs except the stones beneath thy shoon.
Nay, but I know; not love impels thee thus;
Thy journey's end will bring a baser gain.
Some burgher's feast or vintner's overplus
Of trodden grapes — for these thy feet are fain.
Well, go thy way; be fortunate. But us
This pleasant shade retains and shall retain.

AGEANAX.

IDYL VII. 52-62.

DEAR voyager, a lucky star be thine,
To Mytilenè sailing over sea,
Or foul or fair the constellations shine,
Or east or west the wind-blown billows flee.
May halcyon-birds that hover o'er the brine
Diffuse abroad their own tranquillity,
Till ocean stretches stilly as the wine
In this deep cup which now we drain to thee.
From lip to lip the merry circle thro
We pass the tankard and repeat thy name;
And having pledged thee once, we pledge anew,
Lest in thy friends' neglect thou suffer shame.
God-speed to ship, good health to pious crew,
Peace by the way, and port of noble fame!

COMATAS.

IDYL VII. 78-82.

IN the great cedar chest for one whole year
The pious goatherd by his lord confined,
Because he reckoned not his flock more dear
Than the dear Muse he served with loyal mind,
Was fed by ministers whom none can bind —
The blunt-faced bees that came from far and near,
Spreading the Muse's signal on the wind,
And found a crevice, and distilled the clear
Sweet juice of flowers to feed the prisoned thrall,
Till the slow months went round and he was free.
Then, tuneful herds, spare not the fold and stall
For sacrifice, nor fear your lord may see;
The Muse can save her servants when they call —
The Muse who sped that long captivity.

AT THE SHRINE OF PAN.

IDYL VII. 106-108.

O GOATISH god, I pray you! Grant my prayer,
And in my view great Zeus is less divine:
Reject it, — at your peril, — if you dare!
And look no more for any gift of mine.
And who will then support this paltry shrine?
Tho you yourself subsist on frugal fare,
Others have wants, and as the wise opine,
'T is never well to leave the cupboard bare.
Few thieves will quite good-humouredly forego
Their wonted booty from the sacred sod;
And herb-whips sting; I think at least you know
With what effect some boys can wield the rod.
Observe in time how thick these nettles grow,
And flee the shame that waits a pauper god.

AT THE FARM OF PHRASIDAMOS.

IDYL VII. 133-146.

WHERE elm and poplar branch to branch have grown,
In cool deep shade the shepherds take their rest
On beds of fragrant vine-leaves newly strown,
Till the great sun declineth in the west.
From thorny thickets round, as if opprest
By secret care, the ring-dove maketh moan;
With sudden cry from some remoter nest
The nooning owlet hunts in dreams alone;
A merry noise the burnt cicalas make,
While honeyed horns are droning everywhere;
The fruit-trees bend as tho foredoomed to break
With burden heavier than their strength can bear,
And if the faintest zephyr seem to shake,
Drop down an apple now, and now a pear.

THE SINGING-MATCH, I.

IDYL VIII.

FROM upland pastures, where the flocks are wending,
Slow-footed ways thro heather-bells and fern,
Comes down a sound with sea-born murmurs blending
Of lips that make sweet melody in turn.
'T is Daphnis with Menalcas sharp-contending
For the bright flute which both are keen to earn;
While hard at hand a goatherd tarries, bending
Rapt ears of judgment while the singers burn.
Menalcas, first, hymns Love and all the blessing
Which haps to field and fold where Love's feet stray;
He tells of dearth and leanness clear confessing
What ills befall, should Love despised betray;
Ah, poor the man, tho land and gold possessing,
In whose demesne no Love consents to stay.

THE SINGING-MATCH, II.

THEN Daphnis strikes the note of one that plaineth,
Whose Love is not the Love he hoped to find;
A Love which after blandishment disdaineth
To bless the heart too readily resigned.
Slight snares indeed are they which Eros feigneth,
For well he knows that lover's eyes are blind,
But none the captured beast more keenly paineth
Than Love's entrapment cruelly unkind.
All things have grief at times. When high winds shake it,
The grove is grieved with plaintive murmurings;
So grieves the woodland bird when fowlers take it,
To feel the net encompassing its wings;
And so the heart when peace and joy forsake it
At Love's enravishment. Thus Daphnis sings.

THE SINGING-MATCH, III.

AND last the goatherd, like as one awoken
From sylvan slumbers on a summer day,
Whose sleep is filled with birds, and only broken
Because the thrushes all have flown away, —
Uplifts his head, and with a word soft-spoken
Declares the victor in the bloodless fray:
“Thine is the flute, O Daphnis! Take the token,
For thou hast conquered with the crowning lay.
And, O, if thou wilt teach to carol brightly
This mouth of mine, as thro the fields we go,
To thee shall fall a monster goat that nightly
Makes every milking-bowl to overflow.”
Then clapped the lad his hands, and leapt as lightly
As weanling fawns that leap around the doe.

MENALCAS.

IDYL VIII. 63-66.

WITH limbs out-stretcht along the thymy ground
The dog Lampùros slumbers in the shade,
While tender ewes unchecked by warning sound
Go wandering idly thro the sylvan glade,
In guileless ignorance all undismayed
By cruel beasts that hold the copse around
And make the herd Menalcas half-afraid —
The boyish herd who cries : “O heedless hound,
Is this thy helping of my timorous youth —
To let the flock disperse the woods among,
With no preventing feet, no faithful tongue ?
The very wolves might show a deeper ruth,
And spare to raven with ensanguined tooth,
Seeing the shepherd of the sheep is young.”

THE TOMB OF DIOCLES.

IDYL XII. 27-33.

HERE, stranger, pause, and take a moment's ease
With pleasant thinking on a good man dead.
This marble marks the tomb of Diocles ;
Say not that virtue sleeps unhallowèd !
The grateful tribes delight with arts like these
To deck the pillow of a noble head.
Nor are these all ; beneath yon arching trees
The merriest chorus of the spring is led.
For on a day from country cots around
Come troops of ruddy children fair of face,
And forming rings about this holy ground,
Contest the guerdon of a bright embrace ;
And whoso kisseth with the deftest grace
Goes homeward to his mother, happy, crowned.

HYLAS.

IDYL XIII.

WHAT pool is this by galingale surrounded,
With parsley and tall iris overgrown?
It is the pool whose wayward nymphs confounded
The quest of Heracles to glut their own
Desire of love. Its depths hath no man sounded
Save the young Mysian argonaut alone,
When round his drooping neck he felt, astounded,
The cruel grasp that sank him like a stone.
Thro all the land the Hero wandered, crying
“Hylas!” and “Hylas!” till the close of day,
And thrice there came a feeble voice replying
From watery caverns where the prisoner lay;
Yet to his ear it seemed but as the sighing
Of zephyrs thro the forest far away.

THE TUNNY-FISHERS.

IDYL XXI.

IN rude log-cabin by the lone sea-shore
Two aged fishers slept the sleep of toil.
Rough was their life, and scant their household store,
Scarce aught but hooks and nets and seaman's coil.
To one of these came visions of strange spoil;
He caught a fish — such fish as none before
Caught ever, bright with sheen and glittering foil,
A golden fish; and made high vows no more
To sail the seas, but spend the troven gold;
Then woke and wept to starve or be forsworn.
To whom his fellow: “Surely, being old,
Thou drivellest. Vow and vision both are born
Of air. Catch living fish or die.” And cold
Thro eastern windows crept the ashy dawn.

THE YOUTH OF HERACLES.

IDYL XXIV. 101-102.

As when in flowerful gardens, lofty-girt
 With thicket-hedge of ilex, oak, and vine,
 Where northern breezes do no mortal hurt,
 And warmer suns have constant leave to shine,
 A tender sapling, be it larch or pine,
 Shoots always upward with a daily spirt,
 Thanks to the woven boughs that round it twine,
 Thanks to the shelter of its leafy skirt:
 So in a tranquil and secluded place,
 Where never pierced the faintest note of harm,
 The Argive hero grew and waxt apace,
 Enclosed and compassed by Almena's arm;
 And knew not as he watcht the mother's-face
 The mother's-love that fenced him from alarm.

THE FLUTE OF DAPHNIS.

EPIGRAM II.

I AM the flute of Daphnis. On this wall
 He nailed his tribute to the great god Pan,
 What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,
 And felt the first deep ardours of a man.
 Thro adult veins more swift the song-tide ran,—
 A vernal stream whose swollen torrents call
 For instant ease in utterance. Then began
 That course of triumph revered by all.
 Him the gods loved, and more than other men
 Blest with the flower of beauty, and endowed
 His soul of music with the strength of ten.
 Now on a festal day I see the crowd
 Look fondly at my resting-place, and when
 I think whose lips have prest me, I am proud.

A SACRED GROVE.

EPIGRAM IV.

I KNOW a spot where Love delights to dream,
Because he finds his fancies happen true.
Within its fence no myrtle ever grew
That failed in wealth of flower; no sunny beam
Has used its vantage vainly. You might deem
Yourself a happy plant and blossom too,
Or be a bird and sing as thrushes do,
So sweet in that fair place doth nature seem.
A matted vine invests the rocks above,
And tries to kiss a runlet leaping thro
With endless laughter. Hither at noon comes Love,
And woos the god who is not hard to woo,
Taking his answer from the nested dove
That ever hymneth skies forever blue.

A SYLVAN REVEL.

EPIGRAM V.

WHAT ho! my shepherds, sweet it were
To fill with song this leafy glade.
Bring harp and flute. The gods have made
An hour for music. Daphnis there
Shall give the note with jocund blare
From out his horn. The rest will aid
With fifes and drums, and charm the shade,
And rout the dusky wings of care.
We'll pipe to fox and wolf and bear,
We'll wake the wood with rataplan,
Fetch every beast from every lair,
Make every creature dance who can,
Set every Satyr's hoof in air,
And tickle both the feet of Pan!

THYRSIS.

EPIGRAM VI.

SAD Thyrsis weeps till his blue eyes are dim,
Because the wolf has torn his pride away, —
The little kid so apt for sport and play,
Which knew his voice and loved to follow him.
Who would not weep that cruel Fate and grim
Should end her pranks on this unhappy day,
And give her tender innocence a prey
For savage jaws to harry limb from limb?
Yet think, O shepherd, how thy tears are vain
To rouse the dead or bring the slain again;
Beyond all hope her body lies, alack!
Devoured she is; no bones of her remain.
The leaping hounds are on the murderer's track,
But will they, can they, bear thy darling back?

CLEONICOS.

EPIGRAM IX.

LET sailors watch the waning Pleiades,
And keep the shore. This man, made over-bold
By godless pride, and too much greed of gold,
Setting his gains before his health and ease,
Ran up his sails to catch the whistling breeze:
Whose corpse, ere now, the restless waves have rolled
From deep to deep, while all his freight, unsold,
Is tost upon the tumult of the seas.
Such fate had one whose avaricious eyes
Lured him to peril in a mad emprise.
Yea, from the Syrian coast to Thasos bound,
He slipt his anchor with rich merchandise,
While the wet stars were slipping from the skies,
And with the drowning stars untimely drowned.

THE EPITAPH OF EUSTHENES.

EPIGRAM XI.

A BARD is buried here, not strong, but sweet;
A Teacher too, not great, but gently wise;
This modest stone (the burghers thought it meet)
May tell the world where so much virtue lies.
His happy skill it was in mart and street
To scan men's faces with a true surmise,
Follow the spirit to its inmost seat,
And read the soul reflected in the eyes.
No part had he in catholic renown,
Which none but god-inspired poets share;
Not his to trail the philosophic gown,
That only sages of the School may wear;
But his at least to fill an alien town
With friends, who make his tomb their loving care.

THE MONUMENT OF CLEITA.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

HERE Cleita sleeps. You ask her life and race?
Read on, and learn a simple tale and true.
A nurse she was from the far land of Thrace,
Who tended little Medëos while he grew
A healthy, happy child, and did imbue
His nascent mind with godliness and grace;
So fencing him from evil that he knew
No word of what is impious or base.
And when at length, her tale of years all told,
She came to lie in this reposeful spot,
Young Medëos, still a child, but sagely old,
Upreared this monument, that unforgot
The care beyond his recompense of gold
Might live a memory and perish not.

THE GRAVE OF HIPPÒNAX

EPIGRAM XXI.

HERE lies a bard, Hippòanax — honoured name !
 Sweet were the songs that won him endless praise,
 And yet his life was sweeter than his lays.
 Traveller, a question fronts thee: Canst thou claim
 Kinship with such in conduct void of blame?
 If not, forbear this precinct; go thy ways;
 Lest some bright watcher of the tomb should raise
 A jealous hand to cover thee with shame.
 But if thy soul is free from shade of guilt,
 Or, having sinned, hath been at length forgiven
 To thee all rights of common kin belong;
 Lay down thy weary limbs, and, if thou wilt,
 Let slumber wrap them round, nor fear that Heaven
 Will suffer any sprite to do thee wrong.

THE CYCLOPS.

IDYL XI.

AND so an easier life our Cyclops drew,
 The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
 Loved Galatea while the manhood grew
 Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his mouth.
 No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses;
 Love made him mad; the whole world was neglected,
 The very sheep went backward to their closes
 From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.
 And singing Galatea, thus, he wore
 The sunrise down along the weedy shore,
 And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound
 Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
 With a deep pang: but, so, the cure was found;
 And, sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
 His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last:
 "O whitest Galatea, can it be
 That thou shouldst spurn me off who love thee so?"

More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,
More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and brighter than the early glow
On grapes that swell to ripen, — sour like thee!
Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,
And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me;
Thou fliest . . . fliest as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf! — yet love did overcome me,
So long! — I loved thee, maiden, first of all,
When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)
I saw thee stray to pluck the summer-fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and went myself to guide thee;
And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave thee
No more, from that day's light! But thou . . . by
Zeus,
Thou wilt not care for *that*, to let it grieve thee!
I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose
From my arm round thee. Why? I tell thee, dear!
One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road
Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear;
One eye rolls underneath; and yawning, broad,
Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.
Yet . . . ho, ho! — *I*, — whatever I appear, —
Do feed a thousand oxen! When I have done,
I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best!
I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
And after, in the cold, it's ready prest!
And then, I know to sing, as there is none
Of all the Cyclops can, . . . a song of thee,
Sweet apple of my soul, on love's fair tree,
And of myself who love thee . . . till the West
Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.
I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,
And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of bears.
Come to me, sweet! thou shalt have all of those
In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
To the dry shore; and, in my cave's recess,
Thou shalt be gladder for the noon-light ended;
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves infold
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
The wooded Ætna pours down thro the trees

From the white snows, which gods were scarce too bold
To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?
Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;
And, when I burn for *thee*, I grudge the pyre
No fuel . . . not my soul, nor this one eye, —
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, fairest! Out, alas! I wish
My mother had borne me finned like a fish,
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,
And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,
If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds
Its red heart down its leaves! — one gift, for hours
Of summer, — one for winter; since to cheer thee,
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.
Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,
That I may know how sweet a thing it is
To live down with you in the deep and dim!
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And, having come, forget again to go!
As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion,
Could sit forever. Come up from below!
Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine;
Come, press my cheese, distract my whey and curd!
Ah, mother! she alone . . . that mother of mine . . .
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day:
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick.
O Cyclops, Cyclops! whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldst make
thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick
That future which is fugitive aright?

Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,
 Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
 For many girls do call me thro the night,
 And, as they call, do laugh out silvery.
 I, too, am something in the world, I see!"

While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,
 Ease came with song, he could not buy with gold.

— *Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

THE INCANTATION OF THE BIRD

THE SECOND IDYL OF THEOCRITOS.

Simoitha, a Syracusan girl deserted by her lover Delphis, binds a wryneck to a wheel, and offers prayers to the Moon and the gods of the Night, in order to bring him back.

THESTYLIS, where are the laurel-leaves? Quick, girl!
 bring me the love-spells!
 Fasten the scarlet thread in and out round the brim of
 the beaker!
 Quick! for I mean to charm my lover, my false-hearted
 lover.
 Twelve long days are past, and he never has once come
 to see me,
 Knows not if I be living or dead — never sends me a
 message,
 No! not even a word at my door! Has he gone to some
 new love,
 Light as the wings of Eros and fleeting as Queen
 Aphrodite?
 Down to the town I will hasten to-morrow and see him
 and ask him
 Face to face why he treats me so coldly: but, Thestylis!
 thou, now
 Help me to try him with charms, and oh, Moon! glitter
 thy brightest!
 Shine, pale Moon! for thee I invoke and thy sister and
 shadow
 Hecate — the under-world Moon, whom even the little
 dogs howl at

When she goes forth o'er the graves and all her foot-
marks are bloody:
Make my magic to-night as strong as ever was Circe's,
Potent as white Perimede's and mighty as Colchian
Medea's!

Little bird! whirl and scream and whirl and bring me
my lover!

Turn, wheel, turn, and burn, cake, burn! Ah, Thestylis,
sprinkle!

What are you doing to tremble so? sprinkle the salt on
the brazier!

Where are your wits gone, girl! or is it that you too
must vex me?

Sprinkle the salt and say: "Flesh and blood of Delphis
I scatter!"

Little bird! scream and whirl and scream and bring me
my lover!

Delphis grieves me — in my turn
I will grieve him. Laurel, burn!
As thy bright leaves curl and crack,
Smoke and blaze and vanish black,
Leaving not a leaf to see:
May his heart love-scorch'd be!

Little bird! whirl and scream, little bird! and bring me
my lover!

As I melt this waxen ball
May the great gods hear me call,
And Delphis melt with love for me!
And as this wheel turns rapidly
So may Queen Venus speed the charms
And bring him quickly to my arms!

Little bird, whirl, whirl, whirl! scream! scream! and
bring me my lover!

Now I scatter on the flame
Bran. Oh! Artemis! thy name

Moves the Judge of Hell to fear,
 Rhadamanth himself! Then hear!
 Hear, oh, hear me! Thestylis,
 Did the dogs bark? Yes, it is!
 'T is the goddess in the street!
 Beat the cymbals! Quick, girl, beat!
 Look! the restless sea is sleeping,
 Milk-white ripples curling, creeping!
 Listen! all the winds are quiet,
 Folded up from rage and riot!
 Only in my heart the pain
 Wakes and will not sleep again!
 Bitter pain the sport to be
 Of him who hath unmaidened me.

Little bird, whirl — whirl fast! scream sharp — scream!
 call me my lover!

Thrice libations due I pay
 Thrice, great goddess! this I say:
 Whom he loves now I know not,
 But let her come to be forgot!
 Clean forgot from head to feet
 As Ariadne was of Crete.

Scream, little bird! more — more! and whirl, and fetch
 me my lover!

In Arcady there grows a flower,
 Stings the herds with subtle power,
 Drives them mad on vale and height:
 Would I had that flower to-night!
 Delphis should come quick to me,
 Come whate'er his company!

Scream for me still, little bird! scream once, and call me
 my lover!

Delphis left this gift with me:
 In the fire I fling it. See! Burn it red and burn it
 black,
 Angry hissing flames! Alack!
 It leaps away — he'll not return!
 It only burneth as I burn,

And now 't is ashes, pale and gray,
As pale as I grow day by day.

Scream ere you die, little bird! one cry to call me my
lover!

Lizards green and gold I take
(Mighty magic this will make),
Slit them down from chin to tail,
Squeeze their cold blood, cold and pale.
Thestylis, take this to-morrow
(It can work him bliss or sorrow),
Lay it on his threshold stone,
Spit to the left and say alone,
"She whose heart you tread on here
Charms you, Delphis! Love or fear!"

Dead are you, poor little fool! and you could not bring
me my lover!

Ah me! what shall I do? Alone, alone!—
I'll think the story over of my love,
How it began — what made the sweet pain come.
It was the day Anaxo was to walk
Bearing for great Artemis,
With striped and spotted beasts in the procession.
Oh!—and you recollect—a lioness!

Lady Moon! listen and pity! and help me, bringing my
lover!

And my old Thracian nurse, Theucharila
Came—you remember—teasing, tempting
To go and see them pass, and so I went.
O fool! I went wearing the yellow bodice,
And Clearista's purple train from Tyre.

Lady Moon! listen and pity, and say where tarries my
lover!

And when we came hard by where Lycon lives
Upon the paved way, there I saw him first,
Delphis, with Eudamippos—oh, you know!
His hair danced back from off his brow, like sprays

Of bright amaracus, when the west blows,
And all his neck, flusht with the heat of the games,
Shone as thou shinest, Moon! but rosier pearl!

Lady Moon! Lady Moon, listen and pity and bring me
my lover!

I saw him—lookt! loved! oh, my foolish eyes!
Oh me! the coward colour of my cheeks!
Oh, heart that straight went mad! I did not mark
Those tame beasts any more; how I came home
I cannot call to mind; you know I lay
Ten days and nights indoors, and never rose.

Lady Moon, sweet pale Moon! have mercy and bring me
this lover!

I grew as pale—as white as thapsus-wood!
Say if I braided up my hair or sang?
Say if I grew not to a ghost, with thinking?
When was the day you sought not who he was,
Where was the crone we did not plague for charms
To bring him? All in vain; he never came!

Oh, Moon! hide not thy face. Oh, white Moon! listen
and pity!

So I grew sick with waiting, and I said:—
“Oh, Thestylis, help!—heal me or I die!
This Greek boy hath bewitched me. Go, my friend!
Watch at the gateway of the wrestling-school.
He cometh there, I think, to play or sit.

Silver-faced Queen of the stars, thou know'st we are not
as immortals!

“And when he is alone, whisper full soft
And say, ‘Simoitha bids thee come,’ and then
If he will, bring him!” So you went and came,
Bringing my love to me. But when I heard
His sandals on the step and saw his face—

Lady Moon! hear this now and pity and shine while I
tell you!

And saw his face, turned as cold as snow,
And tears — I wot not why — sprang to my lids,
And how to speak I knew not; not so much
As little children startled in the night,
That sob and know it is all well — but sob,
And will not stint even for their mother's voice.
I was as dumb as dead things, Thestylis.

Queen of the planets and stars! forgive and listen and
pity!

For he with a bright gladness — not too bold —
Entered; and lookt hard once and then lookt down!
And sat against my feet; and sitting, said: —
“Only so little, sweet Simoitha! thou
Hast been the first to speak — as I was first
Against Philinos in the race to-day, —

White-sandalled Mistress of Night! have patience and
hear me and help me.

“I should have come, I swear it by my head!
To-morrow at the dusk. I meant to bring
Some choice rose-apples in my breast. Mayhap
You love them; and a crown of poplar leaves
Twisted with myrtle-buds and tied with red;

Lady Moon, where is he now? so soft, so gentle, so
fickle?

“And if you had seemed kind I should have spoke.
I was not hopeless, for I won the prize
At running, and the maidens call me fair.
The one prize I have longed for since the feast
Was once to touch the goal of those dear lips;
Then I could rest — not else! But had you frowned,
And bade me go, and barred your door on me,
Oh, Sweet! I think I should have come with lamps,
And axes and have stolen you like gold!

Lady Moon, where is he now? so gentle, so earnest, so winning!

"How shall I," he went on, "thank the gods first,
And next you — you! the queen and life of me!
My kindest love — who badst me hither come
When I did burn for leave — yea! for I think
Hephaistos hath no flame like Eros knows!"

Lady Moon, look out of heaven and find him and bring
him for pity.

So he spake, low and fair, and I, alas!
What could I do, but reach my hand to him,
And let him take it, and take me and have
The kiss he sued for and another such?
My cheeks were white no more, nor my heart sad,
Nor any trouble left; but we sat close
And the light talk bubbled from lip to lip
Like fountains in the roses. All that time,
And many a time we sat so: never once
He failed to keep his word and never once
Left save with lingering foot. But one ill day
He did not come and then it was I heard
Stories that vexed me of another love:
Melixa's mother and the harp-player
Told me — and both are friends — he'd come no more,
And that his house was loud with pipes and songs,
And gay with crowns, not woven now for me.
Oh, Thestylis! twelve days ago this was,
And never have I seen him since that day,
And never shall unless my magic works:
Therefore blow up the flame, and whirl the wheel!

Lady Moon! speed this spell; and fetch me my false-
hearted lover.

Speed this spell! if it brings you,
Delphis, love shall live anew:
If in vain I watch and wait,
Delphis, love will turn to hate!
Subtle drugs I treasure here,
Drugs of awful force and fear:

A Syrian witch culled these for me
In lonely caverns by the sea.
Delphis, if I brew this drink
It will send you, as I think,
Down to Hades' gate, to seek
A sweeter lip, a fairer cheek.
Oh, Moon! spare me this at last!
Oh, Moon! speed it — if I must.
And now farewell! for one day more
I wait and love him as before!
Farewell, pale Moon and planets bright,
Watchers with me this silent night!

— *Paraphrased by* EDWIN ARNOLD.

BION.

BION was a poet of Smyrna and flourished in the first part of the third century before Christ. He spent the last years of his life in Sicily, where he probably knew Theocritus. His style is refined and beautiful, though not so elegant as Theocritus'. Moschos claims to have been his pupil and wrote a famous lament on his untimely taking off, as it is supposed, from the effects of poison. His "Lament for Adonis" was imitated by Shelley.

A DREAM OF VENUS.

I DREAMT I saw great Venus by me stand,
Leading a nodding infant by the hand ;
And that she said to me familiarly —
"Take Love, and teach him how to play to me."
She vanisht then. And I, poor fool, must turn
To teach the boy, as if he wished to learn.
I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew
And used to sing ; and I informed him, too,
How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
But not a jot for all my words cared he,
But lo ! fell singing his love-songs to me ;
And told me of the loves of gods and men,
And of his mother's doings ; and so then
I forgot all I taught him for my part,
But what he taught me I learnt all by heart.

— *Translation of* LEIGH HUNT.

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

WOE is me for Adonis ! gone dead is the comely Adonis !
Dead is the godlike Adonis ! the young Loves wail for
him, ai ! ai !

Sleep no more, wrapt in thy mantles of Tyrian, Lady of
Cyprus!
Rise, don thy raiment of azure, pale mourner, and beat on
thy bosom!
Tell out thy sorrow to all — he is dead, thy darling Adonis.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! — the young Loves wail for
him, ai! ai!
Hurt on the hill lies Adonis the beautiful; torn with the
boar's tusk.
Torn on the ivory thigh with the ivory tusk, his low
gasping
Anguishes Kypris' soul: the dark blood trickles in rivers
Down from his snowy side — his eyes are dreamily
dimming
Under their lids; and the rose leaves his lip, and the
kisses upon it
Fade and wax fainter and faintest and die, before Kypris
can snatch them;
Dear to the goddess his kiss, tho it be not the kiss of the
living;
Dear — but Adonis wists none of the mouth that kist him
a-dying.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! — ai! ai! say the Loves for
Adonis.
Cruel! ah, cruel the wound on the thigh of the hunter
Adonis,
Yet in her innermost heart a deeper wears Queen Ky-
thereia.
Round the fair dead boy his hounds pace, dismally
howling;
Round him the hill-spirits weep; but chiefest of all
Aphrodite,
Letting her bright hair loose, goes wild thro the depths
of the forest
Passionate, panting, unkempt; with feet unsandalled
whose beauty
Thorn-bushes tear as she passes, and drip with the blood
of the goddess.
Bitterly, bitterly wailing, down all the long hollows she
hurries,

Calling him Husband and Love—her Boy—her Syrian
Hunter.
Meantime dead in his gore lieth he—from groin unto
shoulder
Bloody; from breast to thigh; the fair young flank of
Adonis,
Heretofore white as snow, dull now, and dabbled with
purple.

Ai! ai! woe for Adonis! the Loves say, “Woe for
Adonis!”
That which hath killed her sweet lover hath killed a
grace which was godlike!
Perfect the grace seemed of Kypris as long as Adonis
was living;
Gone is her beauty now—ai! ai! gone dead with Adonis:
All the hills echo it—all the oaks whisper it, “Ah, for
Adonis!”
Even the river-waves ripple the sorrows of sad Aphrodite,
Even the springs on the hills drop tears for the hunter
Adonis;
Yea, and the rose-leaves are redder for grief; for the
grief Kythereia
Tells in the hollow dells and utters to townland and
woodland.

Ai! ai! Lady of Cyprus, “—Lo! dead is my darling
Adonis!”
Echo answers thee back, “Oh! dead is thy darling
Adonis.”
Who, good sooth but would say, Ai! ai! for her passion-
ate story?
When that she saw and knew the wound of Adonis—the
death-wound—
Saw the blood come red from the gash and the white
thigh a-waning,
Wide outraught she her arms and cried, “Ah! stay, my
Adonis!
Stay for me, ill-starred love!—stay! stay! till I take
thee the last time,
Hold thee and fold thee and lips meet lips and mingle
together.

Rouse thee — a little, Adonis ; kiss back for the last time,
beloved !

Kiss me — kiss me — only as long as the life of a kiss is !
So may I suck from thy soul to my mouth, to my inner-
most heart-beat,

All the breath of the life, and take the last of its love-
spell

Unto the uttermost drop — one kiss ! I will tenderly
keep it

As I did thee, my Adonis, sith thou dost leave me,
Adonis !

Far dost thou go and for long — thou goest to the region
of shadows,

Unto a hateful and pitiless Power, and I the unhappy,
Live, and alack ! am a goddess and cannot die and go after ;
Take thou my spouse, dark Queen, have here my husband,
as thou art

Stronger by far than I, and to thee goeth all that is goodly.
Utterly hapless my fate, and utterly hopeless my grief is,
Weeping my love who is dead and hating the Fate that
hath slain him.

Fled is my joy, like a dream ; thou art dead, thrice lovely
and longed for !

Queen Kythereia is widowed — the Loves in my bowers
are idle —

Gone my charmed girdle with thee ; why, rash one,
went'st thou a-hunting ?

Mad wert thou being so fair, to match thee with beasts
of the forest."

So grieved the Lady of Cyprus — the young Loves wept
for her sorrow,

Saying, "Ai ! ai ! Kythereia ! gone dead is her darling
Adonis."

Drop by drop as the hunter bleeds, the tears of the god-
dess

Fall and blend with the blood and both on the ground
become flowers ;

Rose-blossoms grow from the blood and wind-lilies out
of the tear-drops.

Ai ! ai ! comely Adonis — gone dead is the godlike
Adonis ;

Wander no longer bewailing in glade and in thicket, sad lady!
Fair is his bed of leaves and fragrant the couch where the dead lies,
Dead but as lovely as life — yea, dead, — but as lovely as sleep is;
Lap him in silken mantles — such robes as he once took delight in
When by thy side he past in caresses the season of star-beams,
Lulled on a couch of gold — tho dead, the raiments become him;
Heap on him garlands and blossoms and buds, entomb them together;
When that Adonis died, the flowers died too, and were withered!
Rain on him perfumes and odours, shed myrrh and spices upon him;
Let all delightful things die and go with him, for dead is the dearest.
So lies he lovely, in death-shroud of purple, the fair young Adonis;
Round about his couch the Loves go piteously wailing,
Tearing their hair for Adonis; and one has charge of his arrows,
One of his polisht bow, and one of his well-feathered quiver;
One unclasps his sandal and one in a water-pot golden
Brings bright water to lave his limbs, and one at the bier-head
Fans with her pinions the forehead and eyes of the sleeping Adonis.
Ah! but for Kypris herself the young Loves sorrow the sorest;
Quencht are the marriage lamps in the halls of the God Hymenaios,
Scattered his marriage crowns; no more he sings,
“Hymen, oh, Hymen!”
“Hymen!” no more is the song he goes singing, but evermore, Ai! ai!
“Ah, for Adonis,” he cries, and “Ah!” say the Graces,
“Adonis!”

More than the marriage-god even, they weep for the
 Syrian huntsman,
 One to the other still saying, "Dead — dead is the lovely
 Adonis!"
 All the Nine Muses bewail — but he hears no more music
 and singing,
 Nay, not if that he would; Fate holds him fast and for-
 ever.
 Cease, Kythereia, thy sobs; a little while rest from thine
 anguish,
 Soon must thy tears flow again, and again comes the
 season of sorrow.

— *Translation of EDWIN ARNOLD.*

THE SEASONS.

Cleodamos: Winter or Autumn, Summer-month or
 Spring —
 Which yields most pleasure on its passing wing?
 The Summer, when our harvest-toils are crowned,
 Or Autumn sweet, when hunger light is found?
 Or sluggish Winter? — since when Winters freeze
 Many their cold limbs chafe in torpid fireside ease?
 Or beauteous Spring? — be thy election made:
 For we may talk at leisure in the shade.

Myrson: Befits not men to scan the heavenly things;
 For each is holy; each its pleasure brings.
 Yet for thy sake will I my reason name.
 I would not Summer, when the sun strikes flame;
 I would not Autumn, since the fruitful trees
 Scatter the seeds of surfeit and disease;
 Hard Winter's nipping frosts and snows I fear.
 Be Spring, wisht Spring, my season thro the year.
 Then neither cold our shrinking body bends,
 Nor with hot stroke the o'er burdening sun impends;
 All sweet things bud with sap of green delights
 And man has equal days and equal nights.

— *Translation of SIR ABRAHAM ELTON.*

MOSCHOS.

MOSCHOS, the third of the pastoral poets of Sicily, is as unknown, even more unknown to biography than his predecessors. The fact that he calls himself a pupil of Bion in a poem scarcely serves as history. Only four of his idyls are extant, but his lament for Bion has been greatly admired and often imitated. He is regarded as inferior to both Theocritus and Bion, though his style is polished and elegant.

The date that is usually assigned for his activity is about 250 B.C.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

YE Dorian woods and waves lament aloud,—
Augment your tide, O streams, with fruitless tears,
For the belovèd Bion is no more.
Let every tender herb and plant and flower,
From each dejected bud and drooping bloom,
Shed dews of liquid sorrow, and with breath
Of melancholy sweetness on the wind
Diffuse its languid love; let roses blush,
Anemones grow paler for the loss
Their dells have known; and thou, O hyacinth,
Utter thy legend now — yet more, dumb flower,
Than “Ah! alas!” — thine is no common grief —
Bion the [sweetest singer] is no more.

THE OCEAN.

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more;
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep

Tempt my unquiet mind. — But when the roar
Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where intersperst,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wondering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen. — But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR.

PAN loved his neighbor Echo — but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda, — and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,
The Satyr Lyda — and so love consumed them. —
And thus to each — which was a woful matter —
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them;
For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
Each loving, so was hated. — Ye that love not
Be warned — in thought turn this example over,
That when ye love — the like return ye prove not.

— *Versions by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

CALLIMACHOS.

CALLIMACHOS, sometimes known as Battiades from his descent from the Batti, the kings of Kyrene, was born in that African city and went to live at Alexandria, where he was chief librarian from 260 to 240 B.C. He founded a celebrated school of grammar and rhetoric, among his pupils being the poet Apollonios Rhodios, with whom he afterwards had a famous controversy. He had the fame of having written eight hundred works in prose and verse on a multitude of subjects, but with the exception of six hymns, seventy-two epigrams, and a few fragments of his idyls, they have all gone into oblivion. Ovid imitated his satire called "The Stork," in which he satirized Apollonios Rhodios; and Catullus, one of his elegies. His poems were very popular, but to the modern reader seem laboured and heavy.

THE BIRTH OF ZEUS.

THE FIRST HYMN.

GREAT Rhea,

Pregnant, to high Parrhasia's cliffs retired,
And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
Holy retreat! Sithence no female hither,
Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharged
The ponderous birth: she sought a neighbouring spring
To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy) now adust and dry,
Denied the goddess water; where deep Melas,
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoked,
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller
In vain required the current, then imprisoned
In subterraneous caverns: forests grew

Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
And short shall be thy pangs. She said; and high
She reared her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff; from its disparted height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
And cheered the valleys: there the heavenly mother
Bathed, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she received thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolved her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name: fair Neda rolls
By Lerpion's ancient walls, a faithful stream.
Fast by her flowery banks the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought: the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Received: Adraste rockt thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
Kind Amalthea, reacht her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distilled her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clanged their sounding arms;
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crowned thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons received the threefold empire
Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determined,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well-nigh equivalent and neighbouring value
By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy share,

In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
 Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
 Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
 Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength,
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee,
 And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant the glad omen: let thy favourite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assigned
 Their proper shares of power: thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal. Those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armour,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
 Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
 O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
 And guides the arrow thro the panther's heart.
 The soldier, from successful camps returning
 With laurel wreathed, and rich with hostile spoil,
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
 To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, meantime, thy glorious care,
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.

— *Translation of MATTHEW PRIOR.*

APOLLO.

THE SECOND HYMN.

SUBLIME at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
 And Liectian bow are gold: with golden sandals
 His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
 Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises;
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty

Eternal deck his cheek ; from his fair head
Perfumes distil their sweets ; and cheerful health,
His duteous handmaid, thro the air improved,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurelled bard,
Inspired by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn ; and chains, or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore ; for that from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysos' banks
Didst guard Admetos's herds. Sithence the cow
Produced an ampler store of milk ; the she-goat
Not without pain dragged her distended udder ;
And ewes, that erst brought but single lambs,
Now dropt their twofold burdens. Blest the cattle,
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye !

But Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant deity,
New-weaned, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats' heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-framed models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order,
Thou show'dst, where towers or battlements should rise ;
Where gates should open ; or where walls should compass :
While from thy childish pastime man received
The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now toucht
The Libyan strand ; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country, destined the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the god,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleased, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king ? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee ! for my country
Calls thee Carnean ! the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,

Ere settled in Kyrene; there we appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughtered bulls;
As Carnus, thy high-priest and favoured friend,
Had erst ordained; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Iō Carnean Phoebus! Iō Pean!

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft southwest
Opened, and gathered by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from the odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallowed on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held:
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance! with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rights
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, toucht Kyrene's banks
And lands determined for their last abodes;
But wandered thro Azilis' horrid forest
Disperst; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favoured name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who honoured by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! the monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

— *Translation of* MATTHEW PRIOR.

APOLLONIOS RHODIOS.

APOLLONIOS surnamed the Rhodian was born at Alexandria, or possibly at Naucratis, and flourished between B.C. 221 and 181. He was the pupil of Callimachos. Apollonios took as his model the simplicity of the ancient epic poets and is said to have criticised the learned and artificial style of Callimachos. He wrote a long poem of six thousand verses on the Argonautic expedition and read it aloud at Alexandria; it was unfavourably received, and the author attributed its failure to the intrigues of Callimachos and his clique of pedants. He revenged himself by writing a biting satire which is still preserved. In return Callimachos wrote his "Ibis." Apollonios went to Rhodes, and established a school there and taught rhetoric with great success. Here his poem was warmly received, and he was granted the freedom of the city and took the appellation of Rhodios. Returning to Alexandria, he read a revised version of his "Argonautica" with applause. He succeeded Erastosthenes as chief of the great Alexandrian Library in 194 B.C. and held the position till his death. The four books of his epic have been translated in recent times (1901) by Arthur S. Way; there are other versions by Ekins, Fawkes, and Preston. The "Argonautica" is particularly interesting as being the earliest of the Greek poems to introduce romantic love. It was in many respects imitated by Vergil, who was far inferior in invention.

THE SAILING OF THE SHIP ARGO.

Now, when the morning, with her shining eyes,
Lookt forth on Pelion's lofty crags, and far
The verge serene of Ocean, rippling, dasht
With sound of beating waves, as the fresh wind
Ruffled the sea; then Tiphys waked and roused
His friends, to climb the deck, and set their oars:

Then with wild din the Pegasæan bay
 Re-echoed ; and instinctive sounds arose
 From Pelian Argo, hastening to depart :
 For Pallas, from Dodona's vocal oaks,
 Had in the keel infixt a sacred beam.
 They climbed the benches in their ordered ranks :
 Each rower's seat disposed by lot, and sate
 In fair array, their weapons ranged beside ;
 Ancaios in the midst ; and in his strength,
 Huge Heracles ; his club beside him leaned :
 Beneath his feet sank down the hollow keel.
 Then were the oars outstretcht, and the sweet wine
 Was poured upon the surface of the sea ;
 And Iason turned his eyes, that swam with tears,
 From his dear country's shores. As youths that form
 The dances of Apollo, midst the groves
 Of Delphos, or in Delos' isle, or near
 Ismenos' wave, and to the chiming harp
 With rapid feet, elastic, strike the ground
 Circling his altar ; so to Orpheus' lyre
 They smote the turbid billows of the sea
 With cadenced oars. The ruffling surges dasht ;
 The dark brine leapt in foam from side to side ;
 Deep-murmuring to the strong impetuous strokes
 From men of might. As on the galley rowed,
 Their armour glittered in the sun like fire :
 The waves' long track frothed whitening, and a path
 Of foam appeared thro the green watery plain ;
 And on that day leaned all the Gods from Heaven
 To look upon the ship and see the strength
 Of demi-gods, who there with valour high
 Travelled the deep : and from high Pelion's tops
 The nymphs gazed wondering down ; and saw the work
 Of Pallas, and the heroic chiefs themselves
 Firm brandishing their oars with grasping hands.
 Cheiron himself from the high mountain's head
 Came down beside the sea, and dipt his feet
 In the shore's billowy foam : with many a sign
 Waving his ponderous hand, and bidding them,
 With acclamation, happily return.
 His spouse beside him stood ; and in her arms
 Dandled the babe of Peleus : showing him
 To his dear father. They, now, left behind

The shore-encircled bay, by Tiphys' skill
And prudence; who with art still held his hand
On the smooth rudder, guiding it secure.
Then in the socket the reared mast they fixt;
And stretcht the cordage, bound from side to side.
Then spread the sails, and to the top-mast strained:
The wind fell whistling in their folds. Then fast
Upon the decks they braced the tightened ropes
To cramps of wood; and calmly gliding, past
Beyond Tisaion's promontory crag
Long stretching into Ocean. Then with voice
And harp Aiager's son tuned smooth the lay
To high-born Dian, guardian of the ship,
Who rules the mountain beacons of the sea,
Protector of Iolchos. From the deep
The fishes upward sprung; the small and vast
Of all the scaly tribe leapt from beneath
In bounds and followed thro the liquid track.
As when the innumerable sheep, now full
Of pasture, follow on their leader's steps
Back to the sheep-fold: he before them walks,
Tuning on shrilling pipe a rustic lay;
So followed they, while fresher blew the gale.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

MELEAGROS.

MELEAGER was a native of Gadara in Palestine, the favourite seat of the Greek kings of Syria, and flourished about half a century before the Christian era. He wrote many poems and epigrams in correct if somewhat laboured style. He made a collection of similar poems under the title of *Stephanos Meleagrou*, or "Meleager's Garland," which contained epigrams by forty-six poets from the earliest period of Greek lyrism down to his own day. The poems were arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initial letter of each poem. This was the first of the so-called "Anthologies," seven of which have come down to us, and, amid much that is absurd, dry, and pedantic, contain many precious relics of ancient poetry.

A WISH.

So Sleep has flown to find thee, tender Love,
Proud Sleep that sat upon the lids of Jove.
Would thou wert all mine own, would I were Sleep;
I'd want not wings into thine eyes to creep.

LOVE IS A TERROR.

OH! Love is a terror, a terror; but why do I sob out his name?
For he crackles and glows with complaining, with cursing he bursts into flame!
It is strange how thou camest, Aphrodite, all wet from the sea that is gray,
But red and forever afire is this fruit of thyself and the spray!

A PROCLAMATION.

Lost, a slave at dawn to-day;
Wild Love his name!
From his bed he flew away
Now when dawning came.

By his eyes you 'll know the boy
With sweet tears dim —
Always pouting, never coy;
Nothing frightens him —

Chattering of a thousand things,
What does he wear? —
On his back a pair of wings
And a quiver. There!

What! you want his father's name;
Ask not of me.
All the three the rogue disclaim,
Earth and Sky and Sea:

For he 's hated everywhere.
Look well around.
Busy still for hearts a snare
Setting he 'll be found.

Ho! he 's caught; give o'er the quest!
O archer wise,
Wouldst hide so near thy nest
In Corinna's eyes?

FATHER AND BABY.

Sell it, tho it 's sweetly sleeping
On its mother's breast;
Sell it; 't is not worth the keeping,
Such a little pest,

Born with wings and wicked wrinkles
And with nails that scratch,
Squalling now, but in two twinkles
It will giggle. Watch!

Bold as brass, all day a bother,
Babbling, noticing;
Savage — ask its darling mother,
Can she tame the thing?

It's a monster. Going! going!
Ho! who sails to-day,
Buy a baby healthy, growing,
Buy it and away!

No! it heard, and fond and tearful,
Begs for grace until
I have promist: "Be not fearful,
Bide with Zenophil."

NIGHT AND THE LAMP.

O Lamp and holy Night,
We summoned none but you
To chronicle aright
Our troth and promise true!

"I'll love thee," so she swore,
And I, "I will not quit
Thee, dear, for evermore,"
You heard and treasured it!

Now, Night, she doth protest
Her oath was for the day,
And, Lamp, thou knowest best
How mine she laughs away!

— *Translations of* W. R. PATON.

